A Complete Story by A. Conan Doyle on Page 16.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

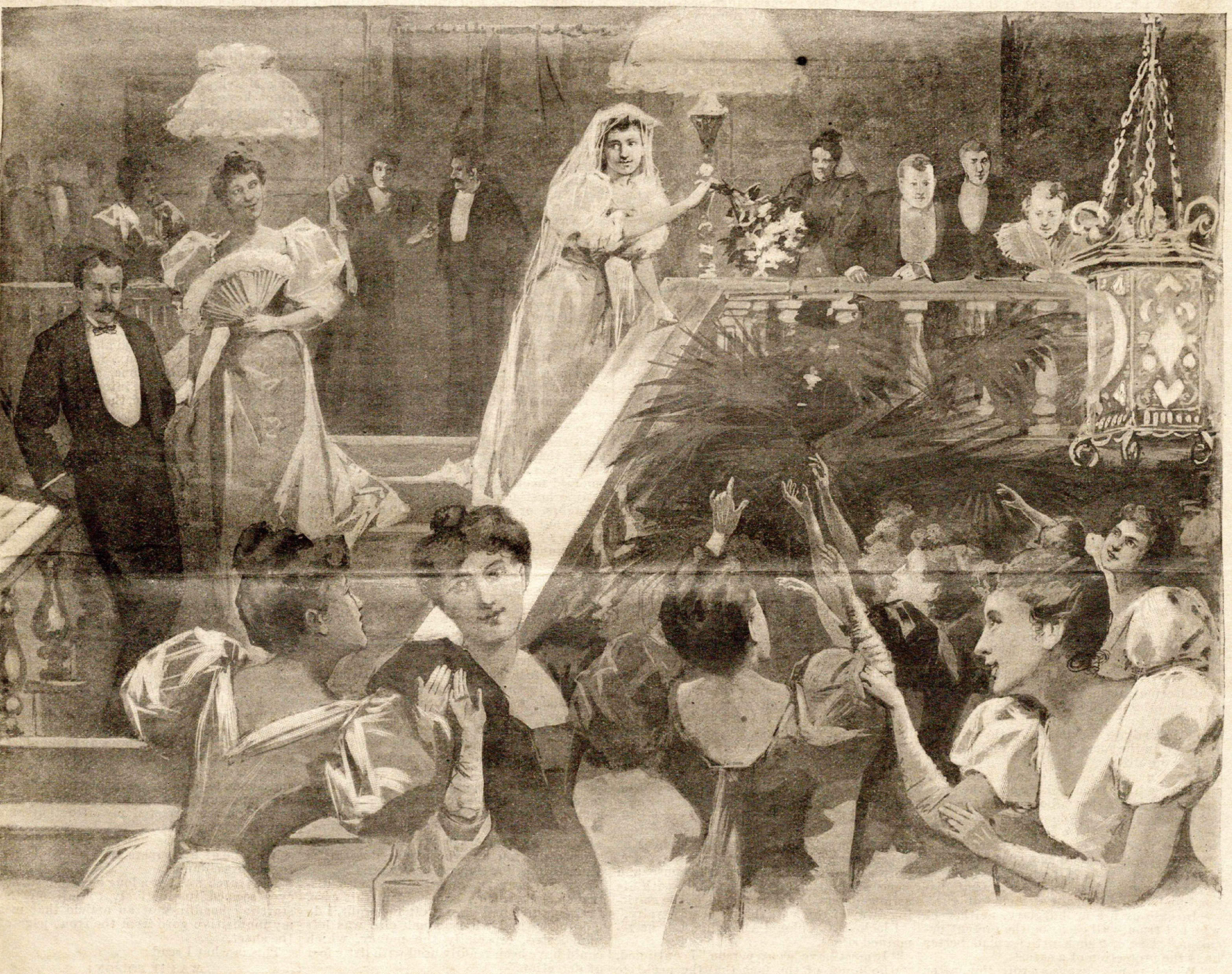
A JOURNAL OF CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE AND USEFUL INFORMATION

VOLUME 52. *Copyright, 1896, by Robert Bonner's Sons. All Rights Reserved.* NUMBER 1.

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Cor. of William and Spruce Sts.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 11, 1896.

TWENTY PAGES.
Five Cents a Copy.



THE BRIDE FLUNG HER BRIDAL BOUQUET BACK TO HER GIRL-COMPANIONS.

THE FATAL WEDDING.*

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

This Story is Complete in This Number.

Contents of this Number:

PAGE

The Fatal Wedding. Illustrated. HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD. 1

Willful Penelope. (6th installment., EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS. 4

Darby, the Bear-Hunter of Alaska. (7th installment.) SEWARD W. HOPKINS. 6

Mysterious Mr. Howard. (14th installment.) JOHN R. MUSICK. 8

An Hour With Lincoln. GEN. JOHN M. THAYER. 9

Editorials, etc. 10

Won in the Water: A Poem. W. R. BARBER. 10

Patriotic Societies of the United States. CALVIN DILL WILSON. 10

In Search of Gold. Illustrated. (2nd installment.) COLIN MIDDLETON. 11

Down South in Georgy: A Poem. 13

Children All Over the World.—Correspondence.—Science. 14

Woman's World. 14

How the Brigadier Played for a Kingdom. Illustrated. A. CONAN DOYLE. 16

The Prize Oration. EBEN E. REXFORD. 18

CHAPTER I.

I, HARRY ALLIN, aged thirty-five and a bachelor, am a private detective, partly from choice, partly from necessity—a choice of the profession, a necessity of earning my living.

I came of an old and highly respectable family, inheriting something of my father's good looks and my mother's charm of manner. At least I have been told this. I did not make the discovery myself, for my parents both died when I was but a child and left me to an aunt to raise.

I look enough the gentleman, however, when arrayed in evening garb, to be presentable in society and to pass for the ordinary guest without exciting suspicion as to my official character.

On account of these hereditary traits, I am usually in demand for social functions where an eye is to be kept on the solid plate and the jewels, or where costly wedding presents are to be well guarded from fingers having a kleptomaniac tendency.

Therefore, when a message reached our firm from a wealthy family in Virginia asking for the services of a private detective during a wedding that was shortly to take place at the country seat, I was selected for that purpose, partly for reasons given above, and partly on account of the fact that I was then located at Washington, and it was more convenient to have a man selected from a nearer point than the head office.

Indeed, it was but a few hours' journey from the capital, from which place quite a delegation was going by rail, as well as from other more remote places.

The wedding was to be a large one, and this necessitated strange servants, various workmen, and possibly a few interlopers among a considerable number of guests from various points, so my presence was deemed advisable where there were to be many valuable and beautiful bridal gifts.

Abingdon Court was one of those stately old colonial mansions for which Virginia is noted, and wore its age and semi-decay with an air of aristocratic breeding that delights the heart of the connoisseur who revels in that which is antique and rare.

The once broad acres surrounding it had been somewhat curtailed, and the furniture of a past generation yet did service to its owners; but the beauty of its women remained unchanged through the vicissitudes of time and

---

* Copyright, 1896, by ROBERT BONNER'S SONS. All rights reserved.

fortune. The sisters—no, half sisters—Gertrude and Alice Abingdon, were as imperious and beautiful and proud as seemed those haughty dames of a past day who, arrayed in rich brocades and rare laces, looked disdainfully down from the dark canvas in wainscoted dining-room and hall.

One could scarcely find two sisters more unlike in appearance and, I think, in character as well. Gertrude was a pronounced brunette, and Alice a decided blonde. I thought the older sister the handsomer of the two. She had a brilliant complexion, black hair, and lustrous, dark eyes that could flash fire when the occasion demanded. She inherited these from a partly Spanish ancestry, I afterward learned.

The younger sister was exceedingly pretty, with the delicate pink-and-white beauty of a Dresden figure of a court lady posing as a Watteau shepherdess, and this younger sister was to be the bride.

Uncle Wash, an old servant of the family and a former slave, informed me, in an unusual burst of confidence, on my way from the station, that it had seemed a very unsettled thing, during the past year or two, which of the sisters it was to be, for Crofton Ashburton, the prospective bridegroom, had been attentive to them both, and for quite a while had appeared undecided as to a choice.

The present Abingdon family was a decidedly mixed one, so to speak. It consisted of the two half-sisters—Gertrude and Alice—Colonel Abingdon, then in his seventy-fifth year and a remarkably well-preserved man, and his young third wife and child.

I reached Abingdon Court the day before the wedding, which was to occur at high noon, and found the household in the usual turmoil and confusion incident to an occasion of that kind.

The florist was there, with his assistant decorators; the caterer, to make his final arrangements for the luncheon; and an army of servants and messengers; while an avalanche of wedding presents was pouring in from various quarters, and I was kept busy superintending the unpacking and arranging of them in an upper room, over which I was placed in charge.

Both families were widely and well connected, and while all of the presents were handsome and costly ones, some were quite valuable. The one given by the groom was especially so, being an old-fashioned but beautiful emerald necklace set with diamonds—a family heirloom, and a rare one.

The workmanship of the setting, though rather heavy, was of so quaint and curious a pattern that the bridegroom, very sensibly, had not had the gems reset, so that, in addition to their intrinsic value, the ornament possessed the charm of an interesting relic, which the jeweler's more modern art had not affected.

A little after dusk my work of superintending the unpacking and placing of the presents was about completed, with the exception of the usual tardy packages that would come in the next day, and the prospective bride, with her chosen girl friends, who were to act as bridesmaids, and the other immediate members of the family, gathered in the room to inspect and admire the various gifts.

It was quite a merry crowd, and they spent some little time looking over the presents; then, when they adjourned to the parlors below, I asked Colonel Abingdon, who remained behind, if he had a safe in which he could place the emerald necklace and a few of the other small but costly gifts in jewelry.

"Yes, I was just going to ask what disposition had best be made of them to-night."

"In case of fire or burglary, neither of which, I trust, will occur on the present occasion," I said, "such articles had better have the protection of a safe."

"Which is not always a protection, after all," remarked the Colonel.

"To be on the *safe* side," as I suggested, several of the smaller articles of value were gathered up, and Colonel Abingdon took these and the case containing the necklace downstairs with him, along with the key of the room where the presents were kept, for I deemed this a proper precaution, as there were so many servants and strange employees passing through the house on one errand or another.

Then, having bidden Colonel Abingdon good-night, I went to my room, which was situated in the wing of the house, for after my early journey of the morning and my day's work, I felt pretty well fagged out and eager for bed, and soon I had drifted into the land of dreams.

The next morning seemed most quickly to arrive; the household was early astir, and the bustle and confusion of the previous day began to be repeated with renewed energy.

As I had anticipated, several other wedding presents arrived, and when these had been unpacked and put into place, I made myself useful in helping the young ladies with rearranging some of the vines in the parlors, which the florists had left looking a trifle too stiff for thorough artistic effect.

As the morning began to wane, and the hour for the expected guests drew near, I suggested to Colonel Abingdon that he get me the necklace and other things he had put in the safe the night before, and I would place them with the wedding gifts and have everything in readiness for the approaching event.

He went at once to bring them, and I waited at the foot of the staircase for him to join me. In a short while he suddenly reappeared in the doorway of his private office, a dazed and puzzled look on his face.

"The necklace has been stolen!" he said.

"Stolen!" I exclaimed, incredulously.

"Yes. Alice's emerald necklace, Crofton's bridal gift—it's gone!"

"Was your safe broken into last night?" I asked, quickly.

"No—I don't know—yes, I suppose it must have been," he answered, perplexedly. "Come, let me show you," he added.

I followed him into his office, and from there into a narrow passageway between it and the dining-room, and in a wall in this passageway was built a safe.

"It was locked," he said, as we paused before it, "and everything seemed just as I had left it last night—everything except the necklace, and that is gone!"

"Was the other jewelry taken, too?" I asked.

"No, it is all here, every piece save the necklace. That seems a singular feature of the case. And then, if robbery were the motive—see here!"

He pulled out a small drawer in the safe containing both gold and bank-notes; quite a considerable amount it looked to be, and certainly a sufficient sum to have tempted any avaricious robber, but none of the money had been disturbed; only the necklace was missing, although there were several other handsome pieces of jewelry in the same compartment of the safe along with it.

We took out the different velvet and satin-lined cases, and, on examining them, found the contents unmolested; but the case containing the emerald necklace was not to be found.

"Are you positive that you put the necklace along with the other things in the safe last night?" I asked in perplexity.

"Absolutely positive," affirmed Colonel Abingdon. "I have not quite reached my second childhood yet," he added a little testily.

"No, but I thought it possible that some one might have been looking at the necklace after you brought it downstairs, and you omitted to place it in the safe with the other things. Every one is liable to these little slips of the memory, you know."

"But there is no fault of memory in this case," affirmed Colonel Abingdon positively. "The necklace was certainly put in the safe and locked up last night. I remember where I placed the case; in fact, these other cases must have been lifted up to have taken out that one containing the necklace. It was the largest case of them all, and I placed it on the bottom."

"Were any doors or windows left unfastened last night, or found to be open this morning?" I asked.

"Not one. It is the last thing I see to before going to bed at night, and I am the first one up in the mornings to unlock the doors and let in the servants."

"Then it must have been taken by—" I broke off abruptly in the middle of my sentence, remembering that I had no facts to offer.

"Well, let me hear your frank opinion on the subject," he said, quite peremptorily. "It must have been taken by whom?" He looked at me piercingly.

"By some one within the house," I answered stoutly. "By some one now beneath its roof."

"On what do you base your theory?" he asked thoughtfully.

"On what you have just said," I answered. "The fact that the house was securely locked, the safe ditto, with no evidences of an entrance being effected in either case, proves that some one within the house, and some one intimately acquainted with its arrangements, has had a hand in the spiriting away of this valuable piece of jewelry."

I looked at Colonel Abingdon, but he remained silent.

"It must have been a person," I continued, "who knew of the fact that the necklace had been placed in your safe last night. How else would he have known where to look for it? Nothing upstairs was disturbed. Why did he not go there?"

My companion shook his head, unable to answer me.

"Now, I was aware that the necklace had been put in the safe. You placed it there. Who else knew this fact?"

"No one, so far as I can tell; though when I brought the things downstairs with me I may have mentioned that I intended placing them in the safe. I am not positive in regard to this."

"It was not simply theft," I said. "I am sure of it. There was some deep motive behind all this that we have yet to learn."

CHAPTER II.

For a few moments Colonel Abingdon stood silent, his eyes bent on the floor, his brow knitted with furrows.

"It may be that you are right in your surmises," he said, finally. "And yet there must be some mistake. It could not be. There *is* some mistake."

"Does anyone beside yourself know the combination of the safe?" I made query.

"My wife and my daughters, I think," he said, quietly. "I do not know of any other person who does."

"Very likely one of them has taken the necklace out to show to friends," I hastened to suggest. "Perhaps they have forgotton to mention the fact. See them at once, and you will probably find the seeming mystery no longer such."

"I fear not," he said, with a shake of his head. "In the first place, the necklace was put with the other jewels in this inner compartment, the key to which, I am positive, has not quitted my possession since I locked them up in it. In the second place, this is not the first time that a similar mysterious affair has happened, and almost in the identical manner in which this has occurred."

"Indeed!" I answered with amazement.

"Yes. When I was married this last time an incident quite parallel to the present one took place. That is why I thought it best to employ the services of a private detective on this occasion."

"I should like to hear about it," I said, with unfeigned interest.

Colonel Abingdon gathered up the remaining articles that he had put away for safe-keeping, and handing me a portion of them, he led the way to his private office.

"I had given my present wife quite a handsome pair of diamond earrings," he began, after we were seated. "They were some my first wife had worn, but as I divided the other jewelry belonging to her and to my second wife between Gertrude and Alice, I kept these earrings, intending to have some time a stone set in a ring for each, provided I did not marry again.

"In a short while after I married and brought my wife here these earrings mysteriously disappeared. We had given an entertainment, and the house was filled with company at the time. On this account we both kept the loss of the jewels quiet, preferring to lose them than to cast suspicion on any guest beneath our roof, for, as in this case, suspicion seemed necessarily to rest on some one within the house."

"Was any guest then here who is now beneath your roof?" I asked, after a moment's reflection.

The Colonel thought awhile.

"Yes, there is one," he said. "My nephew, Ashley Abingdon. He was here on that occasion; he is here now."

I had met this young man the evening before, and I must frankly confess that he was an individual whom I did not in the least fancy. He had all the hauteur of the Southerner without his more attractive qualities, and the impression I had formed of him during my brief stay at Abingdon Court was not a very flattering one.

No sooner had Colonel Abingdon spoken than there flashed into my mind the possibility that in this person might center a clue to the mysterious disappearance of the emerald necklace.

Mine host must certainly have read my thoughts, or else our minds had run in a somewhat similar channel, for he added, hastily:

"I cannot well believe that Ashley could be the guilty party. The Abingdons have always borne the name of being honest, no matter what other failings may be attributed to them. Even if this were a solution to the matter, I cannot afford to bring the family name into disrepute."

"What were the circumstances of the other robbery?" I asked.

"My wife insisted that she had placed her earrings in the small compartment of the safe along with some valuable rings that she wore, and had locked it carefully; but until the present moment I was always under the impression that she must have neglected to put the earrings with the other things, and left them lying somewhere about the room, where they were picked up; for, as in the present case, nothing else was disturbed, not even the valuable rings nor the money that was in the safe at the time. That is why I felt so positive that the earrings could not have been placed with the other things, for the safe was found locked the next morning, and nothing else disturbed, just as has happened in this case. If the motive had been theft for profit, I do not understand why so much else was left unmolested, especially the money, which could have been readily used with little fear of detection."

"It is very singular," I admitted.

"It certainly *is* a most mysterious thing," agreed Colonel Abingdon. "I must manage, however, to keep the loss of the necklace from Alice, at least for the present," he added. "Her wedding-day must not be spoiled by such ill news. I will find some excuse for not placing the necklace with the other bridal gifts, and I shall rely on you to keep the matter quiet. We may manage to recover it without letting its loss be generally known."

"It is becoming quite a costly mystery," I suggested.

"It is, and I wish I knew of some way to solve it, without the notoriety usually attending a matter of the kind. Suppose you put your brain to work and see if there is not some quiet method by means of which a solution may be reached."

"I will do my best," I answered.

With this problem on my mind I took the other gifts upstairs with me to put in their alloted places.

Scarcely had I finished arranging them when Miss Gertrude came into the room, and almost the first thing she noticed was that the necklace was not with the rest of the presents.

"Where is Alice's emerald necklace?" she asked, in surprise.

"I gave it to your father last night, who put it in his safe with some other valuables, I believe," I answered in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Yes, I saw him with the case in his hand last evening," she said; "but it is high time the necklace was placed with the other things," she continued. "I will remind father of it when I go downstairs; likely he has forgotten that it was put in his charge. That reminds me of a curious dream I had last night," she said, musingly. "I dreamed that the necklace had been stolen."

I could not help giving a little start as she said these words, although I gave no sign of what I knew concerning her father's recent discovery.

Soon the time for the momentous event of the day had arrived. Sweet music rang joyously through the rooms, mingled with gay laughter and the murmur of many voices. The atmosphere was charged with the fragrance of flowers, and, to and fro, the ever-changing crowd drifted—laughing, chatting, flirting, in harmony with the brilliant scene.

From my post of duty above stairs, where many came to admire the beautiful presents, I could readily follow the course of the affair through the medium of the sweet strains of music from a band of stringed instruments concealed within an alcove, screened by foliage and flowering plants from the spacious parlors.

First, the lively measures welcoming the guests; then later, after a hush of expectancy, the ever-familiar strains of the Wedding March, suddenly dropping into the minor keys of a tender love ballad, as the ceremony was performed, and finally swelling into a joyous anthem when the twain were made one flesh.

Then a succession of beautiful selections advised me that the company was at luncheon, after which there was a passing up and down the stairway, joyous exclamations and laughter, a scurrying in the lower hall and cries of merriment, as the bride, from the first landing of the stairway, flung her bridal bouquet back to her girl-companions, to be eagerly seized by some fortunate maid-of-honor, who, in thus securing it, would be the next to follow in the footsteps of the departing bride.

Not a great while later the happy bride, clad in her travelling costume, ran lightly down the steps, and amid affectionate embraces, kisses, gay adieux, hand-shakings, numerous congratulations, and at last a plentiful shower of rice, interspersed with a well-worn slipper or two, the newly-wedded pair started forth into that roseate world that dawns but once on mortal vision.

After I had been to luncheon, Colonel Abingdon called me into his private office, and, writing me out a check for my services, said:

"I have not fully determined on the course I shall pursue in regard to the missing necklace. My nephew will remain here some days longer, and in the meantime I will carefully consider the matter. If I decide to push my investigations further, I will telegraph or write to you, and I trust you will respond at once."

I assured him that I would do so, provided I was not called elsewhere.

"Of course, you will hold inviolate the conversation we have had on the subject of the missing necklace?"

Again I assured him that I would, that it was a matter of professional secrecy, and, thanking him for his kindness to me while at Abingdon Court, I bade him good-bye and took my departure.

The next morning, on my way to the office, I was beset by a small newsboy, who was loudly crying his wares. I was in a hurry, and about to push by him, notwithstanding his importunities, when the sound of a familiar name arrested my attention and caused me to pause.

Dropping into his hand a coin, I hastily seized one of his papers and eagerly began to scan its columns.

The search was not a long one; indeed, my eyes seemed instinctively to fall on the startling headlines of an article that met my inquisitive gaze from the front page of the sheet.

This is what I read:

WAS IT POISON?

FROM THE ALTAR TO THE GRAVE—IN DEATH, THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED—WEDDING BELLS AND FUNERAL KNELLS—TWINED WITH THE ORANGE BLOSSOM, THE MOURNFUL CYPRESS—THE JOYOUS WEDDING MARCH TURNED INTO A SOLEMN DIRGE—ABINGDON COURT, YESTERDAY A SCENE OF MARRIAGE FESTIVITIES, TO-DAY A HOUSE OF MOURNING.

CHAPTER III.

Shocked beyond expression, utterly astounded, scarcely believing the evidence of my own eyes, I hurriedly glanced down the column detailing the startling news.

Before Crofton Ashburton and his bride had reached the city, he became quite ill, and on his arrival was taken at once to a hotel and medical aid summoned.

In a little while afterward his young bride also became violently ill, and despite the utmost efforts of several physicians who were hastily called, both bride and groom died in great agony during the early part of the night.

From the symptoms in each case, poisoning was believed to have been the cause of death, and already the doctors were beginning to disagree as to the poison. Tyrotoxicon, arsenic, verdigris, poisonous mushrooms, or some deadly vegetable ferment were among the various things suggested.

Telegrams had been sent to the families of the bride and groom, and a late dispatch from the station near Abingdon Court brought the intelligence that several members of the family and one or two visitors had also been taken ill late the afternoon of the wedding, and that the wife of Colonel Abingdon was thought to be dying.

All this I gathered as I ran my eye hastily down the column. In the same paper, I noticed after I had reached the office, there was an extended description of the wedding at Abingdon Court—the brilliant gathering of notable people, the loveliness of the bride, the high social position of the families, the elegance of the numerous bridal gifts—all were commented on in flattering terms. Yet now what a fearful change had taken place within a few brief hours!

Never before had I received so startling an illustration of the mutability of things temporal.

I went at once to the hotel to which the ill-starred couple had been taken, but there was little else to be learned beyond the fact that the bodies were then being prepared for conveyance to Abingdon Court, as had been directed, and that Ashley Abingdon and a cousin of the groom would arrive at noon to attend to any arrangements that were necessary. Colonel Abingdon could not leave his wife, who was improving somewhat, the latest advices stated.

A coroner's jury had been impaneled and held an inquest over the hapless couple, so lately wedded in the full flush of youth and health, and had brought in a verdict that Crofton Ashburton and his wife, Alice, had come to their death through the agency of some unknown poison.

Colonel Abingdon had telegraphed that the bodies were not to be embalmed, and from this precautionary measure I judged that an autopsy was to be held and the stomachs probably analyzed for traces of the poison that had proven so fatal.

Early in the morning of the following day I received a telegram from Colonel Abingdon, asking me to come at once to Abingdon Court, and to bring with me the best chemist I could find.

My thoughts immediately reverted to my friend Bomar, who, though young in years, had not burned the midnight oil in vain, and was wise in Nature's mystic lore.

He was quite an enthusiast on the subject of chemistry, and nothing gave him more delight than work of this sort; so when I presented myself at his laboratory, telegram in hand, he immediately dropped all other work and announced himself as ready for the journey, and the next train found us aboard, *en route* for Abingdon Court.

I could not repress a feeling of sadness as I viewed the spot from which the young pair of lovers had started forth so short a while before, under auspices that seemed most radiant with golden promises—youth, beauty, wealth, happiness, social position—all, it seemed, to make life worth the living; yet now beneath that self-same roof, like Romeo and Juliet of old, this ill-fated couple lay cold and lifeless in the cruel bondage of death.

Colonel Abingdon seemed to have grown ten years older since I last saw him. He had become suddenly feeble. His erect carriage was no longer apparent. His eyes had lost something of their brightness and fire, remarkable in a man of his years. He appeared broken both in body and spirit, and I sincerely pitied him.

As I clasped his hand the tears welled up into his eyes and he bowed his head; then recovering himself, he led the way to his private office.

"The first thing I wish done," he began, plunging at once into the midst of the affair, and addressing his remarks principally to Bomar, "is to find out *what* the poison was that has brought about this terrible tragedy. To this end," he continued, "I desire you to take back to the city with you the stomach of my late son-in-law for analysis. The analysis of one stomach will doubtless answer for both, for, of course, the poison in each was the same; and from the fact that Crofton was the first victim to be taken ill, I would judge that his system had absorbed the greater amount of poison."

"The analysis of his stomach will doubtless reveal the nature of the poison in both cases," said Bomar.

"I have also had saved a portion of the wedding luncheon, which I wish you to test for any traces of poison that may possibly exist, either in the canned mushrooms, the molded cream or the salmon or lobster salads."

"If tyrotoxicon was the cause of this tragedy," said Bomar, thoughtfully, "I should judge that the poisoning would have been more general than it was. It seems to have been confined to so few—only three, I believe—which suggests the possibility of design rather than accident, though it may have been some vegetable fermentation caused by canned material which had been on hand for some time and gotten mixed with newer stock. These things do happen."

"That was one feature of the case that struck me as a little peculiar," I said at this point. "I refer to the fact that the poisoning has been confined to the immediate members of the family, and principally to the two chief actors in the recent wedding."

The dispatch I had read in the paper relative to the affair, which stated that several visitors were also ill, was an erroneous one, as I had since learned.

"You were fortunate enough to escape," I added, addressing my host, "and Miss Abingdon was only slightly ill, I believe. How do you account for that?"

"Possibly from the fact that I ate very little of the wedding luncheon. I do not care for these light fancy dishes, and, having a touch of dyspepsia at the time, I partook of them very sparingly. My daughter, Gertrude, was also not feeling well, and this is doubtless the reason that she escaped as lightly as she did."

"If not an accident, it certainly seemed intended for the members of your family," I remarked.

"I cannot bring myself to the belief that the poisoning was intentional," said Colonel Abingdon, with a touch of emotion. "What motive could there have been, otherwise? Who could have been guilty of so terrible a crime? Surely, surely, we have not an enemy that could have done this dreadful thing!"

"The nature of the poison will probably determine that," said Bomar, briefly.

Colonel Abingdon's wife was now thought to be out of danger, though still confined to her bed, while Miss Abingdon had quite recovered, and was superintending the affairs of the household during the illness of her stepmother.

"What do you think of it, Bomar?" I asked, as we took a stroll across the lawn while enjoying the fresh air and a cigar after luncheon.

We were awaiting the arrival of the two physicians who were to come that afternoon to assist in removing the stomach of Crofton Ashburton, which was to be given in charge of Bomar, along with portions of the wedding luncheon that had been put aside by Colonel Abingdon to be tested for poison.

"I cannot decide that until I decide what the poison was," he said, meditatively. "That must be a clue. There are circumstances indicating both accident and intention. It seems strange, as you have suggested, that if the poisoning were accidental, the two persons most prominent in the event of the marriage should become the victims, when probably they, of all others, would eat more lightly of the wedding luncheon, and be less liable, consequently, to be poisoned by any article of food, unless some skillful hand had arranged it with that intention.

"Taking the other view," he continued, "I am at a loss to understand, as Colonel Abingdon also appears to be, what motive could have actuated this crime. It must have been quite a powerful one. I can imagine but three—that of profit, of jealousy, and of revenge.

"Let us take the first supposable cause, which seems the most probable of the three. Who could have profited by the death of these parties? Could Colonel Abingdon have done so?"

"Surely your suspicions do not point in that direction?" I exclaimed, incredulously. "It is impossible!"

"I am only supposing," said Bomar.

"I cannot think that possible," I reiterated, stoutly. "I do not know how the Abingdon estate is held, but, I suppose, being inherited, Colonel Abingdon has absolute control of it. Besides, his third wife was also a victim, and he seems devoted to her, and to his children as well."

"Yes, all these things act as rebuttal testimony, I'll admit. To take up another possible thread. Could the third wife have been benefited by the death of Crofton and his bride?"

"There would be one heir less in the division of the estate," I admitted; "yet we have this same stumbling-block to confront us here. This third wife was also a victim, and came near to death's door herself, you must remember."

"Unless a good deal of it was affected," suggested Bomar. "She didn't die."

"Miss Abingdon could not have profited by the death of her half-sister," I said, "for, of course, this share of the estate would have reverted to the father."

"Unless he, too, was an intended victim," remarked my companion.

"That thought is not to be considered," I protested. "The daughters were devoted to their father, and he to them. If, however, I were going to suspect one of this crime," I continued, deliberately, "I should surely incline to the belief that it was the nephew who had done the deed, and that the poisoning was intended to include more victims than it fortunately did. This young man would have been next of kin."

"Well, it is all idle speculation for the present," said Bomar. "The first thing to be done is to make the analysis, then likely there will be some nice detective work for you to do," he added, tossing aside his finished cigar, as we turned our steps toward the house.

In the afternoon the two physicians came, one of them the old family physician, and preparations were at once begun for the autopsy.

When the stomach had been carefully removed from the body of Crofton Ashburton, it was placed in a glass jar, which was to be sealed and given to Bomar to take back to the city with him; but before the jar was closed, he said:

"While an exhaustive analysis will take some ten days or more to perfect, there is a much quicker method by means of which the presence of some poisons may be very speedily determined."

He took from a box he had brought with him a small porcelain dish, a spirit-lamp, and a narrow, polished piece of copper, and placed these on a table near at hand.

Then he proceeded to extract from the stomach a portion of its liquid, which he put into the test dish, and added to the contents a small quantity of hydrochloric acid, setting the dish over the spirit lamp.

When the liquid in the dish had become sufficiently heated, he plunged into it the strip of copper, and closely watched the effect of the liquid on the metal.

The lower end of the copper slowly took on a coating which darkened the polished surface, and when the strip was removed from the dish, and the lower end gently rubbed, it exhibited a silver-like appearance.

Bomar glanced at it an instant, then passed the piece of copper to one of the physicians.

"Arsenical poisoning is very evident," said Bomar briefly.

Instinctively I gave a furtive glance toward Ashley Abingdon, who was standing near the window.

A grayish pallor had overspread his face at Bomar's words.

CHAPTER IV.

"It must be your business to find out who administered this poison," Colonel Abingdon said to me in an aside, after Bomar had spoken. "Let the guilty be brought to justice, be it whom it may," he added, firmly.

Later that afternoon, when the nephew had taken the wagon and driven over to the station with the two physicians and Bomar, Colonel Abingdon directed me to accompany him, and, leading the way upstairs, he opened a door to one of the bedrooms, which we entered.

"This is Ashley's room," he said, in explanation. "I wish you to search it thoroughly, and see if there is any trace of the missing emerald necklace to be found. One crime may have been committed to partly conceal another, as one lie is often told to give a semblance of truth to its progenitor. If Ashley took the necklace, he has had no opportunity to dispose of it or conceal it, unless he did so on his hurried journey the other day when he went to Washington to bring back the dead bodies of my children."

"And I do not think he did so then," I admitted, "for I had him quietly shadowed from the moment he reached the city until he left it. I took this precautionary measure, partly for my own satisfaction and partly because I thought it might prove useful in the near future, in case you should decide to push your investigations further. I did not, at the time, associate him in any way with the poisoning, for I inclined to the belief that it was of accidental origin, until these later developments have led me to think differently."

"And with what success were your precautions met?" inquired Colonel Abingdon, anxiously.

"None whatever, I frankly confess. There was nothing in the least suspicious in his movements the brief while he was in the city. Perhaps he was waiting a more fitting opportunity," I added, loath to acquit him thus early in the affair. "If he is the guilty one in the first instance, he must be so in the second, incredible as it may seem," I said, after a little pause; "and if he has not yet found some way of making a disposition of the necklace, it must still be in his possession. Let us see what we can find."

I immediately began my search, assisted by my companion, and a thorough one it was. We examined the room, his clothing, the closets and presses, the drawers of the dresser and his trunk and travelling-bag, which he had left unlocked; but there was nothing to reward our search.

Just as we were about to quit the room, I noticed a quantity of trash in the grate, where the servant had thrown it after sweeping. The iron screen was set up before the grate, and, on pulling it back, I saw between the basket bars a scrap of bright-red paper among some pieces of shaving paper that had been thrown into the grate along with other light rubbish of a like nature.

The red paper was such as is used by pharmacists to put around bottles when the contents are of a poisonous nature, and on smoothing out the crumpled scrap, I read a portion of the label still adhering to it. It was this: "Fowler's Sol—"

"What is that?" inquired Colonel Abingdon.

"A clue, and I trust an important one," I said, as I handed him the piece of paper I had just picked from out the basket of the grate.

"How do you make that out?" he asked.

"It is a portion of a wrapper that was evidently around a bottle containing arsenic in solution," I answered. "The contents of this bottle were probably the direct cause of the terrible tragedy that has darkened your household."

"By heavens! I will shoot him down as I would a mad dog!" cried Colonel Abingdon, excitedly, a fierce blaze lighting up his eyes.

"No, not on this testimony alone," I said calmly. "Not under any circumstances," I firmly added. "If he is the guilty man, I faithfully promise you he shall be brought to justice, nor will it pass him by."

"One death is not enough for such a monster!" exclaimed Colonel Abingdon, clenching his hand tightly. "He deserves a hundred, yes, a thousand. I would that I could administer them all. Viper! thief! murderer that he is!"

"Be calm, I beg of you, Colonel Abingdon," I said, in soothing tones. "To thus give way to your feelings may be to thwart justice in the end. The chain of evidence is only beginning to be forged. We must forge it silently, link by link."

"How can I remain silent when I remember what is below stairs even now, and the base hand that caused it?"

"It is a difficult thing to do," I answered, "and yet you must be strong enough to do it."

"You are right," he said, after moment's silence. "I will try to be," he added with determination.

The next day was a most depressing one at Abingdon Court. The sad spectacle of a double funeral was seen within its walls, that had so lately echoed the sounds of gayety.

An even greater crowd assembled than had been present at the wedding such a brief while before, for the tidings of the tragic event had spread far and wide, while relationship, friendship, sympathy and idle curiosity helped to draw many to the impressive scene.

That evening, after the funeral, and while we were at the supper table, Ashley Abingdon suddenly announced his intention of returning home the next morning, and asked to be called in time to reach the station for the early train.

As I looked up from my plate, I caught the eyes of Colonel Abingdon, which were fastened intently on me, and I understood from the fire that blazed in them that a crisis was near at hand.

I had kept a close watch on Ashley Abingdon and his movements since Bomar's announcement the previous day, and I saw plainly that he was ill at ease and nervous. He seemed restless and unable to remain in one spot for any length of time, moving about the house almost constantly, first in the library, then in Colonel Abingdon's private office, walking up and down the halls, or rapidly smoking one cigar after another as he paced to and fro on the porches, or took frequent turns upon the lawn.

As soon as the opportunity presented itself, which was when the nephew had gone to his room, Colonel Abingdon said to me:

"That man shall never leave this place alive, unless in the custody of an officer of the law."

I knew from the determined tone of his voice and the gleam in his eyes that it was useless to argue the matter with him, so I did not make the attempt beyond saying:

"I trust that you will do nothing rash. I advise you as a friend."

"I will not do anything rash unless he forces me to it," he answered calmly; "but I am going to place him under arrest and deliver him to the sheriff, and I may need your assistance. This murderer must not be permitted to remain at large any longer. After he is in safe keeping, then you can continue your investigations as seems best to you."

He went into his private office and to his desk. Opening it, he took out a pair of pistols, one of which he handed me.

"Put this in your pocket," he said. "You may have need of it. Now come with me."

With a firm, quick step he went up the stairway, and pausing before the door of his nephew's room, gave a sharp rap on it.

On an invitation to enter, he turned the knob and stalked into the room, beckoning me to follow.

Young Abingdon was preparing for bed, and had removed his coat and vest when we came in.

A look of momentary surprise gave way to one of—what was it?—anger, or fear, or pity?—as he glanced first at his uncle, then at me.

"Won't you be seated, gentlemen?" he politely inquired.

"Put on your clothing and come with me," said Colonel Abingdon, sternly and briefly.

"For what purpose?" asked his nephew, calmly, meeting his uncle's eyes with unflinching boldness. He was certainly a man of nerve, no matter how villainous a heart he carried.

"To be delivered over to justice. I arrest you in the name of the law for the murder of my daughter and son-in-law, and for the poisoning of my wife."

That same pallor overspread the nephew's face that I had seen on it the day before, and now I could see that he trembled slightly.

"Is this some of your work!" he cried hotly, darting a fierce glance at me. "If I thought so, I would throttle you where you stand."

"It is my work," answered Colonel Abingdon. "It should be the work of any man to put an end to such an atrocious creature as you are. I ought to shoot you down as I would any venomous thing, but I will not cheat the gallows of its due."

"Uncle, I am innocent of any crime," said Ashley firmly. "I swear this to you! Believe me, you do not know what you are doing. Listen to my advice, and let this matter go no further. It will only make your burden yet heavier."

"Come with me!" his uncle commanded.

"Listen to me, I beg of you! Do not let this matter get into the courts if you can avoid it. The poisoning *must* have been an accident."

Colonel Abingdon took from his pocket the scrap of red paper, with a part of the label on it, and held it up before his nephew's eyes.

"Perhaps it was an accident that this scrap of paper was found in the basket of the grate in your room," he said deliberately, his eyes fastened on his nephew's face, with the expression of some wild animal that is ready to spring on its prey. "But was it an accident that you bought this bottle of arsenic in solution, around which this wrapper was placed to show that its contents were a deadly poison? Was it an accident," he continued, "that has hurried my daughter and her husband to an untimely grave? Was it an accident that my wife came so near to being another victim to your murderous intent?"

For a full minute it seemed there was a deep silence, and then the nephew spoke, slowly and distinctly.

"It *must* have been," he said.

The two men stood looking at each other.

"Uncle," the nephew continued, "before you go further with this matter, there is something I have to say to you, something that is for your ears alone."

"Whatever you have to say, say it briefly, here, in the presence of this man," answered Colonel Abingdon sternly, waving his hand in my direction.

Again the nephew stood silent; again that look—it seemed one of pity—overspread his face.

"Shall I speak out frankly what I have to say to you?" he asked at last. "Remember, I would have spared you this, but you force me to say it."

"Speak out!" commanded his uncle. "There should be nothing kept back in a crime like this."

"I will do so, then. It is true that I brought with me here a bottle of arsenic in solution," he began, slowly. "I have been taking it for some months under a physician's direction. This bottle stood there on yonder dresser, with the red wrapper around it and the druggist's poison label affixed to it. I took the solution daily. The day before the wedding," he continued, "I spoke of using this medicine, and the person to whom I mentioned the fact seemed much interested, and asked several questions concerning the poison, the number of drops one should begin with, and how the quantity might be increased without danger; if it was not often used for the complexion with beneficial results, and how many drops of the solution would prove a fatal dose. I showed this person the bottle, and answered the several questions as best I could.

"Late that night—it was after midnight—I was awakened by some one entering my room. I started to call out and ask who it was; then, on second thought, I concluded to keep quiet and see for what purpose this untimely visit had been made, so I feigned slumber and waited.

"The figure advanced slowly into the room, as if in hesitancy, then paused, while I, apparently, slept on, undisturbed by the intrusion. Again it drew nearer, and finally came and stood by the side of the bed, and bent over it, yet I gave no sign of wakefulness.

"From the bed it glided to the dresser, and cautiously opening my eyes, I saw it pick up something and hold the object up to the moonlight that streamed through the window full and bright and fell on the person's face, clearly lighting it up. Suddenly a thought came to me, and I began to look on the affair as a laughable joke, a heedless escapade, a surreptitious method of improving the complexion at my expense. Then the figure as quietly quitted the room a few moments later, as it had come, and, laughing to myself, I turned over and fell asleep.

"The next morning my bottle of medicine was missing from its accustomed place on the dresser; but I made no allusion to the fact, determined to carry out the joke until I had an opportunity to retaliate."

"Who was this person?" asked Colonel Abingdon, relentlessly.

Again that hesitation; again that pitying expression on his nephew's face; then Ashley Abingdon made a step or two forward, and whispered a name into his uncle's ear.

CHAPTER V.

It was as if an electric shock had been administered to Colonel Abingdon.

His arms dropped nervelessly to his side, a pallor overspread his face, while his knees trembled so beneath him that he would have fallen had I not sprung hastily to his assistance.

With the nephew's aid, we helped him to a chair near by, into which he sank.

"Are you telling me the truth?" he asked, feebly.

"As God is my judge," replied the young man, fervently. "I tried to spare you this, but you forced me to speak."

Colonel Abingdon bowed his head in his hands for a few moments, then he suddenly aroused himself.

"You were right, Ashley," he said, emphatically; "it *must* have been an accident. It could not have been otherwise. Surely, surely not. Yes, we must put an end to further investigation; there is no need for it. It was an accident, a deplorable one. To-morrow, Ashley, you must go to the city, and tell Bomar, the chemist, that there is no reason why a further analysis of Crofton's stomach should be made; that we now know arsenical poison was the cause of his death, but that it was accidentally administered. I am confident of this. There is no further need of your services either, Mr. Allin," he continued, addressing me. "If you will come down to my private office, I will pay you liberally for what you have already done in the matter, and for the trouble to which you have been put."

He thanked me warmly, and grasped my hand fervently as I bade him good-night at the door of his office, and went to my room upstairs some time later.

I undressed and went to bed; but sleep refused to come. My brain was too excited over the events of the past few days and the later startling developments of the night to grow even drowsy, and so I tossed restlessly to and fro, and heard from time to time the tall, old-fashioned clock on the landing of the stair strike the long hours until midnight had passed and the earlier morning hours were come.

At last, utterly worn out and weary of courting sleep, I sprang out of bed, slipped on my trousers, coat and slippers, and opening the door of my bedroom, I stepped out into the hall, intending to go out on the balcony at the farther end, and try the soothing effects of a pipe, the night air, and the silence of the stars.

Almost opposite the door of the room I occupied there was another door opening from a short flight of steps that led to an attic over the wing of the house in which I slept.

Scarcely had I stepped out into the hall and closed the door behind me, when this other one was suddenly pushed open, and, looking quickly up, I saw a white-robed figure standing, framed within the doorway.

The flowing drapery fell in graceful folds about her, and the long dark tresses made almost a mantle around her shoulders. In one hand she carried a small lamp, whose soft rays fell full upon her face, and I saw, to my surprise, that it was Miss Abingdon, and that she was clad in her night-robe.

My first impulse was to withdraw hastily within my room, then to stammer out an apology for my presence in the hallway at that late hour of the night, or, rather, early hour of the morning, when a second swift glance revealed the fact that she was in a somnambulistic state, and that in the fixed gaze that looked straight beyond me there was no sign of recognition, and my presence was not known to her.

Then, as I looked more closely, I saw that in her ears there flashed two beautiful stones of rare brilliancy, while the missing emerald necklace gleamed fitfully on her faultless neck. In her other hand she clasped a bottle, partly wrapped with a bright red paper, and from where I stood I could see the death's-head label that was on the wrapper.

She stood thus for a few moments, as if debating something, then she stepped down into the hall and let the door of the stairway swing to behind her.

Almost noiselessly she glided down the hallway, and, impelled by a powerful impulse I seemed unable to resist, I followed as silently as I could.

From the hallway she passed into the larger one, thence down the stairway and through the lower hall into the open dining-room.

Going to a table, she placed the lamp and the bottle upon it, then went into the narrow passageway between the dining-room and Colonel Abingdon's private office.

With almost breathless interest I watched her movements.

She paused at the door leading into the office, and stood as if intently listening, after which she noiselessly opened it and disappeared within.

In a very few moments she reappeared, carrying a small bunch of keys, then getting the lamp, she placed it on the floor, and quietly unlocked first the large door of the safe, then the smaller compartment, running her hand lightly over the things that were in it, as if searching for something, but not finding it she locked both doors of the safe again, and took the keys back to the place from which she had taken them, probably from Colonel Abingdon's clothing.

Once more she came into the dining-room, bringing the lamp with her, and setting it down, she picked up the bottle in its red wrapper, went to the sideboard, selected three wine glasses, into which she poured a small quantity of the colorless liquid, and placed the glasses on the dining table, standing two glasses near to each other, and the third some little distance away. This done, she picked up the lamp once more and started to leave the room. At the door she paused, however, and, hastily retracing her steps, she went to the table, and taking the wine glasses one by one, dashed the contents to the floor and placed them on the buffet where they belonged.

With one hand pressed to her heart and her head bowed as if in prayer, she stood motionless for a few moments, while from an alcove in the dining-room, partly screened by the curtains that draped it, I looked on the strange scene in wonderment and with a feeling of fascination.

She passed out of the dining-room, and I followed her upstairs into the upper hall, from which she disappeared into one of the front rooms, her own bedroom, I think.

I stood at the head of the staircase, wondering if I could have been walking in my sleep and had dreamed these strange things, or if I were really awake and they had actually happened.

I ran my hand across my eyes as if to brush aside the cobwebs of sleep that may have mystified my brain and given it these vague fancies, then slowly and deliberately the truth dawned on me, and I began to realize that I had but witnessed a scene which solved the problem of the deep tragedy so lately enacted beneath that very roof,

Perhaps the crime itself had been committed while the perpetrator was in a somnambulistic state; but even were this true, she could scarcely be less guilty, for murder must surely have been in her heart to have given to her troubled sleep this fearful suggestion.

As I made my way noiselessly back to my room and threw myself, half dressed, on the bed, an army of thoughts crowded thick and fast upon me. I now recalled for the first time what Wash, the old family servant, had said to me the day I reached Abingdon Court—that there had been much uncertainty in the minds of many as to which of the sisters Crofton Ashburton had most admired. He had doubtless waited on them both, and perhaps there had been a lovers' quarrel.

Later developments went to prove that the matter had gone sufficiently far to engender in the heart of one at least an intense jealousy, which a haughty and imperious nature, assisted by a remote Spanish ancestry, had fanned into intense hatred.

The fearful consequences were now all too apparent.

I furthermore understood the peculiar position Ashley Abingdon occupied in the affair. From the description he gave of the midnight visit made to his bedroom, and the disappearance of the bottle of arsenic in solution that had stood on the dresser, I surmised that this act was also committed while Miss Abingdon was in a somnambulistic state, remembering what had just transpired within my own observation; but he evidently had not suspected this to be the case, and believed his cousin's actions to have been committed in the full power of reason and consciousness, and, believing this, he had endeavored to shield her and to keep the secret within his own bosom until forced to speak out.

The mystery of the purloined jewels was also fully explained to my own satisfaction. Miss Abingdon had doubtles deeply resented the bestowal of the diamond earrings on the third wife, and probably considered that she had a prior and better claim, as they had once been her mother's.

Her waking thoughts had controlled the actions of her sleep, and she had secretly obtained the jewels and concealed them.

Again was this the case when the emerald necklace was given by her former lover to his bride-elect.

The elder sister may have dwelt on the thought that she should have been the one to wear this costly ornament, and so this also disappeared, while nothing else was molested.

Brooding over her supposed wrong, or it may have been a real one, the spirit of revenge made itself manifest.

I now recalled the fact that the tables for the wedding luncheon had been set the evening before, and the places for most of the guests had been assigned, especially at the bride's table.

A few drops of the colorless but deadly liquid in the bottoms of the wine-glasses at the plates of the selected victims would never be discovered in the hurry and confusion of the occasion; the wine would be poured in by the servants when the luncheon was served, and a fearful revenge be accomplished with little or no fear of detection.

Such thoughts may have taken vague form in the jealous brain of Gertrude Abingdon, as she watched the wedding festivities progress, and felt she had no rightful part in them; and these evil thoughts matured into more definite shape during the vexed moments of her sleep.

As I lay and thought over all these strange events, gradually they took on stranger form, until it all became a chaotic mingling of possible and impossible things, and first one and then another of the inmates of Abingdon Court became principal actors in this complex drama of Love, Jealousy and Revenge. In the midst of it, there came a loud knocking at my door, and I awoke.

The morning sunlight was making a lattice of golden bars as it fell through the closed blinds, and as I opened my eyes the woolly head of Uncle Wash appeared in the partly opened doorway, his white teeth gleaming from the dark background of his smiling countenance.

"Yo' was sleepin' so late, sir, the Kunnel tole me to come an' wake yo' up. We's havin' breakfis' a leetle early dis mawnin', kase it's Miss Alice an' Marse Croft's weddin'-day."

THE END.

WILLFUL PENELOPE.*

BY EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS,

Author of "A Conqueror of Fate," "Little Kit," "At a Great Cost."

["WILLFUL PENELOPE" was commenced in No. 48. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XI.

THE news of the engagement of marriage between Denis Latimar, of Latimar Court, and Marcia, only daughter of Cyril Rochdale, the well-known London banker, was two days old. In that space of time, short as it was, Mrs. Rochdale had managed to circulate the intelligence to almost every corner of the inhabited globe. Information had been dispatched instantly to the *Morning Post* and other journals dedicated to the chronicles of the fashionable world, and letters written to every relation and every friend.

Marcia herself had walked down to the Cottage from the Court the morning following that astounding moment when realization of her hopes had come to her so unexpectedly.

"I felt I must bring the news myself, dear Aunt Marian. I know how interested and pleased you will be," she said, as though she were conferring some tremendous favor.

Mrs. Desborough's delicate face contracted the very least in the world. There was a distinct difference in Marcia to-day, and gentle, sweet-natured as Penelope's mother was, she resented the undoubted touch of superiority and condescension that rang out so clearly in Miss Rochdale's voice.

"I am, indeed, deeply interested, Marcia," she answered, quietly, and with a proud dignity she rarely had occasion to call into her manner. "All that appertains to Denis Latimar must ever be full of interest for me; and although we have had little opportunity of being acquainted, you and I—still you are my sister's only child, and as that child, it is needless to say I cannot fail to rejoice at all good fortune that comes in your way. In such news as this, Marcia, I rejoice most sincerely," Mrs. Desborough added, quickly, "for you have won a treasure. Denis Latimar is no ordinary man. You are, indeed, to be honestly congratulated, my dear."

Marcia flushed hotly.

This was by no means the sort of thing she had expected. She had, indeed, taken the trouble of walking through the mud and rain simply and solely because she imagined she would taste a little of the delights of her new position in bewildering her poor relations by the information of her grandeur. Her aunt's manner and speech made her very uncomfortable, and for the moment she felt *gauche* and silent.

She found her voice after that moment, however.

"You are sincere in your congratulations for me, Aunt Marian," she said, laughing, but not easily. "Have you none for Denis?"

Mrs. Desborough put out her hand toward the speaker.

"Dear Marcia," she said, softly, "why ask me such a question? Who would not give the heartiest, warmest congratulations to a man who has realized his happiness, who has wooed and won the woman of his heart?"

Marcia moved from the fire abruptly. Most surely she was not destined to taste much delight just yet in her new position. She was affianced to Denis Latimar; she was to be his wife before Christmas; she was to realize her ambitious dream; she was to reign at Latimar Court as mistress over all; she had attained her end—she had reached her goal. But it was a very poor sort of triumph, after all; it might sound and seem very splendid to all the world, but it was full of bitterness to her.

It was the remembrance of this bitterness, the unpleasant realization of the truth that had come upon her as she had sat thinking over the events of that wet drive under the trees, that had been instrumental in driving Marcia out of her future home to seek that which was so absolutely not forthcoming there.

From her aunt she had determined she would gather pleasure and consolation, and from Penelope she hoped to derive even more.

She had sketched a little scene of excitement, of bewilderment, of flattery down at the Cottage when she told her news; and lo! she had to suffer only more bitterness and new disappointment.

Why should Mrs. Desborough have spoken as she had? It was almost as though she saw through the shallow pretense of Marcia's success, and knew what lay beyond.

"Who would not give the heartiest, warmest congratulations to a man who has realized his happiness, who has wooed and won the woman of his heart?"

The hot flush lingered on Marcia's cheeks, and her heart was full of anger. If her aunt had desired to give her mortification in the weightiest manner possible, she could not have chosen her words better.

"The woman of his heart!"

Marcia set her teeth suddenly as she recalled the whole episode of that strange, sudden proposal.

There was nothing, literally nothing, to tone down its crude abruptness and give it a touch of tenderness and beauty.

That curt demand from the man whose voice alone betrayed the cause of such a question!

The one instant of struggle in her mind between the faint glimmer of womanly dignity and the gratification of worldly ambition; the brief interview that had followed in the library, where, in the same hard, terse way, Denis had laid before her the future as his wife; the look of eagerness with which his eyes had met hers in that dimly-lighted room as she paused before replying—eagerness that was the successor to that mad folly of a few moments before; the drawn, hard look that came over his face as she stood before him and accepted his proposal calmly and deliberately; the knowledge that though she was to become Denis Latimar's wife, yet that she was no more to his heart, his feelings, than a figure of stone—there was very little in this to offer much gratification to Marcia's heart, mean, vain and poor as it was. Indeed, for all her worldliness, she could not bring herself to regard the picture calmly and unconcernedly—at least not yet; and it was not

---

* Copyright, 1895, by ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.
All rights reserved.

so much the fact of Denis's indifference to her as a woman that hurt her so deeply as the knowledge that it was through his love and jealousy for another, and that other her Cousin Penelope, that she stood where she did now.

Denis had said very little to her. Even as he led the way to the library he began to realize exactly the horrible folly of which he had been guilty; he began to experience the consequence of that rash, mad speech out in the wet, dark night.

His jealousy had suddenly bereft him of his senses; a resolution had forced itself upon him that he must at once and forever tear out the image of this girl from his heart, must sweep her and her bewitching beauty from his path, must end the misery by some drastic measure, and that without delay.

In the same reckless reasoning it came upon him that there was only one way of shutting out the temptation of Penelope and all her worthlessness, and that way was by putting before his eyes a perpetual barrier, a legitimate duty, a higher and better influence.

Had it been any other woman of the same condition—young, free and conveniently beside him that night—he would have put the same question to her exactly as he put it to Marcia.

Marcia, up to this, had been nothing more to him than a handsome girl, an agreeable companion, an acceptable and sincere friend; but in this moment she took a different form. She was an instrument by means of which he might work an end to the madness that had lived with him during the past three months; she was at once his safeguard and his executioner. And so, in the full heat of his thoughts, hastily, wildly, recklessly, he had spoken.

As his passionate jealousy faded, and he realized what he had done, a feeling of compunction mingled with his uneasiness. He began speaking to Marcia in the library with a regret in his voice and in his heart.

He felt that a true woman must naturally reject such a proposal, given in such a way; that her delicacy and pride must resent it, even if he had on former occasions prepared her for such a thing.

He tried to frame his words gently; he apologized for his abruptness, wondering even as he did so at the absence of astonishment in Marcia's expression at the unexpected thing that had happened. He spoke of the honor an alliance with her would be; of his sincere regard and admiration for her; but he could not let his lips perjure his heart. Not one word of tenderness, not a suggestion of love escaped him. It was a quiet, deliberate proposal, matter-of-fact, practical and cold.

He did not imagine, as he spoke out the words that were bound to follow on that one reckless speech, that Marcia could possibly give him an answer at such a moment. He felt a sense of deep regret as he spoke. He thouget he knew her nature well—felt that to one so proud as she the matter could be productive of nothing but pain.

He did not lift his eyes to her face till he had said all he could say: then, as she answered him with a smile, accepting the position readily, Denis, with a sort of contracting pang at his heart, knew the full extent of his folly.

The interest, the sympathy, the belief that had grown up so warmly in his thoughts for Marcia died a sudden death.

So it was the same story all through, then! Penelope, with her laughing beauty, openly and heartlessly declaring her own worthlessness with her lovely lips. Marcia, regal in her pretense of pride and her armor of reserve, drawing back the vail from her heart and showing its utter poverty without the least hesitation. There was no difference, no choice, no escaping the truth. Fair and gentle on the surface, mean and selfish below.

Denis Latimar, as he took Marcia's hand and held it for a moment, could have laughed aloud in the misery and cynicism of his thoughts.

What a mockery it was! What a sad, disappointing, disillusioning thing was the life of man—even of a man rich as Denis was in worldly goods and physical perfections, lacking nothing!

He sat down in his wet mackintosh, as Marcia walked triumphantly away, and stared at the fire in the big, wide grate. He felt just as he had done once before when he had been thrown from his horse while hunting and was stunned by the fall. He knew, then, something had happened—something sharp, sudden and touched with danger—but he had not been able to realize exactly what that something was, or what had come to him.

So this night, as he sat alone in his room, with his mother's eyes gazing down upon him from the picture on the wall, Denis was conscious something had happened—something big, almost overwhelming—but could not realize to the full, at this moment, what a terrible mistake he had made.

He knew it the day following, and his manner betrayed this knowledge to Marcia's keen jealousy. She saw immediately the change in his voice when he spoke to her. She noticed how he longed to avoid her. She was vexed beyond measure at his cold, quiet bearing.

Fortunately for her, Denis had the reputation of being more English than most Englishmen, and his reticence and quietness passed for shyness and for a natural objection to any sort of fuss whatsoever about the matter. He received his friends' congratulations with a terse word of thanks, and managed to elude Mrs. Rochdale's hysterical delight and desire to embrace him.

"If you like, we will ride," he said to Marcia, as they stood alone for a moment after breakfast. And then it was that Marcia resolved to walk through the mud as far as the Cottage, and announce her wonderful news.

Her mind was a chaos of triumph and anger as she progressed toward the pretty little house where Penelope had been born.

There was no longer any fear; no longer any need of weary anticipations and anxious endeavors. She had won the game. Her future was secure; her triumph over her friends and rivals complete. But it was no use trying to blind her eyes to the unpleasant truth. Denis Latimar had asked her to become his wife when he had been under the influence of mad jealousy for another. He had spoken without thought. He had acted wrongly, perhaps; foolishly, most certainly; and she had taken advantage of that mad moment. She might congratulate herself, if she chose, on the very unforeseen circumstances which had rolled so big a ball of fortune at her feet; but she could not deceive herself as to the exact position she would hold henceforth in Denis Latimar's estimation.

Ordinarily speaking, this sort of thing would not have troubled Marcia very much. She was not blessed with the keenest delicacy of feeling or refinement in pride and thought. When she had set herself the task of trying to win Denis, she had, of course, not been blind to the charm of his handsome individuality; but she placed his money, his estates and the envious jealousy of her world far beyond himself personally.

That had been before the end of the season, when she knew by some intuition that he was heart-whole, and might be termed careless and even indifferent to women; but afterward, when she had walked with him on the deck of his yacht; when she had sat beside him in the moonlight, and had seen the heavy cloud that rested on his face; when she had realized day by day that he was devoured by some secret, silent passion and pain—Denis grew into another person for Marcia.

She longed now for that which she had not thought of before. She desired now to win not only his name, his wealth, his position, but his love as well. She was not constituted to know the real meaning and worth of love as love; but she possessed vanity and jealousy to a very large degree, and she suffered in both these feelings most deeply when she had to face the truth later on, and knew without doubt that Denis Latimar was wildly, madly in love with the one girl in all the world whom Marcia took the trouble to hate, and that because she knew that this girl was stronger than she.

So, after all, it was a very poor matter for congratulation, as she had to confess to herself bitterly, although her nature every now and then reasserted itself, and she felt a thrill of intense satisfaction as she remembered that outwardly her triumph lacked nothing, and that she was at this moment the envy and talk of hundreds who would have given all they possessed to stand in her place.

She encouraged this feeling as much as she could, and when she answered Mrs. Desborough the mortification she had felt was not in the least visible in her voice. Indeed, as she sat and talked on for half an hour, she grew more comfortable with herself; and when she left without seeing Penelope, who had gone into the village on some parish work, Marcia's real self was quite to the fore and her ruffled spirit soothed.

The effect of that half hour's conversation was exactly the opposite on Mrs. Desborough's delicate, high-strung nerves.

When Penelope came home for luncheon, she found her mother pale, complaining of a headache, and with a suspicion of tears round her once beautiful eyes. She gave her "baby" the news quietly.

"Marcia came herself to tell us," she said, and then she put out her white, weak hand to the girl standing looking into the fire. "Oh Pen!" she said, her voice full of emotion, that sounded like pain—"oh, Pen, darling, I do hope all will go well with him. I feel—I—I scarcely know how to put it, for, after all, I know nothing; but I feel, somehow, that Denis has made a mistake, that he should have chosen another sort of woman. Marcia seemed changed to me to-day, to have gone back to the child she used to be, pretentious, shallow, selfish. I had thought her so much improved lately; but to-day—" Mrs. Desborough paused, and Penelope stroked the thin fingers with her own pretty ones that had grown strangely cold. "It will be a great, great grief to me if Denis should be unhappy," Mrs. Desborough went on, after that moment's pause, her voice still troubled. "He seems almost as though he belonged to me. I have loved him so long and so dearly, and I know what he was to her who is gone. It will be a grief to me, Pen, if anything should go wrong with him."

Penelope stroked the thin hand mechanically; she stared into the fire while she struggled with herself to speak naturally, not to betray one note of the sorrowful music that filled her young heart to overflowing. She had been expecting this news; she had told herself she was quite prepared for it—that, indeed, she would be glad when it came and was done with.

She knew how false had been such thoughts, how poor had been her preparation. The news was just as though some one had struck a knife sharply into her wounded heart.

She wondered why she did not die in this moment. She felt that the greatest joy she could feel now would be to close her eyes and let a peaceful cloud of oblivion blot out this ceaseless misery in her brain and heart.

And all this while she answered her mother, saying something calmly and soothingly—words of conventional purport about its being very unlikely that Denis would be unhappy. Why should he be unhappy? He must be in love with Marcia, otherwise most surely he would not have asked her to be his wife; so, being in love with Marcia, it would follow naturally that he could not be very unhappy; and the speech ended with a playful remark about Mrs. Desborough being jealous just because Denis did not ask her to marry him instead of Marcia.

Of course, Penelope won a smile in answer to all this, and Mrs. Desborough felt soothed and comforted by her darling's bright words. How little she could ever imagine what each one of those words cost the girl.

As she held Penelope's hand in both hers, she suddenly remarked on their excessive coldness,

"My darling, you are not warmly enough clad for this cold rain. You will stay at home and sit by the fire, Pen, my sweet?"

Penelope bent and kissed her mother.

"On the contrary, mumsey, dearest, I am going for a long ride this afternoon. I feel it will do me no end of good. I am cold just because I have been sitting by the fire so much lately. It is not raining now, and it will be a heavenly afternoon for a ride. I met Madge Riley in the village, and accepted her offer of a mount. We shall probably go as far as Old Winstead."

"You will be careful, darling. You will—"

Penelope closed her mother's lips with another kiss.

"Do you think I would do anything to give you an instant's anxiety, my sweet little mother? If you would rather not—"

"No, no; go, my Pen, and enjoy your afternoon; it will do you good, and I have every confidence in the Riley horses. Colonel Riley would not let his girls risk anything. Now run away and eat some luncheon, and then off for your ride, and bring me back some blush roses, Pen. You have lost your color a little, I think, lately."

"Fancy, mother, all fancy." Penelope laughed and then moved to the door.

Swiftly she felt her strength and will going sorely. Another instant and she would perhaps betray herself to the one being in the world who must never, never know the truth.

She closed the door gently, and leaned against it, with her eyes wide staring, and the color and beauty faded from her face. In this moment poor little Penelope may be forgiven if she thought only of herself, of the horrible misery in her heart, of the more horrible misery of her future life, of the agony of her hopeless love, tortured by the events which must follow so quickly now.

"Oh, if I might die!" she said to herself, brokenly. "Oh, if I could only die! I—I cannot bear it. I did not know it would be like this—I did not know—I did not know!"

The cry of how many millions!

If only the eyes could have seen beyond—if only the heart could have foreshadowed the future—if only the aftermath could have been known!

And so it will be always, always, always, as long as the human heart beats!

CHAPTER XII.

Marcia Rochdale might be lacking in many attributes that go to make a perfect woman, but one point she possessed which was an excellent substitute for these many attributes—at least judging by the world's opinion—and that point was tact, tact carried to a *finesse* beyond description, and above all when it was applied to a matter touching herself and her future.

She called this tact into great activity on this, the first day of her engagement. If she could have had her will, Marcia would have liked to have paraded Denis all over the country, to have had him inseparable from her side—to have let the world, as constituted round about Latimar Court, have the vision of its greatest magnet bound captive to the spell of her beauty and fascination.

The antipathetic feeling which, she was so quick to realize, had sprung up in Denis's breast toward her at once showed her the impossibility of this proceeding and taught her to have recourse to that store of worldly wisdom which she had inherited from her father, calculating, cold, practical; and from her mother, clever, scheming and selfish. She must forego the wishes of the moment.

"Will you think me very rude if I retire to my own room for the afternoon?" she said to Denis when luncheon was over. "I have some letters to write, and I got so wet this morning coming back from the Cottage, that I think it will be wiser to stay indoors for the rest of the day."

Denis, who looked as he felt, wretchedly uncomfortable, caught at the mere suggestion with an eagerness which gave her positive pain for the moment.

"No doubt it will be wiser," he said, trying not to speak too stiffly, and failing miserably, as most men do fail when they are endeavoring to act a part. "I was about to suggest a drive, but—"

"You are very kind," Marcia murmured. She was trying to make her manner more gentle, a little embarrassed—the manner of a woman who was gradually realizing something she had done in a moment of excitement and thoughtlessness. It was cleverly managed, but it utterly failed to touch Denis, at least in the way she hoped.

As long as he lived he would never forget that moment when, lifting his eyes to her face in the library, fearing and expecting to read pain and condemnation there, he had suddenly understood the true nature of the woman in the expression that had flashed from eye and lip. If he had any feeling at all for Marcia's carefully studied manner now, it was one of weary contempt, although he could not fail to be grateful to her for sparing him the pain, almost the horror, of a perpetual *tête-à-tête*.

He watched her go from the room with eyes that were blind to the grace of her movements, the regal carriage of her head, or the symmetry of her form. Had she been three-fold as attractive, he would have had just as strong an antipathy to her. The knowledge that he had been deceived in her, that all her seeming quietness, her sorrowful apathy, were but so many tricks in a well-thought-out game, made her loathsome in his eyes. No need for him to reproach himself for judging Marcia wrongly or hastily; by her own action she stood condemned.

No woman save one who had been prepared, and, perhaps, had been preparing the way for the event of the preceding night, would have permitted herself to be in the position which Marcia now held. The more he thought, the more he was convinced of Marcia's duplicity, of all her plans and schemes to become his wife and mistress of his home. Had it been otherwise, Denis would be in a very different mental condition. Had his reckless proposal been met as it undoubtedly deserved to be, and as, had Marcia been another sort of woman, it would have been, he would have had nothing but regret, admiration and gratitude for the girl who, while rejecting him, would have showed him that she was actuated by as much thought for him as for herself and her dignity.

He shrugged his shoulders with a sneer. Denis had never been a cynic until now. His belief, his fresh, wholesome trust in humanity, his generous, boyish nature, had been one of the greatest joys of his mother's heart, one of his greatest charms to Marian Desborough. He felt utterly changed now from what he used to be; he did not feel as though he would ever be able to believe anyone again.

He went up to his room and put on his riding things, ordering his horse as he went.

As he came down again, he found Ross Bryant standing before his tall easel hard at work in a corner of the beautiful old hall. Denis paused beside him. The hot jealousy that had been roused last night by the sight of Penelope and Ross together in the garden had not by any means died away. Denis knew it was very unjust, but he had not a kind thought for the man in this moment. Indeed he could hardly bear to see him at all.

Courtesy and common sense, however, demanded that he should stop and speak. He made some casual remark about the painting, and praised it.

Ross stepped back a little, and surveyed his work in a dreamy fashion.

"And shall it please her, do you think, Denis?" he asked, as he listened to the praise with gratification, for Denis was no mean critic.

Denis frowned swiftly.

"Her—who?" he asked, in a voice that bespoke the burden of his heart.

"That dear, sweet lady down yonder. Ah! but she's just the sweetest woman I ever saw, saving your mother, Denis. I'd do anything in the wide world for that poor, suffering creature!"

Denis's brow had cleared a little; he was pulling on his glove. He turned away as he said, with a short laugh:

"And for her daughter, eh, Ross, old fellow?"

Rossmore Bryant's ugly face flushed crimson for an instant.

"Aye," he said, in a low voice, and Denis never remembered to have heard him speak like that before—"Aye, Denis, I'm afraid you've got very near the truth this time—". He broke off suddenly, and then he began to whistle, but not very successfully. "I'll be leaving you soon, Denis. Early next week, I'm thinking!" he said next, as he used his brush busily.

Denis, who was standing with his back to the speaker, apparently all impatience for his horse, turned round at this.

"What's the hurry?" he said, laconically, his heart beating fast and heavily under his thick riding coat.

Ross did not answer for a moment; when he did, his voice had still that strange hurry and thrill in it.

"Oh! I've been idle long enough. It's full time I was back in town and in harness again, and—and it will be wiser too!"

Denis came up to the painter and put his hand affectionately on his shoulder.

"Ross," he said, hurriedly, "there's no trouble, I hope?"

The other turned his ugly countenance toward the handsome one beside him: there was pathos now where usually there were a smile and twinkle.

"There will be trouble, I'm thinking, Denis," he answered; he seemed to have some difficulty in speaking. "She—she's too beautiful for me," he said, after a pause, "and—and she would not care for me if I asked her a hundred times. I think she cares for some one else; and then, even if she would, why," he shrugged his shoulders, "I could not ask her to starve, and that's about the plain truth of my—of what a position would be for my wife, eh, Denis?"

Ross tried to finish very cheerfully, but he did not quite succeed; he fingered his brushes a little hurriedly.

"So you'll understand why it is I go so soon, Denis, won't you? Perhaps I'll come back one of these days when I am quite cured. In any case I must get over it, and I'll make my peace with her before I go. I think I know just how to do it. The way to that girl's heart is through her mother, and if I give her mother pleasure, perhaps she will forgive me, and—"

"Have you had a quarrel?" Denis asked, in a low voice. Something in Ross's words touched a spring of new suffering in his heart. What was it he had just said about Penelope? "I think she cares for some one else." What a horrible sensation that sentence gave him! And what was that curious feeling that arose as Ross spoke on: "The way to that girl's heart is through her mother?"

Why did Ross say such a foolish thing? Why did he not know better than that? Was not Penelope's callous selfishness and heartlessness patent to all the world?

Denis hardly knew how he spoke; but the words were forced from him involuntarily:

"Have you had a quarrel?"

Ross shook his head.

"Not a quarrel; but I had the bad luck last night to vex Miss Desborough beyond all words. Sure, I never meant to do it, if she only knew, when I worship the ground she treads upon; but it was a mistake, and when I saw what pain I'd given her, Denis, I'd just as soon have kicked myself into the Liffey; and I might just as well be lying there now, for all the good I am in the world, I'm thinking!"

Denis made no answer at once. His horse was at the door now.

"So," he said, as he turned away—"so you hope to make your peace with Miss Penelope by giving her mother this picture. Perhaps you may succeed, but it is not quite the character the young lady has. Rumor says Miss Penelope has no very great love or sympathy either for her weak, suffering mother, and that the most important person in the universe to Miss Penelope is the pretty person of Miss Pen—"

Ross Bryant suddenly flung his best brush into the farthest corner of the hall. He turned on his cousin like a lion.

"It's a lie!" he said, with passionate energy. "The biggest lie that ever was uttered! I can see as well through a brick wall as most people, and I can see and worship a beautiful thing when it's straight in front of my eyes. Penelope Desborough's love for her mother is just the most beautiful thing a man could hope to see this side of heaven, and he who says anything against her in this respect is a fool—and a liar, too!"

Denis turned on his heel swiftly.

"You are in a dangerous mood to-day, Ross," he said; but Mr. Bryant did not answer him. He had gone to pick up the brush lying ignominiously in its corner, and Denis mounted his horse and rode swiftly away.

The blood was rushing wildly to and fro in his veins, his heart was beating to suffocation. Thought was not clear or definite in this moment, but all at once a single idea stood out before him.

What—if it should be true? What if he, Denis, had made such a horrible mistake—had—

He touched his horse, and for the next few moments was conscious of nothing but the fretting of the restless, excited creature beneath him.

As he left the village, a wild longing came over him to ride away—away far into space, to put the trouble and anguish of his heart far behind him.

He gave his horse the rein and cantered through the muddy lanes for miles and miles. The rain, that had held off all the afternoon, was beginning to fall, but Denis did not heed it. He had hardly any knowledge of how far he had come, or in which direction, when all at once he turned a corner, and if he had not had his horse well in hand he would have been thrown, it swerved so suddenly at what stood beyond that corner.

A horse bearing a lady's saddle, empty, its flanks and even its mane covered with the wet earth. The animal was standing quietly, its bridle thrown over a stout branch, and its eyes, big and almost tender, fixed on a girl's figure crouched up on the rough bank in an attitude that betokened patience and suffering.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 2.]

◆

NOTICE TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Watch the yellow label on the wrapper of your *Ledger*, as the date printed on it indicates the time your subscription expires. We will discontinue sending the *Ledger* at the expiration of your subscription. If you renew promptly you will not only insure your *Ledger* coming to you every week without delay, but it will be a great convenience and assistance to the publishers of the *Ledger* in keeping their subscription list.

DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA.*

BY SEWARD W. HOPKINS,

Author of "In the China Sea," "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," etc.

["DARBY, THE BEAR-HUNTER OF ALASKA" was commenced in No. 47. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the News-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XVIII.

I WAS in a condition of frenzied despair. Weak with hunger myself, here was I called upon to give attention and care to Hadleigh, who, no doubt from hunger as well as fatigue, had lost consciousness.

And then the shock of Maxom's death. The cause of it I could only conjecture, for Hadleigh had keeled over before he had time to say more than the one word—"Dead!"

I dragged the unconscious man onto a pile of wolfskins and chafed his temples and wrists with snow.

Moments dragged on wearily, and though I was constant in my efforts, there was no return to consciousness in Hadleigh.

Every few minutes I would stand erect and look off toward the mountain, as if expecting Maxom to suddenly appear and refute Hadleigh's statement that he was dead.

But no Maxom came.

My own hunger and weakness were increasing. I attempted to eat some more of the lichens, but no longer did the moss relieve my great distress.

It was eat wolf or die. I would eat wolf.

I crawled inside the hut. The smoldering fire was just as I had left it. Near it was a pile of moss, now dry enough to burn. I placed a portion of it on the fire, and a blaze soon sprang up. Making a crane of Hadleigh's rifle and my own, I went out again and cut some meat from the fattest wolf. This I hung on the crane and listened to the sizzling of it as the flame licked around it.

I had cut meat enough—more than enough—for Hadleigh and me. I had cut enough to last three or four meals.

It was a disgusting thing, the forcing of the first mouthful of wolf-meat down me, but I was surprised to find that it did not taste so bad, after all. Anyhow, it was better than starvation, and I ate plenty.

Having finished my meal, I was a new man.

I went at Hadleigh again, in an earnest endeavor to resuscitate him. Whether the time had merely come for him to revive or whether the revival of my own energies threw more force into my efforts, I cannot say, but be that which it may, I soon had the pleasure of seeing Hadleigh's eyes open.

"Can you see me?" I asked. "Do you know me?"

"Yes," he replied. "When did you come on the mountain?"

"We are not on the mountain," I replied. "We are at the snow-hut where we had the fight with the wolves. Don't you remember?"

"I remember the fight," he said, weakly, and I noticed the drawl and peculiar accent were gone; "but how did I get here?"

"You walked here. You came in a few hours ago and fell down, unconscious. The only thing you said was that Maxom was dead."

"Oh, yes!" he said, with a gasp. "I remember. On the mountain—on the mountain!"

"He is there!" I cried. "Is he dead?"

"Yes," he answered, as he turned his face away; "I guess so."

I was so startled by his reply that I did not answer him. He "guessed so." I stood by his side musing over this. Suddenly a horrible thought struck me. Hadleigh claimed that Julia Marshall was to be his wife. I *knew* she was to be Maxom's. Was there jealousy? Was there devilishness enough in this fellow to plan the murder of his rival? I was stunned—horrified at the thought.

"I am hungry," said Hadleigh.

"Eat this," I replied, handing him a portion of the wolf-meat.

"Where did you get it?" he asked.

"Never mind where I got it," I answered. "Eat it. It will save your life as it did mine."

He nibbled the meat.

"What are you going to do?" he asked, suddenly.

I was buckling on my knife-belt, and was examining my rifle to make sure it was loaded.

"I am going up on the mountain to find Maxom," I said.

"Don't leave me here," he said, plaintively. "What's the use going after Maxom? He's dead. I'll die if I'm left here alone."

"We will both probably die if Maxom's gone," I said. "But you must run the risk. I am going. What part of the mountain is he on?"

"I don't know," said Hadleigh, sulkily. "On the mountain."

I turned away, and hastened my preparations to start. Hadleigh's manner had seemed to prove that, even though he had had no hand in Maxom's death, he was not sorry the Bear-Hunter was out of the way. I knew the fellow was of a small, miserable nature, but I had not expected this.

My repast of wolf-meat had strengthened me. I felt equal to the journey to the mountain. But I might be long on the way, and it would not do to run the risk of being hungry again.

I cut the hunk of meat in halves.

"Keep that near you," I said. "It will keep you alive till I come back."

"You'll never come back," he said. "You'll die there the same as he did."

"What's there?" I demanded. "Indians?"

"No, bears," he said.

"It took more than a bear to kill Darby Maxom," I muttered. "Here's your rifle. If you can crawl, you'd better get into the snow-hut. Guard it closely. Good-bye. I'm off."

I slung my rifle on my shoulder, and started off.

Now and then I turned back, partly to see what Hadleigh was doing, and partly in an unconscious way, the result of my musings. Surely, surely, I thought, Maxom would not die under circumstances that allowed Hadleigh to live, unless some treacherous hand had struck him down.

With these thoughts consuming me, I tramped on, the work of plodding through the snow being laborious and slow.

I was not long, however, in getting so far that I could no longer see Hadleigh when I turned back, and after a long struggle I reached the foot of the mountain.

I rested here, for I knew my severest effort lay before me.

After a breathing spell, during which I lunched on wolf-meat, washing it down with snow, I plodded on again, now keeping a sharp lookout to the right and left for Maxom, or any indication of his presence. If he was dead, I would surely hear the whining of the hound, for which I listened intently as I went along.

I passed a clump of trees, into which I peered, but there was no sign.

I saw the footprints of my companions, and they led on up the mountain.

I hurried on.

Reaching a sort of shelf, a bit of level halfway up the mountain, I paused. Here, in the snow, there were marks of a struggle. The straight trail I had been following now ended in a trodden space.

"Some animal has attacked them, probably a bear, as Hadleigh said," I remarked aloud, studying the ground.

Suddenly I heard the deep and well-known voice of Yippo, and the faithful dog came bounding toward me from around some rocks and great bowlders of ice.

"Good dog, Yippo," I shouted. "Now for your master."

One of the dog's ears was torn, as if he had had a terrific conflict.

"Lead to your master," I said.

He barked again and bounded away toward the point from which he had appeared. Gripping my rifle, I followed him.

The dog led me round some big rocks, over slippery places and through narrow passages.

Having traversed these, I came out in a sheltered place surrounded by walls of rock or ice, and Yippo barked joyfully.

There, sitting calmly on the carcass of a huge bear, was Maxom.

"Maxom! Maxom!" I cried, rushing to him and clasping his hand.

"How are you, Fred?" he replied, calmly. "I was just wondering how I was going to get this beast down to the hut."

"But, Maxom, old man!" I said, convulsively, "*I* came to take *your* body home! Hadleigh came in and said you were dead."

The Bear-Hunter looked at me calmly a moment.

"Did he say that?" he asked.

"He did, indeed. He came in, sick and faint. I asked him where you were, and he pointed to this mountain and said: 'Dead.' Then he fell down unconscious. All I had to eat was wolf-meat. It sustains life. Well, I ate some, gave him some and brought some with me. Hadleigh pleaded with me not to come, because he was afraid to be left alone."

Maxom looked away off toward the hut, a dreamy expression coming into his eyes.

"He's a queer fellow, Hadleigh is," he said. "I don't think we have quite understood him."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

Instead of answering, he began lifting the dead bear.

"Can we carry it?" he asked.

"We can drag it," I said. "But you must be hungry. Have some wolf-meat?"

"No. I have feasted already," he said, and bending down he opened the shaggy hide of the bear where he had cut it and taken out some meat.

"I had to eat it raw," he said, "but circumstances have compelled me to do it before. Anyhow, raw bear is better than cooked wolf, so I'm as well off as you. Come on, now, let's get this fine fellow home."

It was considerable of an effort for us to get the bear through the intricate labyrinth by which way we had all gone into the place. But once out of that, it was not difficult to drag the carcass along.

"Wait a moment," I said. "Now, Maxom, I don't go a step farther until I know all there is to this Hadleigh business. You know whether you can trust me or not."

He clasped my hand in a grip that made me wince.

"I wish all friends were as true," he said. "As to Hadleigh, there is not much to tell. There is not much that I know. But there is, I must admit, enough to set me thinking."

"Go on," I said. "I am all ears."

"We came along up the mountain," said Maxom, "until we got here."

He pointed to the place where the snow had been trodden as if in a struggle.

"Yes," I said. "I saw this place. What occurred here?"

"Yippo was ahead," continued Maxom, "and suddenly we heard growls and snarls and barks. Hadleigh, who up to that time had said little, cried: 'Look! A bear!' And so it was, this same fine specimen we have here. Yippo, having stirred the beast up, as was his wont, came back to me, to give me a chance to fire. I at once pulled on the creature and wounded him. Even practiced hands do not always kill a bear at first fire. Enraged by the pain, he came bounding down to me, and I put another ball somewhere in his skin.

"I called to Hadleigh to fire, but for some reason he held off. Unfortunately I slipped just then, and went down with the bear on top of me. I struggled to gain my feet, and succeeded partially in getting into an erect position.

"I called again to Hadleigh to fire, and he did. At that very instant the bear lurched forward, and I went down flat on my back, the bear on top of me. I cried: 'Seize him, Yippo!' and the dog engaged Bruin, giving me a chance to get my knife between his ribs.

"I gave him a good one, and, as you see, his life-blood spurted all over me. The wounded beast crawled away into his den to die. I got on my feet, and what was my astonishment to see Hadleigh running down the mountain as fast as he could go. Disgusted, I went alone to the bear's den, where you found me. That's all there is to it—at least all I know."

"Well put in," I added. "Now, having seen you fall, Hadleigh, believing he had shot you, flees, and informs me that you are dead."

"Yes," said Maxom, quietly.

"And the fact that he *did* run seems to indicate that he *meant* to kill you—aimed at you, or was glad that accident had helped him rid himself of a dangerous rival."

Maxom gazed calmly into my face.

"It is a hard, a terrible thing to say of any man," he answered. "Let us say nothing of this. I will watch. I will be careful. Not a word to him, remember. Come on, let us resume."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, when I had again turned my face toward the distant hut. "Look there!"

A team of reindeer was flying over the snow, dragging a sled in which a single person was seated. It drew near the mountain—it reached it—it was ascending. The driver saw us.

"There is another!" said Maxom, pointing toward the west.

Sure enough, near our hut was another team, and moving forms—little black images they looked from that distance—could be seen moving about.

In a few minutes the approaching reindeer had reached us.

The driver was Tahnag!

"Nirzih! Nirzih!" he said, in the nearest approach to excitement I had yet seen in him. "Se-chi-ah! Bear-Hunter! and the soldier brother! Alive! Alive! Hadleigh told dead! 'Dead! dead!' say Hadleigh. Tahnag hurry find you. Find both well, and Bear-Hunter got him bear. Nirzih!"

"Yes, it is good, Chief," I said. "But how under heaven did you find our hut, and where did you get your reindeer?"

The Kotch-a-Kutchin grunted.

"No wait talk now. Get bear to hut and have big feast. Chilcoots dance joy-dance for Bear-Hunter rescue. Hi! Put him old bear on sled."

We rolled the carcass on to the sled, and seated ourselves on top of it.

"Stop on your way at that clump of trees, Tahnag," said Maxom. "We will take home some firewood and have a real roast."

"Hi! So will," replied the Indian.

As Maxom had ordered, we stopped at the clump of trees, and finding three or four dead ones, uprooted long since by some terrific storm, they were fastened to the sled, and the noble reindeer dragged us all, bear and trees, down to our hut, where the Chilcoots stood in a group waiting for the return of their beloved chief the Bear-Hunter.

CHAPTER XIX.

A great wood-fire was blazing before the snow-hut. A huge, juicy haunch of bear meat hung suspended above it—almost in it. Close to it hung a coffee-pot. Tahnag had brought plenty of supplies. Canned pemmican, salmon and corn, coffee, tea and canned milk, we now had in abundance.

Correspondingly, our spirits rose. There was now no danger of starvation.

---

* Copyright, 1895, by ROBERT BONNER'S SONS. All rights reserved.

“Hi !” exclaimed Tahnag, who was superintending the cooking.

“Come ! Heap hungry. Here heap plenty for all. Hi !”

The tin cups were taken from the sleds, and the aroma from the coffee, as it was poured out, was delicious to my senses.

We were soon hard at work, eating.

Maxom, Tahnag and I sat together. Hadleigh, who still felt weak and unable to join us, lay upon his wolf-skins, where one of the Chilcoots kept him supplied with food. The other Chilcoots squatted round munching away and jabbering to each other in their own language.

Our feast ended, we lighted our pipes, and sat—or reclined—on furs, in the warmth of the fire, and smoked.

“Now, Tahnag,” said Maxom, “we are ready to hear the story of how you found us, and what you have done with the Kowaks.”

“Hi ! Well, him tell. Bear-Hunter remember him left Tahnag and Chilcoots at boat. Say ‘Guard boat.’ Tahnag keep heap watch —but nobody come take boat. Wait long—say to Chilcoots—‘Bear-Hunter gone long time.’ Chilcoot nod head like wise owl, say, ‘Bear-Hunter brave man. Go far.’ Wait longer. Then snow come. Hi ! Snow go fill boat. We take everything out of boat, turn upside down, turn launch upside down. All get under. Stay under all time snow. When no more snow, get out. Say to Chilcoot. No talk Kowak. Him not know anything. Say to Chilcoot, ‘Bad snow. Bear-Hunter have no shelter. What do ?’ Chilcoot look wise say, ‘What you say do ?’ ‘I say go hunt Bear-Hunter.’ Chilcoot nod head, say, ‘Go hunt Bear-Hunter, too.’ So take all stuff in boat but little. Leave little for Kowaks. Tell Kowak take *Te-tsun* Fort Yukon ’fore snow come ’gain and Yukon all freeze up. Kowak go. We go over snow on foot. Soon come along some Rats. Say Rats, ‘Have seen Bear-Hunter ?’ Rats say ‘Bear-Hunter here—go there.’ I say ‘What Rat do here ?’ Say ‘Only four Rats here *now.* Was heap plenty Rats when Bear-Hunter here. Brogabrond here with heap plenty warriors.’ All Rats think big warriors. I say ‘Where Brogabrond now ?’ Rat say ‘Brogabrond see storm coming, take reindeer, go home. Leave few Rats, few reindeer, come later.’ I say ‘Bear-Hunter buy reindeer ?’ Rat say ‘Yes, Bear-Hunter buy reindeer, and bad white man buy reindeer. All buy reindeer of Rats.’ So I buy reindeer, too. Buy two teams, heap plenty. Come ’long, look everywhere. No find till see hut. Then come, find Mr. Hadleigh, leave Chilcoot, and go find Bear-Hunter on mountain. Thought Bear - Hunter dead. Heart break. Find Bear-Hunter well, heart dance joy-dance like Chilcoots. Hi ! That all.”

“It is enough,” said Maxom. “You did what was perfectly right in everything. I may say, in fact, you always do. We now have two sturdy teams. There are eight of us. Four to the load will be none too many. We must now be off, and pick our way over the snow toward Fort Yukon, the best we can.”

“Get ready heap soon,” said Tahnag. “Heap soon be on way to Fort Yukon.”

He gave some orders to the Chilcoots, and they at once set to work to reload the sleds.

“In what direction do you think Fort Yukon lies ?” I asked Maxom.

“Off there, I think,” he said, pointing. “Nearly north.”

Tahnag was as good as his word. We were soon ready to start.

In one sled was Maxom, myself, and two of the Chilcoots ; in the other, Tahnag, Hadleigh, and the two remaining Chilcoots. Yippo was with us.

Maxom gave the word, and away we went like the wind. *In* the wind, too, for it was very cold. For a seat I had the fur of the bear Maxom had killed, some of whose meat had been brought along to save our canned supply.

An hour or two we journeyed without seeing human being or beast or bird, save those of our own party.

Suddenly Maxom pointed off to the right.

“Hello !” he said. “We have company !”

In the distance could be seen a sled, drawn by dogs, travelling in the same direction as we were ourselves.

“We will give those fellows a call,” said Maxom, “and perhaps learn something.”

He spoke to the reindeer, and our speed was increased. At the same time it became apparent that the dogs had been spurred on, for they moved more quickly than before.

The speed of the reindeer was so much greater than that of the dogs that we were sure of overtaking them before long.

As we drew nearer we could distinguish forms in the sled, and they were evidently the forms of Indians.

The chase lasted longer than I expected, however, and I grew excited, and knelt on the bear-skin, eagerly watching the fleeing natives. I saw only them.

“The deuce !” This came from Maxom with a jerk.

“Are we losing ?” I asked, still looking at the sled ahead of us.

“No. But see there. I don’t know that village.”

I followed his gaze, and saw a startling scene. Hundreds of Indians stood waiting to receive us, standing in groups between us and a collection of tents or huts made of skins sewed together and stretched on a frame of poles. Not a woman could be seen.

“More reindeer hunters ?” I asked.

Maxom did not answer me. He slowed his team and waited for Tahnag to come up.

“What do you make them out to be, Kotch ?” he asked.

“Hi ! Tananah !” said the Indian, looking grimly ahead.

“Tananahs !” I repeated. “Who are they ?”

“The ugliest and most dangerous Indians in all Alaska,” answered Maxom. “Devils in cruelty, cowards by nature, but crafty and cunning in their movements.”

“Then why not turn back ?” asked Hadleigh.

Maxom held the reins of his team, ready to turn.

“I will leave it to the majority,” he said. “I admit there may be danger ahead. That is a war party, for there are no women to be seen, and the Tananahs have no reindeer to take them away from home. These fellows have come through the Kowak villages, and they are the mischief-makers, I’ll swear. We can easily escape from them. There is not a creature in Alaska that can outrun these reindeer. But Morrow and Bryant may have come this way, and the girls may be prisoners of the Tananahs.”

“Then to decide is easy,” I said. “Let us go forward. Surely it is better to run the risk than to miss any possible chance to help them.”

“*I* say go back,” said Hadleigh. “What good will it do them, even if we *are* captured, if they are there ? We can’t help them any. I don’t want to be scalped.”

“What do you say, Chief ?” I asked.

“What for ask me ?” came the reply. “Say go in.”

Without further words, Maxom urged on his team.

“No ! I don’t want to go !” shouted Hadleigh. “I charge you with an attempt to get us murdered. The Governor of this accursed country shall hear of this.”

Neither Maxom nor I made answer.

“Stop ! I say stop !” he roared.

I turned round, and saw him leap forward and make an attempt to seize the reins from the hands of the Indians. The iron muscles of Tahnag were too much for him. He was hurled back in the sled.

In an instant he had whipped out his revolver and was pointing it at Tahnag’s head.

“Stop !” he cried. “Don’t go a yard farther, or I ’ll shoot you—”

He did not finish. The Chilcoots leaped upon him, pinioned him, bound him fast, took away his weapons and threw him, helpless and cursing, on the bottom of the sled.

We ran straight into the waiting groups of Tananahs.

They crowded around us. Some seized our hands and shook them, and others at once attacked our packs to see what we had that was good. One of them released Hadleigh, and kicked him to make him stand up.

“Mesouga—Mesouga !” they cried, and a tall, fur-clad Indian came strutting, with the dignity of a chief, in our direction.

“Mesouga !” muttered Tahnag, near me. “Him devil. Him hate white man, hate Kotch, hate everybody good. Mesouga devil chief. Look out.”

Mesouga, as he was called, came close to Maxom and spoke to him in the Indian tongue.

“I know little of your language, Mesougo,” said Maxom, “though I have heard much of your people. If you want to talk to me, speak English or the language of the Kotch. I understand you are good at the English. We came as friends ; it is well to have that understood at once.”

“Why speak so ?” replied Mesouga. “Does not Mesouga know white men are his friends ? The white men and their Indians are welcome. Mesouga is the greatest chief in Alaska. When he speaks, you have been welcomed by a king. It is enough. There are empty lodges in the resting place of the Tananahs. Come, friends of Mesouga, and eat and sleep at the fireside of a mighty chief.”

“Phew !” I said, in an undertone. “The fellow is as eloquent as a red Indian of the plains.”

“And as treacherous,” whispered Maxom. “Yet we must seem to believe him. Show no fear. Follow him. We must keep a sharp watch for treachery, but do not let them see our doubt.”

We followed Mesouga, and he led us to his tent, a large one, made of skins sewed together, fancifully decorated with grotesque figures in yellow paint, in which he bade us rest. Accepting his invitation, we squatted inside the tent, Mesouga himself taking a conspicuous place in the center.

CHAPTER XX.

“I don’t see any need of so much ceremony,” said Maxom, brusquely, when we were seated. “We are on important business, and every moment is precious. We could have had our pow-wow just as well outside, and we could have gone on our way.”

Mesouga grinned.

“It would not do,” hs said, in his remarkably good English, though there was a guttural tone to it, and a peculiar accent which I am unable to produce. “It would not do to treat the white brothers that way. Mesouga, when he goes to pow-wow with other tribes, is received like a chief. The white brothers may be great Omaliks, and Mesouga would not have them say he did not use them well.”

“We *are* Omaliks,” said Maxom, impressively. “We are friends of the greatest Omalik of all—the Governor of Alaska. It will pay you to be our friend.”

A look of surprise came over the dirty-looking face of Mesouga. He stared at each of us in turn, his little, blinking eyes shining like stars as he peered into our faces.

The scene was, perhaps, more remarkable to me than to any other of our party. Maxom, no doubt, was accustomed to such scenes. Tahnag and the Chilcoots certainly were, for they belonged to powerful tribes themselves, and I found that, while there was a wide degree of difference between the several Alaskan tribes in the matter of intelligence, cleanliness and peaceful inclinations, the tribal customs were much the same. Hadleigh, of course, was a stranger to all forms of savage life, and was even now too much frightened to take much note of what was going on.

But to me the scene was remarkable, in the great contrast it presented to what would be seen under like circumstances among the red Indians of the plains.

Had it been a chief of the bloodthirsty and no less treacherous Sioux, or of the now nearly extinct Pawnees, or of any of the allied tribes of the Lenni-Lenape, instead of Mesouga, instead of the outer circle being formed by us, with him in the center, *we* would be placed in the center and a great circle, consisting of all the warriors of the tribe around us, with the oldest men and chiefs in the front ranks.

And a speaker, amid an impressive silence, would advance to a position in the ring, proudly stand before his tribe, bedecked in full war-paint and feathers, and after a long harangue of boasting, in which the speaker’s personal courage bore the only prominent part, he would at last get down to the business of the moment. Then, when he had finished, not a word would be uttered until he had resumed his seat, when another warrior, advancing in stately dignity, would take his place.

Not so, however, with Mesouga. He was the only member of his tribe in the hut. Outside we could hear them, jabbering away in their native tongue and shouting over something that amused them. As I have said before, there was none of the stoicism of the red-man about the Indians of Alaska. They make a great deal of noise over simple occurrences. But they are none the less to be dreaded when their murderous proclivities are aroused.

“The white chief knows that Mesouga is a friend to all his people,” continued the Tananah. “If it is not so, why does Mesouga give a helping hand to all the white people he finds in distress ? Answer me that.”

“It is easily answered, Mesouga,” said Maxom, looking straight at the crafty chief. “For instance, the Scotch trader and his wife, three years ago.”

Mesouga moved uneasily.

“Does the white brother of the Tananahs mean that wicked man who came here to do us harm ?” he asked.

“I fail to see the harm he could do, or tried to do,” answered Maxom. “All I know is that they were murdered by Tananahs, and that you were the leader of the band that did the deed. Our great white Governor knows of this, and he is very sad. Then what will he say if I tell him that Mesouga is not sorry for the deed, and still refuses to be the friend of the white man ?”

Mesouga made a gesture of dissent.

“Tell the white Omalik anything but that,” he said. “Mesouga is ready to be your friend. What is it you want Mesouga to do ?”

“To tell the truth,” said Maxom. “We are in search of two white men and two white girls who came this way two days ago. We lost their trail, and think perhaps they came this way. The girls were stolen from their people by the wicked white men. The white girls are friends of the great Omalik, and the bad men are his enemies. Has Mesouga seen them ?”

“No, Mesouga has not seen them,” was the reply. “If Mesouga saw them he would stop them and ask them where they were going, as it is so far for the pretty white birds to fly from their warm homes. No. Mesouga has not seen the stolen girls of the white friends.”

“Then there is no time to be wasted here,” said Maxom. “They were making for Fort Yukon, and have, no doubt, got far beyond this. Mesouga must not keep us, for the great white chief mourns in his home until we return with his pretty daughters.”

“Has the white brother a name, that Mesouga may know who his visitor is ?”

“I am called Bear-Hunter,” said Maxom. “Has Mesouga heard the name ?”

“Mesouga has heard it. And the other white brothers—have they names ?”

“Yes. One—this one—is a great chief of the white man’s army. His name is Wetmore. The other is Hadleigh, the cousin of the two girls we seek.”

“Mesouga is glad to meet them. Will they take the word of Mesouga to the white chief at Sitka, and tell him that Mesouga is his friend ?”

“I will do that, Mesouga. The Governor will be glad to know he has so powerful a friend. And when the Governor asks me what Mesouga and the Tananahs are doing so far away from their homes, without their women and children, what shall I tell him ?”

Mesouga seemed to be trying to conceal a smile.

“Tell him that Mesouga heard there were bad men on the Yukon, who were killing the white friends of the great Chief, and he took a party of warriors with him to see if it was so, and to protect the friends of the great Chief at Sitka.”

“And was it found to be so ?”

“Mesouga has not found an enemy of the great Omalik. Some evil tongue has lied to Mesouga. It shall be cut out. In a few days Mesouga will go back home with his warriors, and it will be forgotten.”

“Mesouga shall be well paid for being the friend of the white Omalik,” said Maxom.

Really, I didn’t think Maxom was so crafty. It began to be a question as to which was the greater liar, he or Mesouga.

“Mesouga needs no pay,” said the Tananah, with a ludicrous attempt to appear lofty and disdainful. “He is content to be the friend of his white Chief without pay. And is not Mesouga rich ? Mesouga has many dogs, and many furs. The money from his skins would buy a house at Sitka for a white man’s dwelling. No, Mesouga needs no pay. He is content.”

“So be it. Yet, I insist, you shall be rewarded. When I return to Sitka, I will send Mesouga that which every Indian loves, and which no Indian, no matter how rich, can get.”

Mesouga eyed him suspiciously.

“What would you send Mesouga ?” he asked. “Fire-water ?”

“Yes ; even so,” replied Maxom.

“That will fetch him, if anything will,” whispered Maxom to me.

Mesouga glanced at me with a sharp eye. He was evidently suspicious of the truth of Maxom’s words.

“How can Mesouga prove the promise of the Bear-Hunter to be true ?” he asked. “Will he leave one of his white brothers here until the fire-water comes, that Mesouga may know it will surely be his ?”

“I cannot do that,” replied Maxom. “My white friends are anxious to rescue the two white girls, and cannot remain with Mesouga. And I need their help, for my enemies are strong. Mesouga may ask the Indians of all Alaska when Bear-Hunter lied to them. They will say not once. Mesouga may trust me. His fire-water will surely come. Now let his young men release our reindeer and restore our goods, that we may go.”

The great Tananah bowed.

“Mesouga is content,” he said. “Come with Mesouga.”

We rose from our positions. I felt for my rifle, which I had laid by my side. It was gone. A bewildered look came into Maxom’s face. He, too, was looking round for his weapon.

“Mine ’s gone, too !” gasped Hadleigh.

“Heap cunning !” muttered Tahnag. “Tananah come steal guns. Mean mischief.”

“What does the mighty chief from the Yukon say ?” asked Mesouga. “Did he speak in the tongue of the Kotch-a-Kutchins ?”

“He speaks of our rifles,” said Maxom. “We brought them in with us, yet they are gone. And no one, save ourselves, has been in the tent. Does Mesouga teach his young men to crouch under his tent and steal from his guests ?”

There was a gleam in Mesonga’s eyes that I did not like.

“Does the friend of the white chief at Sitka accuse Mesouga as a thief ?”

“Our rifles have been stolen. Unless Mesouga cares not for the vengeance of the white chief at Sitka, he will command his young men to return our weapons. When it is done, it will be looked upon as a joke, and will be forgotten.”

“And if it is not done, what then ?” asked Mesouga, grown suddenly bold and threatening.

“Then I will be forced to tell the white chief he has no friends among the Tananahs, that they are his enemies ; that they steal from his trusted agents ; that they are on the war-path. All this I shall tell him.”

“When ?” roared Mesouga, throwing open the skin flap of his hut. “*When* will you tell the white chief that ? Look !”

We crowded out into the open. Exclamations of horror came from every one of us.

There, suspended from poles, placed in a row before Mesouga’s hut, were our four noble reindeer, dead, and four miserable Tananahs already at work tearing off their hides.

Mesouga had trapped us. We were his prisoners.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 2.]

◆

THE DEADLY GRAPE SEED.

The grape seed, having been relieved of the charge of causing appendicitis, seems to have taken a new tack and is trying to do its mischievous work in another fashion.

An official of a New Jersey county is in a critical condition from the effects, it is said, of a grape seed. He ate some grapes and took great care not to swallow the seeds, but by some accident managed to inhale one, which lodged in the upper portion of his lungs. Himself a physician, he realized the necessity for care and rest, and supposed he had given the seed ample time to become encysted, which however was not the case.

There are a number of cases on record where small articles of various sorts have been drawn into the lungs with the breath. In several instances irritation had begun that ended in death. Sometimes, though, the article becomes coated with exudations from the surrounding surface and is gradually covered up, forming a lump that one may carry through the remainder of life without serious injury. Post-mortem examinations have disclosed several of these cysts which had nothing to do with the death of the subject.

MYSTERIOUS MR. HOWARD.[*]

BY JOHN R. MUSICK.

A Thrilling Story of Missouri Border Lawlessness and Justice.

["MYSTERIOUS MR. HOWARD" was commenced in No. 40. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

CHAPTER XXXII—*(Continued)*.

THE LAST CONSULTATION.

MEEKER took Arthur's arm, and hurried him along, saying:

"We will have to walk some distance before we reach the conveyance that is to take us."

They were soon in the western suburbs of the town, hurrying along a dark lane. At the end of the lane they came to a dense wood with paths diverging from the mouth of the lane in different directions. Some were plain and well-travelled, while others were dim, and bore little evidence of travel in later years. They turned into a dim path leading off to the left, and followed it for some distance, when they found a man with a team waiting for them. It was a span of bay horses hitched to a lumber wagon, and Bob Maddox sat in the driver's seat holding the whip and reins in his hands.

"Jump in an' let's be goin'," he said.

They climbed in, and the great, lumbering old vehicle started away at a tremendous speed over the rough road. After devious turns, the path finally brought them to an old log-hut standing in the forest, which had evidently been deserted for years. A light gleaming faintly from one of the windows, could be seen two or three hundred paces away. They had just come within sight of the hut, when a man stepped from the dark shadow of a tree, and said:

"Stop!"

"We're all right!"

"That you, Bob?"

"Yes; an' here's a pal an' th' sly cove frum Hawley's bank."

"All right, go on. He's waitin' at th' cabin."

The wagon rolled up to the cabin, where Meeker and Arthur climbed out and went in. The chief and two or three men were waiting for them.

"You come this time," said Jackson, with lowering brow.

"Yes, I would have come before if—"

"No explanations, sir. My eye is never off you, and you cannot even think without my knowing your thoughts. Sit down."

Arthur felt very much as if he was taking his place on the scaffold when he sat in the chair. He shuddered, for he half believed the man really knew his thoughts. The bandit chief turned to Meeker and asked:

"Do you know for certain when the State funds will come?"

"Thursday."

"Thursday, and this is Tuesday," said the bandit chief, "We shall have to hurry matters or we shall not be ready by Friday, and it must be done Friday. Devilish unlucky day, though."

"Could you not put it off until Saturday?" asked Meeker.

"It will be sure to come on Thursday?"

"Certain."

"Then we can't delay an hour longer than Friday. At half-past three, Friday afternoon, you can expect the fun to commence. If old Hawley is in the bank and resists we will shoot him as we would a wolf. The scoundrel has offered several rewards for us dead or alive, and we have 'a crow to pick with him' anyway."

Arthur sat gazing at the rascals, deciding in his own mind that Meeker was the greatest knave of all. The chief at last turned his eyes on the bookkeeper and said:

"Well, sir, I learn that you have been playing the gallant in Starkeville. You have carried your flirtation with the banker's daughter too far."

"How can I help it?"

"You must not go with her any more."

"But if I should suddenly change my manner, suspicion would be aroused."

"Between this and Friday, you can find excuses to keep you in the bank. If you are seen in her company again, no matter what the pretext, from some dark corner a bullet or knife-thrust will put an end to your illustrious career. I hope you understand me."

Arthur, assured that they knew nothing of what had been done, whatever their suspicions might be, assuming a look of injured innocence, said:

"What have I done to make you so suspicious?"

"Nothing. You could do nothing without my knowledge. If you had gone far astray, you would have been wearing a wooden suit[†] long ere this, for we take no risks."

He became more at his ease, for he saw they were entirely off the track, and entered into the discussion of the proposed robbery with a zeal that deceived even the man calling himself Jackson, with all his boasted cunning. Jackson, the chief, asked many questions about the building, and who occupied the offices above. Then he gave Arthur and Meeker their final instructions. Meeker was to have all the cash within easy reach. He was to make a pretended resistance, but it was arranged that Arthur was to seize and bind him, and after assisting the two men who were to enter the bank to gather up the money, was to make his escape with them.

"On Friday afternoon, at half-past three, not ten minutes sooner or later, it will be done," said the chief at parting. "Until then, adieu."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BAFFLED.

The night was quite dark, but Bob Maddox was well acquainted with the woods, and drove back to town at a rate of speed that Jehu might have envied. Arthur and Meeker were set out in the suburbs, and the bookkeeper walked to his hotel alone. He knew he had been watched, and would be watched, but determined at all risks to communicate with General Hawley. He dared not write to him, he knew it would be fatal to approach the house by daylight, so he decided to go there that night. To his joy the night became intensely dark.

At four in the morning the heavy fog had become a dense cloud, and a light mist like rain was falling. The tardy moon had risen, but its glory was veiled by mist and cloud.

Arthur rose, and locking the door, put the key in his pocket, then arming himself with a pair of reliable revolvers, went to the window, raised it, and by the aid of a rope with which he had taken the precaution to provide himself, climbed down to the shed roof below. He crept along the shed roof to the eave, where there was a ladder, and climbed down into the back yard. More like an escaping thief than a man trying to do a noble deed, he scaled the wall, and hurried up an alley to the great mansion on the hill.

He paused frequently on the way to listen and look, for he had every reason to believe that he was watched. At last the home of General Hawley was reached; but now came the great difficulty. How was he to gain admission, or, what was more difficult, arouse General Hawley, without awaking the household? No doubt spies were at that moment watching the house. He knew where General Hawley's room was located. It was on the second floor in the rear, and a fire escape led to the window. He found the foot of the iron ladder, and climbing to the window, tapped lightly on the glass with his fingers. The first tap drew no response, so he rapped again louder than before, and was rewarded by hearing a heavy footfall within. A voice said in a whisper:

"Who is there?"

"General Hawley, is it you?"

"Yes."

"I want to see you. I am your bookkeeper."

"Can you enter at the rear, unseen by any watcher?"

"I believe so. I have met no one yet."

"I will be down in a moment and open the door."

Arthur crept noiselessly down the fire-escape, and a moment later was admitted at the rear hall door. It was so dark he could not see the person who admitted him.

"Give me your hand," whispered the General, and taking his hand, he led him through perfect darkness to the General's study. The blinds were closed and the curtains down, so the banker lighted the gas, without fear of being seen. "Well, boy, you have something of importance to tell me?"

"Yes, sir; the day for the robbery is fixed."

"When was it fixed?"

"To-night, and all the plans are laid."

"You left town with Meeker?"

"We went together to the consultation."

"Yes, one of our men shadowed you to the wagon, but was unable to keep up with you further."

"One of your detectives from Chicago?"

"Yes."

"How many have you here?"

"Four."

"It is not enough."

"We will have local help when the time comes."

"One of your men is at the hotel."

"How do you know?"

"I gave him some matches to-night. Is anyone guarding your premises?"

"Yes."

"I fear he has gone to sleep at his post. At any rate, I did not meet him. But let us to business, for I must return in a few moments. Have you arranged your plan of action?"

"Yes. Four men are to be in Hale's office over the bank. Hale and one man will come to my private office, and we will be there when the fun begins. There is a back stair from Hale's office to the bank, and the other three will be on that stair, ready to rush in. The sheriff and two deputies will be in Cole's hardware store, just across the street. Two more deputies will be in Clark & Barnard's dry goods store, at the side of the bank building, while the constable and six men on horseback will be in Sam Miller's livery stable, and at the first alarm will charge on the scene."

"The plan of defense certainly could not be better," declared Arthur.

"There will be hot work there, my boy. Colonel Hale and I have fought in many a battle, and we are not too old to draw the sword again."

"General," said the young man, taking his hand and looking him in the face, "don't you believe now that I told you the truth?"

"I know it, my boy. I confess that I was staggered at first when you told me of Meeker, but I cannot question you now. No, boy, I doubt neither your truthfulness nor honesty. Be brave to the last, and you will come out all right. There is going to be a scrimmage, but I would rather have Meeker taken unharmed if it can be done."

"It can. It is a part of the programme that I am to bind him, in order to make you all believe he is innocent. If I could arrange to have a pair of handcuffs in my room, I would iron him."

"They will be under your pillow to-morrow night."

"Then all is understood. Remember, Friday afternoon at three-thirty!"

General Hawley smiled and nodded. He was not liable to forget it. Arthur took his departure, crept back unseen to his room, went to bed and in a few moments was sound asleep.

Arthur noticed next morning that Meeker was a little pale and nervous. The bookkeeper worked at his ledger in earnest, for he determined to show up all the scoundrel's defalcations. He did not speak to Meeker during the day, but after he had gone to his room that night and was in the act of retiring, he heard a nervous tread in the hall, then a light tap on the door.

"Come in," he said.

It was Meeker. His white face seemed greatly agitated.

"How do you feel, Arthur? I am nervous as the deuce."

"You show it," said Arthur coolly. "You must be careful or you will betray yourself."

"I wish I was like you, my lad. I wish I could be cool and unconcerned. Your nerves must be of steel."

"It is not prudent for us to be seen much together."

"No, no, but I must talk with you to-night. Do you suppose the State funds will reach here to-morrow? A balk now would ruin all. Was there no signal agreed on between you and the chief whereby you was to communicate to him the fact as he entered the town?"

"Yes, I was to lay a red silk handkerchief on my desk by the window, if the funds had come. Don't fail to do your part."

"I will not. Have no fears but that I will be cool enough when the time comes, but just now I feel a kind of an all-overishness that upsets me quite."

"Perhaps you do not sleep soundly."

"Sleep? Heavens, I have not slept for a week, and don't expect to, until this business is over. It is a terrible thing to sell one's self to Satan, and that is about what we have done. But we are in it too far to back out now."

"Would you back out if you could?"

"No," after a short silence. "I am playing for a big stake, and I must win. I'll tell you a secret, my boy, now that our fates are so closely linked, which I would not have told otherwise. Five years ago, when I became cashier of this bank, Grace Hawley was nothing but a child, but I saw she would develop into a glorious woman, and I determined to work myself into the good graces of the banker, gain his favor and win his daughter while she was yet young and her affection tender. This desire increased as she budded into a most beautiful woman, and I came to love her—yes, I swear that I loved her. It would not have made any difference if I had not, for it was the bank I had started to win, and not a wife. From the first I fancied that she did not like me, though I lavished costly presents on her, which were often returned. Meanwhile I had created a fondness for speculation, and spent so much more money than my salary that I began to draw out of the bank, and by threats and entreaties induced the bookkeeper not to report my deficit, until I had a chance to save myself by marrying the banker's daughter.

"At last I proposed and was rejected. It made a demon out of me, to think that my only hope of safety was gone, and then I fell upon this scheme. By it I hope not only to save myself but to be revenged on her."

Arthur could hardly resist the temptation to rise and kick him from the room, but policy induced him to keep his temper and restrain his inclinations. After urging him to go home and get a night's rest, he bade him good night at the door, which he closed and locked after him, and prepared to turn in to sleep. He felt some hard substance under his pillow, and on laying it back discovered a pair of handcuffs. With a smile, he said:

"General Hawley forgets nothing."

He placed the handcuffs in his coat pocket and next day concealed them in his desk at the bank.

On Thursday the State funds arrived. Of course, their arrival was kept a secret. The cashier, clerks and bookkeeper were kept busy all day counting, recording and receipting for the amounts.

Friday came at last. Mr. Meeker was almost as pale as a ghost, and his hand shook as if he could scarcely transact the ordinary business that came in his line. He made half-a-dozen mistakes during the day, and at last getting a chance to speak with Arthur unobserved, he whispered:

"I could not stand this another day. I wish it was over with."

It was twenty-five minutes after three, when the people on the streets saw two strange horsemen riding into town from the east. They wore straw hats and long ulsters, and had the appearance of farmers. Their presence, of course, attracted little attention. Three more similarly attired, came from the north, and two from the west. There came others, making nine in all, with ten horses, for one man was riding one horse and leading another, which had a saddle on its back, at his side.

Some one on the street wondered who all "them fellers" were, and what they were "up to."

Arthur was at his desk near the window. He had dropped a red silk handkerchief over the side of the desk so that its folds spread down, covering almost one pane of glass in the window.

The employees afterward remembered that Mr. Meeker had shown strong evidences of nervousness that afternoon. He was seen to cast frequent glances at the great clock and compare it with his watch, as if he had an important engagement, which must be met at the exact moment. From his window Arthur had a good view of the street. He saw two horsemen ride up to the crossing and stop. Despite his disguise, he recognized one as Jackson, his chief.

At this moment General Hawley, Colonel Hale and a stranger entered the bank from the front door.

"Come into my office and I will show you the papers," said the General, and they hurried into his private office, closed the door after them, threw off their coats and grasped a weapon in each hand. Arthur had a revolver in his hip pocket and two more in his desk, and he was as cool as a veteran going into battle.

Suddenly there rose a yell on the air. Two horsemen galloped right up to the front of the bank building, flung themselves from their horses and leaped in at the door, yelling:

"Throw up your hands—throw up your hands!" flourishing large revolvers in the air to enforce their commands. The clerk shrieked in fright and fled.

"Tie me!" whispered Meeker, rushing to Arthur, who dropped his pen and seized the handcuffs. At this moment the door of the General's private office opened, and three men leaped into the bank. Three more came in from the rear.

There was a rattling crash of firearms, and the air was darkened with smoke, and all was confusion. The two bandits who had started into the building sank lifeless in the great doorway.

"Sit down!" said Arthur, sternly, to the cashier, forcing his hands behind his back, handcuffing him in that position and fastening him to the chair so he could not move.

"Heavens, Arthur! what does this mean? Where did all those fellows come from?" whined Meeker.

"Keep still!" cried Arthur, seizing his pistols and firing shot after shot through the window at the banditti on the street. Pandemonium reigned. Armed men seemed to spring up from the ground everywhere. The sheriff and all his deputies rushed to the scene, pouring in volley after volley, while there came a troop of cavalry at a charge from Miller's livery-stable, pouring a stream of fire and death at the banditti. The would-be robbers were taken completely by surprise and thoroughly demoralized. Two men lay dead in the doorway and another in the street. Four horses had been shot down and three more were wounded. They fled, leaving their dead and one prisoner behind.

Colonel Hale gazed on the face of the man who had fallen in the street a moment, and his face seemed to light with a sudden thought. He tore off the false beard and wig, dragged the body to a lamp-post and leaned it against it in a half-sitting and half-reclining position, and then sent for a photographer, while he stood guard over the dead bandit. The photographer came and made a negative of the dead bandit.

"What does this mean, Arthur? Take these off!" said Meeker, when all was over.

"No, I will turn you over to the sheriff."

The cashier, for the first time, began to realize the truth, and gazing hard at the young man, he said:

"You have betrayed me, have you?"

"You are a prisoner, Mr. Meeker."

"And you?"

"I shall give myself up to the sheriff and confess all."

"*Fool!* This will cost you your life!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

BEGINNING OF HORACE'S TRIAL.

"*Oyez! Oyez! The honorable Circuit Court of —— County, State of Missouri, is now in session*," cried the court bailiff, a man with a bullet head, short chin whiskers and two front teeth gone. There was a momentary hush in the Standish court-room, which was crowded to the very door. The spectators surged forward like a swelling tide to the thin rail that separated the bar from the others. The bar was filled with lawyers of every description. There were tall lawyers, short lawyers, thin lawyers and stout lawyers. Lawyers with bald heads, and lawyers possessing a superabundance of hair, of every shade, from sunny youth to the white frosts of winter; all bustling about within their narrow pen called the bar. Some looked grave and serious, and some were smiling and pleasant. One was finishing in a whisper a joke which he had begun aloud before Court opened. The Judge, a small man of sixty, with smooth-shaven face and hair nearly white, had just entered at a side door and taken his seat. He had a pleasant face, and looked like an intelligent man. He was set somewhat deep in his shirt collar, as if his head and his heart were near enough to hold easy communication.

[†] A coffin.

[*] Copyright, 1895, by ROBERT BONNER'S SONS. All rights reserved.

There within the bar, at the side of a long table, sat Colonel Hale, examining some legal papers. All the attorneys knew him, for he frequently had business at the Standish Circuit Court. Mr. Hyatt was at his side, and they were discussing some point in a whisper. At the end of the long table sat Crompton, the Prosecuting Attorney (for so the State's attorney in Missouri is called.) Before him was a pile of papers which he had been examining, but after Court opened he leaned back in his chair, rubbed his hands, pale in their morning whiteness, while with his hawk-like eyes he cast furtive glances at the Judge and Colonel Hale. All the time his scalp was moving backward and forward as if he had just procured a new one, a trifle too large, but that might be filled up before night. All the time there was a subtle scorn upon his lips, the flavor of which the finely curved nose apprehended with approval.

Crompton was a keen prosecutor and as relentless as a bloodhound. He was regarded as one of the most difficult of all lawyers to unhorse in a case. On this morning, with his uneasy scalp, his white hands, his scornful lips and his thin, twitching nostrils, he looked the very impersonation of impatience and contempt. If the whole Court had been thronged with vermin, instead of human beings, among which he was compelled to sit, he could not have appeared more disgusted.

Quite retired among the audience, and deeply veiled, sat Flora Wells, with Aunt Rachel, who had been persuaded to once more risk her life on the cars, sitting at her side. An important case was to be tried that day in which the whole country for many miles around was interested. This accounted for the court-room being so densely packed.

People came from far and near, and had the court-room been four times as large, it could not have possibly held the throng. Among those attracted to the scene were Mr. and Mrs. Wells, from Wellsville. It was not a desire to witness a sensational trial that brought these good people to Standish, but a rumor which at the last moment reached their ears, that their daughter was to be at the trial and sit by the criminal's side. This disgrace, in addition to the publicity Flora had already gained, was too much for Mr. Wells, and he swore he would go to Standish and drag her from the court-room, and the good wife and mother, fearing that he might make matters worse than they were, decided to accompany him. The merchant and his wife made their way to the center of the court-room, where they were compelled to stand, for no seat could be found that was not already occupied, while hundreds of others were standing all about them.

"I don't see her anywhere," said Mr. Wells to his wife.

"Perhaps after all she did not come," whispered Mrs. Wells, with a sigh of relief.

But the sharp eyes of the merchant at last espied a veiled figure in a corner near the bar seated by the side of a corpulent old lady, whom he recognized as Aunt Rachel.

"There she is now;" and Mr. Wells began elbowing his way across the court-room to the veiled figure.

"*Flora!*" he hissed, hoarse with rage, on gaining her side—"why are you here? Come away at once!"

With low sobs and tears, she answered:

"Father, I cannot."

Poor girl, her heart was rent in twain.

She loved her father and longed to obey his every wish, but she could not desert Horace now.

The father, white with passion, bent over her and hissed:

"Flora, if you don't come away with me, I swear by the Heaven above that I will disinherit you!"

"I wish I could obey you, father, not from fear of disinheritance; but I cannot go."

A tall, giant countryman, in shirt sleeves, with his jeans pants in his cowhide boot-tops, who had elbowed his way into the court-room, and was near enough to hear the voice of the merchant without comprehending a word he said, and being somewhat pugilistic from liquor, at this moment put in with:

"Say, old feller, wot ye jawin' that leetle gal fur? Want 'er t' give ye her seat, do ye? Now dog on yer lazy pictur', leave her alone an' stand like me."

With swelling indignation, the merchant turned on the countryman, and said:

"Mind your own business!"

"Don't ye give me any o' yer slack, ur I'll pitch ye out o' ther winder!"

Some friends near the giant interposed to quiet him, or he might have carried out his threat. Mr. Wells went back to his wife, saying:

"I can't do anything with her. You go and try."

Mrs. Wells was a brave little woman, and it was at some risk that she made her way through the "jeans pants" and "cowhide boots" to her daughter.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 2.]

[From the N. Y. Sun.]

AN HOUR WITH LINCOLN.

HIS FIRM BELIEF IN UPHOLDING THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

BY GEN. JOHN M. THAYER.

The surrender of Vicksburg by Pemberton, on July 4, 1863, gave the opportunity to apply for a leave of absence for twenty days, that I might visit my family in Massachusetts, where they stayed during the war. The leave being granted, I came North and stopped in Washington, having business with Secretary Stanton. When that was concluded the Secretary took me to his private room and asked me various questions about the siege, the condition of the army, etc. It was the Army of the Tennessee under Grant that won the glory of Vicksburg, and there was no difficulty in the way of my giving the Secretary a favorable report. When I rose to leave, he said:

"General, the President would like to talk with you, and I desire you to call upon him. You happen to be the first officer from the siege of Vicksburg we have met, and we are glad to get information direct from one who has personal knowledge."

Here was an opportunity to meet the President I had not anticipated. To see him was a very strong desire with me, but it had seemed to be almost impossible to have that satisfaction, as the impression had been made on me that he was continually pressed with overwhelming cares and perplexities of every variety; and with almost innumerable callers, the prospect of having an audience with him seemed very remote. Mr. Stanton then sent for Mr. Charles A. Dana, then Assistant Secretary of War, and requested him to accompany me to the White House and present me to the President. Arriving there, we were ushered into the room of the private secretary, and were requested to be seated for a while, as the President was engaged with some delegation. While sitting there one of the secretaries took my name in to the President, and added, "Just from Vicksburg." Soon the door opened from his office, and there stood on the threshold the tall, gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln, his head almost touching the top part of the door frame. Standing an instant with a smile upon his face, his first words were:

"How does it happen that a man of the name of Thayer should have strayed way out to Nebraska? I thought all people of that name were Yankees and lived down round about Boston."

Thayer is a familiar name in New England, and especially in eastern Massachusetts, but it surprised me that Mr. Lincoln, being a Western man, should know that the name was peculiar to any section of the eastern portion of our country. It surprised me also that he knew I was from Nebraska; but I found in subsequent conversation that he was well posted in regard to all the generals in the field.

Mr. Lincoln came forward, extending his hand, and taking mine in his, he led me into his office, directing the messenger at the door to admit no one without further orders from him; and drawing a chair up to his own big, high-backed arm-chair, he said:

"Now, sit down there and tell me all about Vicksburg."

I proceeded to give him such information as it seemed to me would interest him, which he might not have learned from the public press, and suggested that he put to me such questions, and on such points, as most interested him. He then plied me with various inquiries as to the condition of the army, the sufferings of the men during the siege, the sanitary arrangements, the commissariat, the discipline, and everything relating to the comfort and well-being of the army. He said he had watched the progress of the siege with the intensest interest, and that when the victory of Gettysburg was won, and on the Fourth of July, when the news of the surrender of Vicksburg came, the hearts of the people were filled with joy. He thought it was a remarkable occurrence that two such victories should have been won on the same day.

LINCOLN'S VIEWS OF GRANT.

After he had satisfied himself with questions regarding the army, Mr. Lincoln turned to me and said:

"General, you have a man down there by the name of Grant, have you not?"

I replied: "Yes, sir; we have."

Fixing on me an earnest and somewhat quizzical look, Mr. Lincoln asked:

"Well, what kind of a fellow is he?"

I replied:

"General Grant is a man of whom one can best judge by considering the results he has brought to pass. Belmont, Donelson, Shiloh and Vicksburg make a pretty strong record. He certainly has developed the elements of a successful commander. He is very popular with the army, which has full confidence in his military ability. When he makes his plans, he concentrates all his energies and all his resources upon their execution, and I don't think he ever entered upon a campaign or into a battle without a fixed determination, under all circumstances, to win, and with a consciousness that he would win. He fills the full measure of a great commander."

Mr. Lincoln listened closely to all I said, and then fixing upon me a most earnest and serious look, he put to me the blunt and startling question:

"Does Grant ever get drunk?"

I replied in most emphatic language:

"No, Mr. President, Grant does not get drunk,"

"Is he in the habit of using liquor?" asked the President, quickly.

My answer was:

"My observation, depending on having excellent opportunities for judging, enable me to assert with a good degree of positiveness that he does not use liquor. Those opportunities have extended over a period of more than two years, during which time I have seen him often, sometimes daily, and I have never noticed the slightest indication of his having used any kind of liquor. On the contrary, I have, time and again, seen him refuse to touch it."

There was too much of whisky hospitality during the late war for the good of the service or the country. More than once did it happen that a movement miscarried because the officer charged with its execution had imbibed too freely of old Kentucky Bourbon.

"In all my intercourse with General Grant," I continued, in speaking to Mr. Lincoln, "I never saw him taste intoxicating drink. It has been charged in Northern newspapers that Grant was under the influence of liquor on the fields of Donelson and Shiloh. This charge is an atrocious calumny; wickedly false. I saw him repeatedly during the battles of Donelson and Shiloh on the field, and if there were any sober men on the field, Grant was one of them. My brigade and myself gave him a Fourth of July dinner in Memphis in 1862. He, of course, as guest, sat upon my right, and as wine and something stronger were passed around he turned his glass upside down, saying: 'None for me.' I am glad to bring this testimony to you in justice to a much-maligned man."

"It is a relief to me to hear this statement from you," said the President, "for, though I have not lost confidence in Grant, I have been a good deal annoyed by reports which have reached me of his intemperance. I have been pestered with appeals to remove him from the command of that army. But somehow I have felt like trusting him, because, as you say, he has accomplished something. I knew you had been down there with him, and thought you would give me reliable evidence, for I have desired to get the testimony of a living witness. Your direct and positive declarations have given me much satisfaction. Delegation after delegation has called upon me with the same request, 'Recall Grant from the command of the Army of the Tennessee,' as the members of the delegations were not willing that their sons and brothers should be under the control of an intemperate leader. I could not think of relieving him, and these demands became very vexatious. I therefore hit upon this plan to stop them.

"One day, a delegation headed by a distinguished doctor of divinity from New York, who was spokesman for the party, called on me and made the familiar complaint and protest against Grant's being retained in his command. After the clergyman had concluded his remarks, I asked if any others desired to add anything to what had already been said. They replied that they did not. Then, looking as serious as I could, I said:

"'Doctor, can you tell me where General Grant gets his liquor?'

"The doctor seemed quite nonplussed, but replied that he could not. I then said to him:

"'I am very sorry, for if you could tell me I would direct the Chief Quartermaster of the army to lay in a large stock of the same kind of liquor, and would also direct him to furnish a supply to some of my other generals, who have never yet won a victory.'"

Then, giving me a punch, as one will sometimes do when he thinks he has said something good, Mr. Lincoln lay back in his chair and laughed most heartily. He then added:

"What I want and what the people want is generals who will fight battles and win victories. Grant has done this, and I propose to stand by him. I permitted this incident to get into print, and I have been troubled no more with delegations protesting against the retention of Grant in command of that army." Continuing, Lincoln said:

"Somehow or other, I have always felt a leaning toward Grant, and have been inclined to place confidence in him. Ever since he sent that memorable message to Buckner at Donelson, when the latter asked for terms of surrender—'No terms but unconditional surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works'—I have had great confidence in Grant, and have felt that he was a man I could tie to, though I have never seen him. It is a source of much satisfaction that my confidence in him has not been misplaced."

The conversation then turned upon other subjects, the condition of the country, politics, the rebellion, and the prospects of being able to suppress it. What seemed to cause Mr. Lincoln his greatest trouble was the state of feeling in certain of the Northern States.

"Their embittered hostility against the prosecution of the war," said he, "gives me more anxiety than the state of affairs at the front. The enemy behind us is more dangerous to the country than the enemy before us." He said it was incomprehensible to him that men living in the Northern States in peace, and secure in the enjoyment of every right and blessing of citizenship, should seek by every means in their power to defeat the Government in this great struggle to maintain its own existence.

Once in a while in the conversation he would cease speaking; then his eyes would close and an expression of sadness would spread over his face, lasting three or four minutes. I, of course, remained silent. It occurred to me that during those minutes the dread consciousness of the tremendous responsibilities resting upon him was crowding upon his mind. What would be the outcome was the question ever uppermost in his thoughts. At length his eyes would open and he would resume conversation with some pleasant remark or anecdote. He would frequently say, "I must tell you a story," and his anecdotes were always pertinent to the conversation.

LINCOLN ON THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

It will be remembered that at this time Louis Napoleon was attempting to force a monarchy upon our sister republic of Mexico by the musket, the bayonet, and the cannon. He had flitted the bauble of an empire across the sea before the easily impressible mind of the Austrian archduke, Maximilian, and his ambitious consort, the beautiful Carlotta, formerly Duchess of Brabant, and sister of the King of the Belgians. They caught at the bait, and Napoleon sent a French army to seat them upon the throne. This action of his, and that of Maximilian, were exceedingly offensive to the officers and soldiers of our armies in the field. It occurred to me to learn Lincoln's views on the subject. So I said to him:

"Mr. President, how about the French army in Mexico?"

Shrugging up his shoulders and wrinkling his eyebrows, he said:

"I'm not exactly 'skeered,' but don't like the looks of the thing. Napoleon has taken advantage of our weakness in our time of trouble, and has attempted to found a monarchy on the soil of Mexico, in utter disregard of the Monroe doctrine. My policy is, attend to only one trouble at a time. If we get well out of our present difficulties and restore the Union, I propose to notify Louis Napoleon that it is about time to take his army out of Mexico. When that army is gone, the Mexicans will take care of Maximilian. I can best illustrate my position touching this subject by relating an anecdote told by Daniel S. Dickinson, Senator from New York, in a speech delivered by him a few evenings since in New York City. He said that in a certain Connecticut town there had lived two men as neighbors and friends for more than sixty years. They were pillars in the village church, one of them being a deacon named White. The other was named Jones. After this long lapse of time a serious difficulty unfortunately sprang up between these two brethren of the church.

"The feeling waxed so warm between them that it grew into a bitter feud. Mutual friends attempted a reconciliation, but the men would not be reconciled. Finally Deacon White became dangerously ill, and drew nigh unto death. Mutual friends again interposed their kind offices to effect a reconciliation. They said to Brother Jones that it would be a sin to permit the sick brother to die with the quarrel standing. Jones was persuaded, and called on Deacon White. The two men talked over their mutual grievances, and, agreeing to let them be buried, shook hands and exchanged mutual forgiveness in the presence of death. The Deacon then lay back upon his pillow, awaiting his final summons, and Jones arose to leave. But as the visitor reached the door, Deacon White, with a great effort, raised himself on his elbow and called out, in a weak, fainting voice:

"'Brother Jones—Brother Jones! I want it distinctly understood that if I get well the old grudge stands.'"

Lincoln laughed at the conclusion of the story, saying that was about the way he felt toward the French Emperor. He manifested strong feeling on this subject, and said the creation of an empire, especially by force, at our very doors was exceedingly offensive, and could not be overlooked by the United States. It had caused him great annoyance, as he was not in a condition to interfere so as to prevent it. He expressed himself strongly in favor of the position taken by President Monroe in his celebrated message to Congress, in which he declared against the acquisition of any territory on this continent by any foreign power.

Speaking of the French army and Maximilian's being in Mexico, led Lincoln to refer to Benito Juarez, then President of Mexico, for whom he cherished a deep sympathy and strong regard. He alluded to the similarity, in some respects, between his own case and that of Juarez. Both were Presidents of Republics; both were engaged in deadly struggles for the very existence of their respective nations, and both were beset by treason at home. Juarez was compelled, moreover, to meet a foreign invader and to be the defender of the very principle in the maintenance of which Lincoln felt so deep an interest—the inviolability of the American continent against foreign powers. Both came from the vales of humility, and both became great leaders. They were great lawyers and they were great statesmen and great patriots. Juarez had the nerve and the courage to cause to be shot to death, as he deserved, the scion of the royal house of Austria, and every throne in Europe was jarred, since the plain republican President of Mexico was a greater power than the kings and emperors who sought to save the fallen emperor.

Besides successfully defending his country against most unprincipled and most unscrupulous invaders, Juarez, in putting Maximilian to death, was the vindicator of the Monroe doctrine—he was the exemplar of what should be its real meaning, that any search after a throne or a monarchical foothold on this Western hemisphere is undertaken at the searcher's peril. It is full time the nations of Europe were made to understand that the Monroe declaration is not a string of mere glittering words, but is a living reality. Lincoln was in full sympathy with this view, and I am fully convinced from his own expressions to me that if we had not been engaged in a gigantic civil war he would have enforced this view, and neither Napoleon's army nor Maximilian would ever have invaded Mexico.

My interview with Mr. Lincoln lasted over an hour, and it was one of the most important hours of my life. No one could have listened to the conversation with that great and pure man without having the conviction forced upon the mind that he was a sincere believer in an overruling Providence and had "full faith," as his own words declared, "that God was leading this nation through its fiery trial to a triumphant issue."

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ISSUED WEEKLY.
52 Numbers a Year.

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 11, 1896.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—All manuscripts are sent at the risk of authors. We assume no responsibility for rejected manuscripts. If stamps are sent for return by mail, or money to prepay express charges, we will endeavor to return such manuscripts, provided we are requested within a reasonable length of time to do so.

Our Terms. Single copies, $2.00 per annum; two copies, $3.00; four copies, $6.00; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterward add single copies at $1.50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies (all sent at one time) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms invariably cash in advance.

There Are Four Ways by which money can be sent by mail at our risk—in a Post-Office Money Order, by Bank Check or Draft, or an EXPRESS MONEY ORDER, and, WHEN NONE OF THESE CAN BE PROCURED, in a Registered Letter.

Money Orders.—You can buy a Money Order at your Post-Office, payable at the New York Post-Office, and we will be responsible for its safe arrival.

Express Money Orders can be obtained at any office of the American Express Company, the United States Express Company, and the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express Company. We will be responsible for money sent by any of these companies. The Express Money Order is a safe and convenient way of forwarding money.

Registered Letters.—If a Money Order Post Office or an Express Office is not within your reach, your Postmaster will register the letter you wish to send us on payment of eight cents. Then, if the letter is lost or stolen, it can be traced. You can send money in this way **at our risk.**

We Cannot Be Responsible for money sent in letters in any other way than by one of the four ways mentioned above. If you send your money in any other way, you must do it at your own risk.

Renewals.—Watch the yellow label on the wrapper of your *Ledger*, as the date printed on it indicates the time your subscription expires. We will discontinue sending the *Ledger* at the expiration of your subscription. If you renew promptly you will not only insure your *Ledger* coming to you every week without delay, but it will be a great convenience and assistance to the publishers of the *Ledger* in keeping their subscription list.

Expiration of Subscription.—The date after your name on the wrapper of the *Ledger* shows to what time your subscription has been paid.

Communications.—When writing to us to renew your subscription or to discontinue your paper, you should be sure to give your name and address in full; otherwise we cannot find your name on our books.

Change of Address.—In order to change the address of a subscriber we must be sent the *former* as well as the present address.

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers,
COR. WILLIAM AND SPRUCE STS., New York City.

A DECLARATION OF WAR.

Only the most important and vital situations should be taken as the occasion of a declaration of war. A course that involves the lives not only of thousands of human beings but the existence of a nation is not to be entered upon without the most serious consideration and because of provocations that are of the utmost moment. Declaring war before every just measure to preserve peace has been tried is criminal in the extreme, and should subject its author to the punishment that the taking of human life merits.

There is no penalty prescribed by law sufficiently severe to be visited upon the offender in such cases. Especially is this to be said when the conflict is waged between Powers that have heretofore been on friendly terms and are united by the closest ties of relationship and business interest.

A war with England is greatly to be deplored under any circumstances. It means the breaking up of associations, interruption to traffic and enmities of all sorts. Of course, if it is necessary to have a war in order to maintain a principle, let us have war; but it should be very cautiously approached, and everything connected with it ought to be conducted in the most conservative fashion.

There are very many people who believe in war, but there are a great many who do not. War gives occasion for great exploits, glory and honor to the few, but it means the destruction and grief of the many. It means widows and orphans and blighted hearthstones and broken hearts.

Whatever may be said of war as a necessity, it is the most awful of calamities, and it would be well for the powers that be to think very soberly before such a horror is precipitated in our midst.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER FREE.

We want a bright boy or girl to act as our agent in every city or town in the country. If there is no agent in your town, read our offer on page 19, and get the *New York Ledger* free. See also how your young friend can get a watch free.

FISHING WITHOUT BAIT.

The sportsman who would go a-fishing without bait or hunting without a weapon would deserve to be laughed at, and probably would be in no danger of failing to get that which he deserved. But it is no uncommon thing for a clergyman to present himself before his congregation with the prosiest of sermons, with very little to attract the attention or engage the hearts of hearers. He is commonplace and heavy, and then wonders why his people are unattentive and why his church does not flourish.

It never seems to occur to him that he has gone fishing without bait. Once in a while a periodical is put upon the market containing possibly good material, interesting perhaps to the few, but without attractiveness for the mass of readers. This is fishing without bait for the great public.

We all know the magazines and papers that go fishing properly baited. They study the characteristics of their readers and know precisely what will suit them, and serve it up to them in the best style. Such publications increase in circulation, grow in interest and become dear to the hearts of their readers. They strive earnestly to unite knowledge and entertainment, and their growing subscription lists and familiar faces on the news-stands tell how well they understand the wishes of the public, and how willing they are to leave nothing undone to secure success.

The *Ledger* for 1896 is going to be conducted in a way that will win the approbation of the reading public. The experiences of half a century are not to be forgotten in the make-up of this great paper, and a careful perusal of any one of the forthcoming numbers will convince the interested reader that the *Ledger* is far too wise to go a-fishing without bait.

The Award of the $1,000 in 36 Cash Prizes to the Best 36 Answers of Our Prize Story, "The Mystery of the Inn by the Shore."

After many weeks of hard and conscientious work, the Prize Story Editor makes the following award. The task has been a most difficult one, on account of the number of answers and the great skill shown by the competitors. The most disappointing part to us is that we can award so few prizes where there are so many contestants. To those who are disappointed because the award was not made earlier, we would say that it was simply impossible to do so and act with justice to all. Kindly remember, readers, that we had over one hundred thousand answers, thousands of them picking out the thief and murderess correctly, and giving all kinds of possible solutions, and also reasons for the solutions.

We give below the name and address of each prize winner, selected according to the advertised terms of our offer:

First Prize—One Prize of $500.

L. R. THOMAS, 1019 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Second Prize—Five Prizes of $50.

1. MRS. ARTHUR M. STEVENS, 7 Olive St., Newburyport, Mass.
2. OLIVE BOHANAN, Park Hall, Md.
3. L. F. RECTER, Burwell, Neb.
4. WILLIAM H. GROAT, 1178 W. Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.
5. HARRY MONROE, 94½ Elm Street, New York City.

Third Prize—Ten Prizes of $15.

1. PROF. F. H. LOMSCHE, 12 Ball Street, Port Jervis, N. Y.
2. T. P. HIGGINS, 300 W. 120th Street, New York City.
3. C. S. DIX, Prospect, Ohio.
4. H. S. CASE, 207 New Jersey Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.
5. MISS LILLIAN DUNKLEY, care MRS. VERDIN, New City, Rockland Co., N. Y.
6. THOMAS O'CONNER, 1114 Chest. Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.
7. MISS KATE DUNBAR, Wakeman, Ohio.
8. W. J. BUTLER, 25 School Street, Indianapolis, Ind.
9. M. NICHOLSON, 1809 Avenue N½, Galveston, Tex.
10. ARTHUR LUCAS, 61 State Street, Albany, N. Y.

Fourth Prize—Twenty Prizes of $5.

1. CHARLES O. EBEL, Decatur, Ill.
2. A. W. CLARK, 869 E. Fourth Street, South Boston, Mass.
3. MRS. W. C. KELLY, Plano, Ky.
4. CHARLES P. HILL, Manistique, Mich.
5. J. J. MORIARTY, 1426 Queen Street, Toronto, Can.
6. ANNIE M. WILKIE, 206 W. 80th St., N. Y. City.
7. ED. RYAN, 3712 Broadway, Galveston, Tex.
8. GEO. DELLINGER, Bloomingburg, Ohio.
9. MRS. B. P. CONKLIN, Shelter Island Heights, N. Y.
10. JOSEPH R. SPELLMAN, 229 West 16th Street, New York City.
11. A. A. VOSBURG, 134 Washington Avenue, Scranton, Pa.
12. V. P. HOLT, Hampton, Va.
13. C. E. STURGIS, 869 Fourth Street, South Boston, Mass.
14. CHARLES STURSBERG, 932 Washington Street, Hoboken, N. J.
15. W. A. SPAULDING, Milo, Mich.
16. MISS VIOLA YEOMANS, Columbia, Warren Co., N. J.
17. CLIFFORD HOWARD, P. O. Box 633, Washington, D. C.
18. MRS. C. L. ESDRA, 43 Atlantic St., Hackensack, N. J.
19. W. J. McPHERSON, 455 W. 43rd St., N. Y. City.
20. W. S. TITUS, Tracy, Minn.

WON IN THE WATER.

BY W. R. BARBER.

The "ball" was up in Central Park,
And jovial thousands on a lark
The frozen ponds were thronging.
Beaux and Bohemians were there,
The "rough," the muff, the millionaire;
Mechanics, who for half a day
Had cast their tools and cares away;
The dapper clerk in gala trim;
The student, spectacled and slim;
School-boys with frolic in their bones,
And omnipresent Smith and Jones,
With all to them belonging.
Ladies a trifle on the wane,
Who knew their rights and dare maintain;
Philosophers in shabby hats;
"Gents," in splendiferous cravats;
Well tailored gamblers, dry-goods drummers;
Artists, bards, clergymen and "bummers;"
Lawyers, our courts' forensic stars;
Practitioners at tavern bars;
With knaves and fools of every trade,
And honest men of every grade—
Who *showed* no difference from the others—
Wheeled o'er the chrysolite like brothers.

Of love at first sight you have heard.
Well, that's exactly what occurred
To me on that occasion.
For a fair creature o'er the pond
With charms a houri's far beyond,
Gyrated with such wondrous grace
That I stood rooted to the place,
In gaping admiration.
In heavenly pools coagulate,
These female angels—when they skate—
In such a fashion skim the ice,
When the "ball's up" in paradise.

O Muse! In daintiest verse define
The charms of that young feminine;
And, reader, say, if earth or air,
Or sea, or sky, or anywhere
Has anything to match her.
And, if you are a single youth,
Say, if you would not give, in sooth,
Your very soul to catch her.

Her eyes were of the hare-bell's tinge,
And when half-closed, the ebon fringe
That partly hid them from the view,
More dangerous made the curtained blue.
Her red lips had the rose-leaf's curl,
Her teeth outglittered Persian pearl,
And on her hair sunlight and shade
Seemed struggling for each tress and braid.
Her fairy feet—but rhyme can ne'er
Find fitting feet for such a pair;
And then her gaiters' envious laces
Climbed ankles molded by the Graces.

While thus entranced, a dreadful scream
Exploded my delicious dream,
And in the water quite immersed
The lady through the surface burst
With a terrific splashing.
Swift as a swallow skims the wave,
On wings of steel I flew to save.
The ice gave way, but what cared I?
He who's resolved to do or die,
And measures five feet ten or more,
Heeds not a depth of four feet four.
Then somewhat quicker than a wink
I dragged her to the lakelet's brink
And set her right side up with care,
No worse—except for want of air—
For her impromptu washing.
And many a tender word we've spoken
Since—so to speak—the ice was broken.
And soon, our courtship being done,
Hymen will melt us into one,
And I shall owe to Central Park
The dove of my domestic ark.

FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS A READER OF THE LEDGER.

The following is a letter we have received from one of our oldest subscribers. We feel sure that many of our readers, both new and old, will be pleased to see how our old friends treasure the *Ledger*. The Editors of the *Ledger* regret very much that the Prize Story Editor could not conscientiously award one of the cash prizes to this old reader. But we have not allowed sentiment to enter into the distribution of these prizes. Hence we have decided in this instance to make an additional prize of $5 and send it as an expression of appreciation for her long-continued interest in the *Ledger*. Her solution of the mystery story was fair. She gave the thief and murderess correctly. But when we compared her solution with the many excellent ones received, neither her reasons for her belief nor her conception of the characters was sufficiently full to justify the award of a prize.

BRIDGETON, N. J., NOV. 8TH, 1895.

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS—*Sirs:* Forty-two years ago my husband began taking the New York *Ledger*. It was then a four-leaf paper. I am very glad to see how it has improved. It's a *good* paper, and we enjoy reading it as much now as we did forty years ago, if we are getting old. We did not miss a number until he went into the army. When he came home we took it again. We have every number up to the present, No. 43.

Now, sirs, for a favor: Won't you please print your coupons where cutting them out will not spoil a story on the other side?

I have a son in Montana who will be home some day, and he enjoys reading the *Ledger* as much as his father and mother. I can't afford to buy two numbers.

With kind wishes for your continued success,
I remain yours,
MARY J. GILMAN.

If in future we use a coupon we will fix it so that to cut it out will not spoil any of the stories. Some readers refused to compete for these prizes because they preferred to miss a chance to win rather than spoil their *Ledger*.

PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY CALVIN DILL WILSON.

In our country are several societies, founded solely for patriotic purposes, with the general design to foster Americanism, to honor the heroes who have fought for our liberties, and to maintain the principles that have been striven for in our wars. None of these are strictly of an aristocratic kind, although the hereditary character of some might appear to be of that nature.

In "The Society of the Cincinnati," eligibility is limited to the oldest male lineal descendants of officers of the Revolutionary War. The significance of the name is, that as the Roman Cincinnatus retired to his farm when peace had been won, these officers were about to take their places again in the ranks of citizens. The order was formed at the close of the War for Independence, by the American and French officers in the camp of the army on the Hudson, in May, 1783. Its aim was declared to be the perpetuation of the memory of the war, and of friendship among the officers during their lives and those of their eldest male posterity; or, failing that, of the collateral branches. Thirteen State societies were formed in the States of the Union, and one in France. All the great names of that time were on the roll, and the signers of the Declaration of Independence were elected honorary life-members. There now remain but seven State societies and the French chapter. The general society consists of the officers and five delegates from each State organization. The total membership is now four hundred and fifty. Ex-President Harrison, President Cleveland, General Howard and General Schofield are on the honorary list. Thomas Jefferson opposed the existence of the "Cincinnati" on account of its aristocratic tendencies and hereditary character. This society was so unpopular at the time of its inception, because of this perpetuation of hereditary distinctions, that this principle was for a time abandoned.

The "Sons of the Revolution" was formed in New York in 1875, and incorporated in 1884. Its purpose is to keep alive the spirit of the soldiers and sailors of the Revolution, to preserve records relating to that War and to promote intercourse and good feeling among its members. Male descendants of good character, of soldiers, sailors or civil officers who assisted in achieving American independence are eligible. There are twenty-six State societies, and others are being rapidly formed. There are now three thousand members in all. The applicant for admission, on writing to the secretary of the State society which he wishes to join, is furnished with a blank on which to record his descent from some one who helped the American cause. This must be sworn to before a Justice, and reference given to documents or books by which his ancestry can be proven. This order admits any number of men with a common forefather.

The "Sons of the American Revolution" was organized in 1889. Its aims are the same as the older society, but it differs on a few points in regard to administration; which, however, will probably be arbitrated, when the two will become one. This society has more than three thousand members.

The "Daughters of the Revolution" was organized in New York in 1890, and is exactly similar to the "Sons," with the exception of sex.

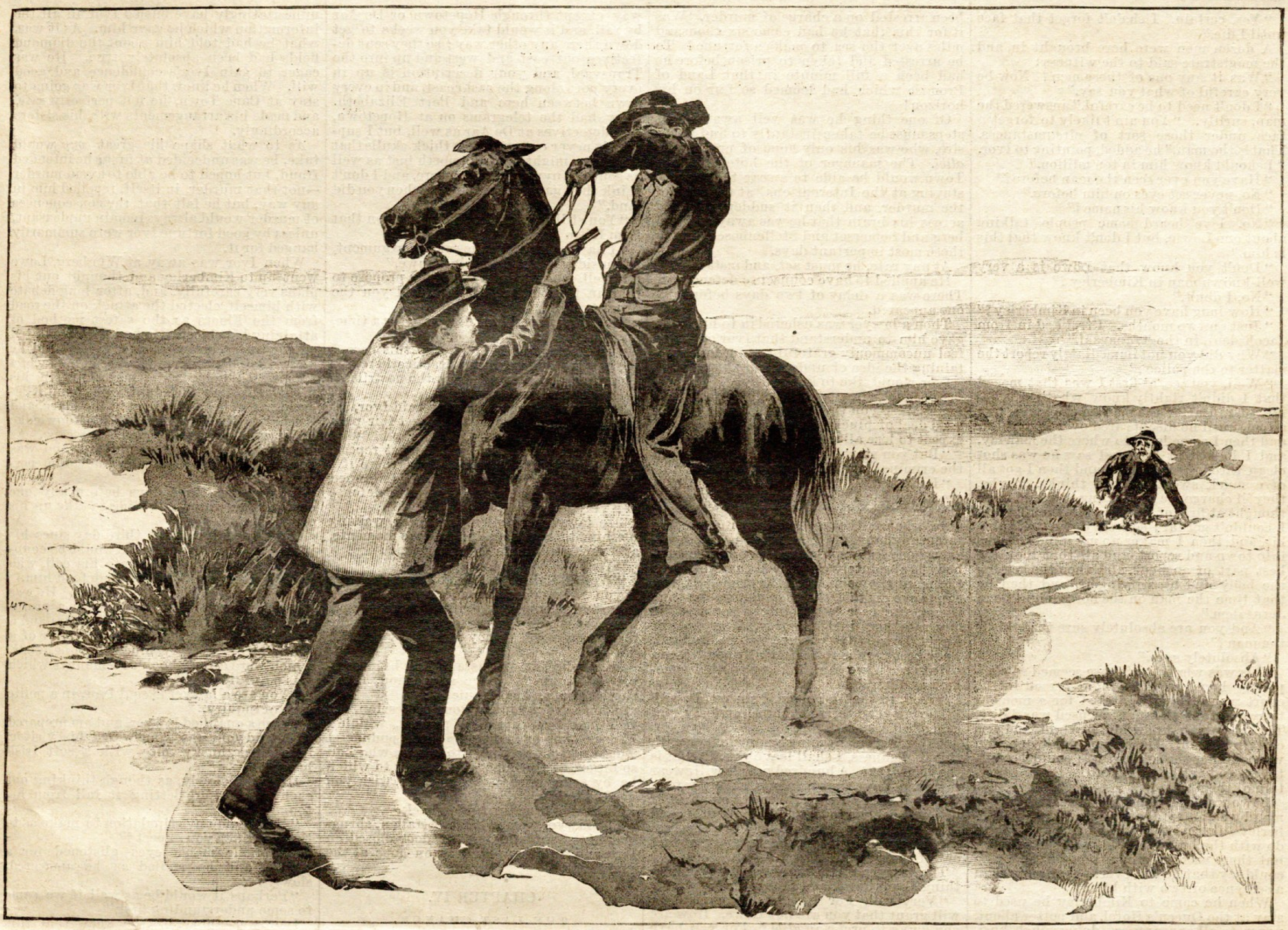
The "Daughters of the American Revolution" was organized in Washington in 1890, and is similar to the "Sons of the American Revolution," and has now sixteen State societies and more than ten thousand members.

The "Society of the Colonial Wars" is composed of many descendants of those who took part in the wars of the country previous to the Revolution. The "Colonial Dames of America" and the "Society of Colonial Dames of America" are two organizations with almost identical names, but with some differences in the constitutions of their orders. Both, as their names suggest, are composed of female descendants of those who took part in the colonial wars.

Among the deeds of these societies, the following may be given as indicating the lines of work they have undertaken. The "Sons of the Revolution" and "Daughters of the Revolution" have erected a monument near Dobb's Ferry, N. Y., on the spot where Washington and the Count de Rochambeau planned the final campaign of the war. The "Sons of the Revolution," of Massachusetts, have placed a bronze tablet on the site of the Old Powder House at Somerville, Mass.; a tablet on the site of the Green Dragon Tavern, where the "Sons of Liberty" used to meet; another on the site of the house where Samuel Adams was born; and one on the site of Griffith's Wharf, where the "Boston Tea Party" took place. They have also placed an engraved picture of Washington, framed in oak, in every school-house in Boston (177). The "Daughters of the American Revolution" have hung a full-length portrait of their first president-general, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, in the White House.

The Pennsylvania society of the "Sons of the Revolution" has erected three stones to mark Wayne's headquarters, near Centerville, on the road to Valley Forge. They are about to mark Washington's camp at the Falls of the Schuylkill, and to mark the

Continued on Page 13.



SOME ONE SPRANG UP, CAUGHT THE HORSE'S REIN AND SHOT THE OFFICER THROUGH THE HEAD.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.*

BY COLIN MIDDLETON,

Author of "The Fool of Destiny," "Innes of Blairavon," etc.

["IN SEARCH OF GOLD" was commenced in No. 52. Back numbers of the *Ledger*, containing the opening chapters of this story, can be obtained of all Newsdealers. *Even if the Newsdealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.

[Ivor Gwynne and Gwendolen Llewellyn have grown up under the same roof, though they are not related. Left destitute at the age of six by the death of his father (his mother having died in giving him birth), Ivor had been taken to Mr. Llewellyn's home, called Glanwythian, near the river Usk, in England. Ivor's uncle, Richard Gwynne, had provided for his education, but now, having finished his last term at Cambridge, his uncle disowns him, on the pretext that he had not sufficiently improved his opportunities at the university, and places 250 pounds at his disposal. Ivor and Gwendolen are as yet not fully conscious of the fact that they have fallen in love with each other, and Ivor determines to seek his fortune in the diamond fields of South Africa, and starts for Kimberley. On the steamer he meets a college acquaintance named Beausire, a scapegrace with whose low moral standard Ivor has nothing in common, who suggests to him a partnership when they should reach Kimberley. There is a young Jew aboard who bears so close a resemblance to Ivor that but for the shifty and insincere expression of his eyes it would be impossible to distinguish the one from the other. He introduces himself to Ivor as Moses Löwe, diamond merchant, and volunteers information about the diamond fields, displaying an unusual familiarity with the gambling features of share-broking. There are also two Jewish ladies, with whom Löwe seems very intimate. At Cape Town, Löwe and the ladies go direct to Kimberley, while Ivor and Beausire remain to see the town. Strolling down to the pier one day, Ivor is astonished to see the two ladies on the deck of a steamer just leaving for England, and when they see him they try to hide from him. On the following day Ivor starts for Kimberley, leaving Beausire behind. On the train he learns from an old Scotchman named Neilson that a "big steal" in the shape of illicit diamond buying—"I. D. B.," as it is called for short—had recently been perpetrated in Kimberley, that Löwe had been concerned in it and that he is now looked for. When Ivor steps off the train he is mistaken for Löwe and arrested on the charge of murder.]

CHAPTER V.

IN PRISON.

IVOR'S feelings during that first terrible night in prison were of a very mixed nature. Never for one moment during the long, monotonous night did he think of sleep. At first he was almost inclined to laugh at the ludicrous position in which he found himself; again he was almost ready to weep at the degradation which had befallen him, and then it flashed across him that he was arrested on the most dreadful of all criminal charges.

"Murder!" He knew nothing more. He would be examined tentatively in the morning. As to whom he was supposed to have murdered, how or when the deed was done, he was entirely ignorant. Then, again, it was Löwe who was obviously the suspected criminal, and here he was arrested in his stead, with no one near to prove his identity. Toward dawn he began fully to realize the gravity of the situation, and when breakfast was brought to him his face had assumed an expression of mingled hope and fear, which boded ill for his chances of proving an *alibi* and his total disconnection with Löwe.

The consciousness of innocence may be very delightful, but it was scarcely encouraging to a man who was some six thousand miles away from home, whose sole hope of proving his identity lay in Beausire, of whose whereabouts he was entirely ignorant. He was well aware that Beausire's three weeks might easily develop into three months, and it was matter for scant satisfaction that that scatter-brained individual was the one staff on which he could hope to lean. True, if he could procure witnesses from England the matter would be easily settled, but possibly the turn of events would decide him as to what he ought to do.

First of all, he must find out the details of his supposed crime. It would be as well to know why he was in prison. It was murder, and the summary justice of the country would require very certain proof of his innocence before allowing its victim to go free. Here it would not be a case of guilt being proved beyond a shadow of doubt, it would be a case of innocence being as assuredly proved.

He had not long to wait before discovering the details of his crime, and when he returned to his cell, committed for trial in a fortnight's time, his feelings were anything but pleasant.

Six days previously, a most daring robbery and murder had been committed, under the following circumstances;

It was just after sundown, and the short African twilight was already beginning to fade into darkness, when the official whose duty it was to bring back the diamonds which had been collected during the day at the Floors, was riding along the road to the offices of the Kimberley mines. The road was apparently deserted, for the Kaffirs were all inside the compound, and—according to their wont—were howling like fiends. The man in charge of the diamonds urged his horse into a trot, and had gone some three hundred yards along the road, when some one sprang up suddenly from the side of the track, which was raised above the level, caught the horse's rein, and shot the official through the head. He then hastily seized the bag containing the diamonds, whose value was between nine and ten thousand pounds, mounted the horse, and was away like a flash over the veldt, northward, heading, apparently, for the Transvaal.

From the time when the murderer had first seized the horse's reins until he was mounted and flying over the veldt scarcely more than a minute had elapsed, and there had been one witness of the scene. It was this witness who had settled the matter as far as Ivor's committal was concerned. His evidence was taken with the utmost care, for it was nearly an hour after the event that he had given information of the murder.

The magistrate's first question, after the man had given the general outlines of the story, was:

"What were you doing on the road to the Floors at that time of the evening?"

"I was coming back from the spoil-heap."

"Have you a license from the mine to wash the spoil-heap?"

"Yes," answered the man, and produced a duly attested license.

"How was it that you made no attempt to stop the murderer?"

"Well, you see, it was like this. If you will allow me to tell exactly what I did see and done, it will be easier. I'm getting oldish now, and I got my license to wash the spoil-heap two months back, and a dirt-poor job it is, if you will allow me to say so. Well, as I was saying, I was coming back from the spoil-heap, and had come round the Floors on to the road, and it was getting about sundown, and I thought I'd just sit down on the side of the road and watch the sun set; so I sits down on the side of the road, gets to thinking of when I used to watch her set in Lincolnshire in the old country, and that takes me back to when I was a bit of a boy, way out on the fens there, and that takes me on to the old farmhouse and the smell of hay and the mist rising up out of the fens—"

"Yes, yes," said the magistrate hastily, "I understand all that. I want to know the exact particulars. You have already given us a general outline."

"Well, what wi' thinking of that, and the sun getting lower and lower in the sky, and being tired with washing all day at that blessed spoil-heap, I closed my eyes and went to sleep, I suppose. Anyhow, I didn't seem to have been asleep more than a minute when I wakes with a start and I looks up, and there, about a hundred—maybe a hundred and fifty—yards away, I saw a man with his hand on the rein of a horse, and another man falling, head foremost, on the near side of the horse, and I saw a puff of white smoke sailing just above the horse's head. The horse was plunging, but the man soon quieted it, and then he stooped down and took something from the dead man, and was up and off full gallop before you could say Jack Robinson."

"And what were you doing at the time?"

"Well, you see, for the first second or two I was that mazed that I didn't well know what to do. Then I gives a shout, and ran as hard as I could towards the two, but I was a good ten yards off when the other fellow swung into the saddle and was away."

"Did he not take any notice of you?"

"Why, yes. When I gave the shout he turned to me for a second, and when he was on his horse—that is, the other fellow's horse—he turns full round on me and points the pistol, and I up with my arm to shelter my face, and he laughs and away and—"

"Did you see his face clearly?"

"Yes, as clear as I see yours now."

"But wasn't it growing dark?"

"Not so dark but as what you could see to read small print without putting it up to your eyes."

"And could you swear to this man if you saw him again?"

---

*Copyright, 1896, by ROBERT BONNER'S SONS.
All rights reserved.

"Yes, certain. I sha'n't forget that face until I die."

A dozen men were here brought in, and the magistrate said to the witness:

"Was it any one of those men? Now be very careful of what you say."

"I don't need to be careful," answered the man, surlily. "You ain't likely to forget a face under those sort of circumstances. That's the man," he added, pointing to Ivor. "I should know him in ten million."

"Have you ever seen the man before?"

"No, never set eyes on him before."

"Don't you know his name?"

"No. I've heard some people talking about one Lowie, but I don't know that this is him."

"Don't you know that Löwe is a very well-known man in Kimberley?"

"No, I don't."

"How long have you been in Kimberley?"

"Just on two months. I trekked in from Jacobsdaal, in the Transvaal."

"Why did you not immediately report the matter to the police?"

"Well, you see, at first I was that mazed that I didn't rightly know what I was doing. I ran after the man on the horse, like a fool, until he disappeared over the veldt, and then I come back to where the man lay, and I looked at him and saw he was shot clean through the brain; and then I got all of a muck sweat when I thinks, maybe, they'll charge me with doing this, and I had thought at first of bolting, but then I knew I couldn't get far; so I sat down to think a bit, and then I makes up my mind to come into town and report, and all that took the best part of an hour, and then the getting the body and identifying it, and then by that time the man on the horse might be in Jerusalem."

"And you are absolutely sure that this is the man?"

"Absolutely sure."

This was when Ivor's case seemed so completely hopeless. No single person in the court would have hesitated for a moment to swear that the man accused was Löwe. The magistrate knew him by sight, and was certain of him. The only possible question was whether the sole witness could be mistaken, and yet he seemed to be the most certain of them all.

Löwe was, or had been, a very well known man by sight to almost every one in Kimberley—at least to all who had anything to do with the buying or selling of diamonds; but there was not a man among them who could say that he had ever spoken more than a sentence or two with him.

When he came to Kimberley he used to stay at the Queen's Hotel, and potter about, never, to all appearances, doing much business, and yet never staying more than two or three weeks at a time. He had once or twice been tried on suspicion of I. D. B., but nothing definite had ever been proved against him.

On the occasion of this visit he had been even more than usually reserved. He had apparently done no business of any kind, spoke to no one, and rarely left the hotel except to stroll round about the compounds, or possibly take a look in at the diamond market.

He had never attempted to make any acquaintance, and everybody was only too ready to fight shy of him.

On the night on which the murder had been committed Löwe had been seen to leave the hotel about an hour before sundown, and turn up to the right past the market-place, and since that time no one had set eyes on him. He had left his room in the hotel as though he were coming back for the night, and it was only when the crime was reported, and a description of the murderer was given by the solitary witness, that the police went to his room, to find him absent.

Every one had instantly come to the conclusion that Löwe was the culprit, and every one was amazed at his barefaced assurance in turning up again at Kimberley within a week of the crime.

As soon as they were morally certain that the man who had witnessed the crime was telling the truth, the police dispatched mounted detectives to all points of the compass; but the murderer had then had quite three hours' start, and under cover of the night could easily make good his escape.

At first people thought that his brain must have softened under the strain of guilt and the fear born of the fact that he was carrying on his person a small fortune in diamonds; and yet he had come back.

The fact that his clothes and linen were marked with some one else's name was as nothing in the eyes of magistrate and people alike.

He was Löwe; that was quite enough; and there was what appeared to be conclusive proof that Löwe had committed the murder.

In a new country justice is more summary than in the old world, especially in mining districts. It is, perhaps, as well that "awful examples" should be made, for there is nothing which lowers man to the level of the beast more than the all-consuming hunger for wealth.

Betting men were laying twenty to one that he would be hanged, and found no takers. The thing was absurd. It did not come within the range of betting at all. There never was a more clearly-proved case.

Ivor sat in his cell in a dazed condition. He found it at first difficult to understand that he was to be tried for his life, just as he had found it difficult to realize that he had been arrested on a charge of murder. Was it for this that he had come six thousand miles over the sea to make a fortune? To be arrested and taken to prison before he had been a full minute in that Land of Promise which had loomed so fair on his horizon!

Of one thing he was well aware—that steps must be taken instantly to find Beausire, who was his only hope of proving an *alibi*. The manager of the hotel at Cape Town would be able to swear that he was staying at the International at the time of the murder, and then it suddenly flashed across his brain that he was away at Wynberg and Somerset and Stellenbosch during those most important days.

At any rate, he must act, and instantly.

He applied to have counsel to defend him. There was a delay of two days before any one appeared.

Then a lawyer was ushered in to him, who gave him to understand that Ivor ought to feel uncommonly grateful to him for entertaining the idea of undertaking his case.

Ivor would like to know why.

"Because, sir, there is such a strong feeling against you that it takes a man with a good deal of pluck to undertake the job. I expect to lose all my practice over it."

"But you start with the theory that I am the criminal, and that I am also Löwe."

"I don't start with the theory that you are Löwe, for I have known you, by sight, any time these last eight years. Now look here, what is the good of keeping up this farce any longer? I know you are Löwe—everybody knows you are Lowe; and everybody is absolutely convinced that you were the man who committed the crime. If you can prove an *alibi*, there is a chance for you; if not, the case is absolutely hopeless—at any rate, here in Kimberley. You mustn't forget, Lowe, that you are not in England. Your best plan is to tell me all about it, and we can see if we can't fake up an *alibi* somehow or other."

"Well, in the first place, I am not Lowe."

The lawyer interrupted him hurriedly, and said:

"Now, if you are going on any longer with this foolishness, I shall leave you. What is the good of it? A hundred people will swear to you. Leave that lie alone, at any rate."

"I don't see how we are to get on at all, if you first ask me to tell you all about it, and then absolutely refuse to believe the first thing I say, and put my most important fact out of court at once."

The lawyer sighed and muttered something about Jews, and then added:

"Very well. For the sake of argument we will grant that you are not Lowe. How are you going to prove an *alibi?* For you have been sworn to by the only witness. You must remember that."

"Very simply. I was six hundred miles away at the time of the occurrence."

The lawyer laughed and said:

"Couldn't you make it six thousand or so?"

Ivor, although he knew that in this man possibly lay his sole chance of safety, said in an angry tone:

"It is quite obvious that you can be of no service to me whatever. Perhaps you had better go."

The lawyer laughed again, good-humoredly this time, and said:

"Now, it won't help you to get huffed. I only said that because you looked so serious over it when you said it. Where were you at the time?"

"I was on the coast between Wynberg and Caledon with my friend the Honorable Reginald Beausire."

"Ah! That's a very good move. And where is the Honorable Reginald Beausire now?" asked the lawyer, in a tone of eagerness.

"That is just what I can't tell you. He met some friends at the International Hotel in Cape Town, and was going up country with them, but where I don't know."

The look of interest faded from the lawyer's face.

"Ah, just so!"

After a pause he added:

"Were you alone with Mr. Beausire?"

"Yes."

"Humph!"

"But the manager of the International Hotel will be able to state that I was staying there off and on for nearly three weeks, and Lowe was up here at Mrs. Jardine's all the time."

"How do you know that?" said the lawyer, quickly.

"Because he told me that he was going to do so."

"You don't know, then, that he only came up here about eight or nine days before the murder was committed, and only stayed four days, and then came back again on the day of the murder?"

"No," answered Ivor.

"Ah, well, that is important! Can you remember exactly on what day you left Cape Town first?"

"Yes; I can tell you exactly."

He then enumerated the days, and the lawyer said:

"Exactly. Allowing for travelling, that would put you in Kimberley just about the time that Lowe arrived, and back again in Cape Town when he was absent."

"But the manager of the International can give the exact dates of my stay; and since the murder was committed some days before I came here, why did they not arrest me in Cape Town?"

"Because they knew perfectly well that you couldn't get to Cape Town by any other way except through Hopetown or De Aar by rail, and it would take you weeks to get down there any other way; so they sent detectives out east and west and up into the Transvaal, and your description is up in every port along the east coast, and in every town between here and Port Elizabeth. They had the telegrams on at Hopetown, and detectives at De Aar as well, but I suppose it never entered their thick skulls that their man might be going north just as well as south. Anyway, you got here, and I don't think they gave you much law when you did land."

"You still seem under the impression that I am Löwe?"

"I have agreed, for the sake of argument, to consider you as not being Lowe."

"Well, what measures do you propose to take in the matter? I have told you the exact truth."

The lawyer eyed Ivor narrowly for a time, and then said:

"As I told you, if I take up this case, I shall probably lose all my practice here, for the name of Lowe stinks in the nostrils of every one in Kimberley."

"Do you mean to tell me," said Ivor, indignantly, "that a man can't get fair play even on trial for his life?"

"You are *not* in England, I must repeat. My life wouldn't be worth living here if I got you off, and if I don't, I shall be shunned for having mixed myself up in the defense of a very ugly job."

The lawyer was silent, and Ivor, waiting for him to speak again for some moments, at length said, in an inquiring tone:

"Well?"

"Well, I'll do it on the following terms: If you will give me a promissory note for five thousand pounds, payable three weeks hence, whether you swing or not, I'll take up the case and do my utmost for you. If not—"

Ivor, who for an instant had been completely stunned by the suggestion, interrupted him, and said, quietly:

"You have mistaken your profession, sir. If I had five thousand pounds, which I haven't—nor even five hundred pounds—I would not offer a penny to a man who had so forgotten the honorable calling to which he by some mishap belongs. I wish you good morning, sir."

With this Ivor turned his back.

The lawyer, somewhat crestfallen, shrugged his shoulders, and the door closed on Ivor and, to all appearance, on hope at the same time.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST CHANCE.

Two more days passed, and Ivor came to the conclusion that no one could be found to take up his case. This apparent indifference to human life struck him as strange. As soon as people felt certain that Löwe had committed the crime they had no other desire than that he should pay the penalty. Ivor's sole defense—that he was *not* Lowe—for he saw that his chances of proving an *alibi* were really very slight if Beausire could not be found—was treated merely as a joke. He now saw that Lowe had had exact information of all his movements while he was in Cape Town, and had planned his action so as to make it appear practically certain that his movements and Ivor's were identical. The two Jewesses, who were Lowe's sisters, had, as a matter of fact, stayed at the International Hotel without Ivor's knowledge during the whole time which he spent there, and had, by careful shadowing and eavesdropping on favorable opportunities, found out his plans in advance. When they had made themselves quite certain of Ivor's destination for each day, they had telegraphed to Lowe in cipher, and he had acted accordingly. He had stayed within easy reach of Kimberley as long as Ivor was at the International, and had only gone into Kimberley when Ivor was away from Cape Town. The girls had instructions to leave by the Castle boat, by which they travelled home to England, as by that time Lowe would have been able to transact his business. Fortune had played into his hands in a way for which he could scarcely have hoped. On leaving England, he had made up his mind to effect one final grand *coup*, and then leave South Africa alone and exercise his genius in a newer—and consequently safer—field. Africa was gradually becoming "too hot to hold him," as the saying is, and the two or three exceedingly narrow escapes which he had had already had warned him that the "once too often" was very near at hand.

His meeting with Ivor on board the ship supplied him with all the necessary material for his plot at one sweep. In an instant he saw his way through any difficulty that might arise.

Everything was in his favor. Here was a man so faultlessly resembling him that none but the closest of intimate friends could detect the difference between them. Löwe had no friends in Africa, nor, indeed, anywhere else; he had accomplices whose interests were bound up, in a minor degree, with his own.

Ivor was green, ignorant to the last possibility, of the world; an excellent specimen of the ordinary 'Varsity man who thinks that at Oxford or Cambridge all that is worth knowing of the world has been learned—one of those true island-bred Englishmen who know nothing of the greater England which reaches to the four corners of the earth.

Had it been to his interest, Löwe would unhesitatingly have misled Ivor in all the information which he gave him. As it was, what he had told him about the diamond fields had been absolutely true. He was eager to gain Ivor's confidence and good will. When he knew that Ivor was going to stay at Cape Town, he felt perfectly safe, and made his arrangements with his sisters accordingly.

As to what shape his great *coup* would take, he was undecided at first; he intended fraud, but hoped to be able to avoid murder—not that murder, in itself, repelled him in any way, but he felt that the consequences of murder would always remain unpleasant, unless by good fortune Ivor were summarily hanged for it.

When Ivor was away at Wynberg, Lowe went up to Kimberley and thought out his plans very carefully, and, after long debate with himself, elected the attack on the road from the Floors as the safest method of attaining his object. He had not calculated on a witness, however, nor, indeed, did he know that that witness had seen his face, a fact which helped him materially in his flight. He knew the country all round Kimberley as well as any man in the place, and trusted to the darkness and his knowledge of the country to make good his escape. As we know, he headed northward, and was never seen by any one who knew him personally in Africa again.

Ivor waited three days before any one came to him who was willing to take up his case.

On the evening of the third day since his interview with his previous would-be counsel, a man was ushered into his cell, who announced himself willing to defend him.

Ivor surveyed him with interest. He was a short, thick-set Irishman, with a profusion of thick, red hair, red whiskers and a scrubby, red mustache. His eyes were of a faint, bleary, watery blue, and his hands, which were dirty, shook in a manner which was painful to see.

"You are a lawyer?" said Ivor, in a polite tone of inquiry.

"I am a qualified lawyer, and am prepared to defend your case," answered his visitor, in a thick, husky voice, with a soft Irish brogue.

He spoke slowly, as though thinking out each word before letting it fall from his tongue.

"Have you any stipulation to make as to the fee which you expect?"

The little man's eyes glistened for a second, and he smiled as he answered, slowly:

"Perhaps it would be as well if we came to some understanding first."

Ivor was angry, but he knew that this was almost certainly his last chance, so he restrained himself, and said, quietly:

"I am a very poor man, and can only offer you a small sum."

The Irishman's face fell, and after a pause, he said:

"You can hardly expect a man to undertake an unpopular case like this for nothing."

"No, certainly not," said Ivor, "but I may as well come to the point at once. If you gain my acquittal I am willing to pay you seventy-five pounds; if I am condemned I will pay you twenty-five pounds. The governor of the jail has my money; but that matter can be arranged easily enough."

The Irishman again paused, and Ivor, in his tense anxiety, was on the point of raising his offer for acquittal to one hundred pounds, when the Irishman slowly answered:

"I will do it on those terms." And then, as though he was speaking to himself: "After all, twenty-five pounds is better than nothing."

Ivor heard his muttered remark, and found little comfort in it, seeing that his one hope of life hung upon a man who obviously believed him guilty.

However, the time was passing on. In little more than a week he would be tried, and there was much to be done.

The Irishman listened listlessly to Ivor's tale until he mentioned that Beausire had been with him during his expeditions to Wynberg and Stellenbosch, when the little man's sodden face brightened for an instant, and he asked, quickly:

"Where is this Beausire now?"

At Ivor's answer his face resumed its stupid appearance once more, and Ivor, with a continually sinking heart, finished his story.

There was a pause lasting some minutes, during which the Irishman was thinking, or pretended to be thinking. In Ivor's eyes a look of hungry eagerness betokened the great mental excitement under which he labored. He knew that his sole hope of life lay in this fuddled sot before him, and the desire of life grew stronger as the prospect of losing it approached more near. It now struck him for the first time on how exceedingly slender a thread his chance of acquittal depended, and it was doubly galling to know that it was for no noble purpose that his life was to be sacrificed. He had none of the satisfaction which the old martyrs must have felt; however misguided they were, at least they sacrificed themselves for a theory, whereas Ivor's life was to be given in order that a criminal might go free. He was in reality acting *in petto*, and most unwillingly, the part which the hero of the Great Tragedy undertook of his own free will. Life is sweet to the aged, though they be maimed, and halt, and blind; it is more than sweet to the young and healthy—it is imperative.

In an agony of suspense Ivor waited for the Irishman to speak. His own impotence to help himself made him impatient even of thought.

At last the little lawyer looked up and said:

"There are only two possible loopholes of escape, and they both go to prove an *alibi*."

"Well?" said Ivor, hurriedly.

"If the manager of the International can establish your identity, and prove that you could not by any means have been in Kimberley at the time of the occurrence, then you are safe."

Ivor's face fell. He was very much afraid that the manager of the International could not do that, and in his absence from Cape Town he had moved about from place to place so hurriedly that he could call no one to prove his whereabouts on any particular day.

"Your other chance is this man Beausire; and unless he can bring some other proof besides his bare statement of the fact that you are not Lowe, I am afraid that his evidence won't go for much."

Ivor thought for a moment, and said:

"Unless he has some letters of mine, which is extremely doubtful. I know of no other proof he can bring forward."

The Irishman shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Well, I will do my best for you. I will subpœna the manager of the International, and I will telegraph to this Beausire at the hotel, and will tell the manager to forward it at once if he knows where Beausire is. Can you suggest anything I might say to Beausire?"

Ivor thought for a moment, and then answered:

"You might frame the telegram in this way: 'Accused of murder falsely. Come at once. Bring anything by which you can establish my identity.'

"That will do," added Ivor, as the Irishman wrote it down on a piece of paper.

"Now I must have some money for this and for the expenses of the manager of the International."

"You will have to apply to the governor of the prison for that. He has my money. I will write a note to that effect. I wonder if any one knows Lowe's handwriting here?"

"Why?" said the Irishman.

"Because that would be a strong point in my favor."

The Irishman smiled as he answered:

"There are no handwriting experts here, and I am afraid it might suggest itself to the jury that it is possible to feign handwriting."

"I will do my best for you," said the lawyer, as he left the cell.

The door closed on him, and Ivor neither saw nor heard anything more of him until he saw him in court on the day of his trial.

As the day of the trial drew near, and Ivor had no communication from the outer world, his anxiety grew too strong for him, and he gradually relapsed into a state of almost hopeless despair.

The fateful day at last dawned, and Ivor, glancing eagerly at his counsel, gathered no encouragement from the lack-luster eye of the little Irishman.

He had subpœnaed the manager of the International Hotel, and had telegraphed to Beausire, as Ivor wished; he then left for Beaconsfield, and there stayed in a condition of constant intoxication until the day before the trial. He had thought to himself that he might just as well anticipate his twenty-five pounds as not. Of the seventy-five pounds he never for a moment had any expectation.

His appearance in court was anything but assuring. His red hair was unbrushed, his face was blotched and unpleasant to look upon; he had not shaved for a week, and his eyes were inflamed to an alarming degree. Ivor's heart sank within him as he surveyed his counsel's appearance. The man did not appear to be obtrusively sober now, and he steadied himself by holding the table in front of him as he rose to address the Court.

The case was the essence of simplicity. The eye-witness to the crime related his evidence in exactly the same way as he had done previously, nor could he be shaken in any way by the disconnected, maundering cross-examination which he underwent at the hands of Ivor's counsel.

The court-room was packed to suffocation, and the jury showed an entire absence of interest in the proceedings. They had made up their minds long before coming into court, and wore, one and all, an air of boredom at the entirely unnecessary prolongation of the case.

Ivor's heart beat high when the sole witness for the defense, the manager of the International Hotel, stepped into the witness-box.

Here, at least, was hope. The man could not fail to recognize him as the visitor of a fortnight ago.

The manager gave his evidence in an injured tone of voice, as who should say: "I wonder what the deuce they have brought a man all the way from Cape Town to give evidence in a tin-pot case like this for?"

His long journey in the train, at a time of year when his presence in Cape Town was particularly necessary, had not improved a naturally acid temper.

"Yes, the prisoner had certainly stayed in his hotel on the dates mentioned."

Ivor's face brightened.

"Did not know where he had been in the intervals. Did not think it his business to find out where his customers were going. As soon as they were across the threshold of the hotel—having paid their bills—he had no further interest in them. Gent of the name of Beausire had seemed to be intimate with him; gent had left the hotel the day after prisoner, and he had not heard of him since. Believed him to be on a shooting expedition. Gent had left a portmanteau to be forwarded when he should write for it. Yes, gent had paid his bill like a gent."

Again the utter indifference of all concerned made Ivor's blood boil. It might have been a salvage case in the Admiralty courts at home for all the interest any one seemed to take in the matter.

"Had witness known prisoner at the bar previous to his seeing him a fortnight ago?"

"Yes," answered the manager, airily; and Ivor's spirits again fell to zero. "I know him well by sight; the prisoner has often stayed at the hotel."

Ivor's case here broke down utterly, and he could not repress a faint groan as he heard the manager's answer.

The rest was a natural sequence.

"Do you know the prisoner's name?"

"Yes; Moses Lowe."

"But you said he was registered as Ivor Gwynne."

The man shrugged his shoulders:

"I don't bother myself about customers' names; so long as they pay their bills and behave, they may register themselves as the Grand Mogul or Julius Cæsar for all I care; but that doesn't make the prisoner's name any the less Moses Lowe."

The Judge addressed the jury, who looked at him in a condescending manner, as though to say, "Pray don't exert yourself unnecessarily; we know our duty this time." They retired for five minutes for form's sake, and came back with the only possible verdict.

There was a shout of exultation in the court, and Ivor left it with the knowledge that he had but ten more days to live.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT—NO. 2.]

◆

THE USES OF HOSPITALS.

Every year enormous sums of money are put into hospitals, and almost every day something new is devised and furnished, in order to add to the comfort of victims of misfortune or disease. And yet, with everything at hand to insure the most approved treatment and the best care, it is often impossible to induce injured persons to take advantage of the conveniences provided for them.

It is possible for a board of physicians to decide when patients shall be sent to asylums or when it is best to remove them on account of contagious diseases, but there seems to be no authority to take them to hospitals when they are suffering from accidents, even of the most painful and dangerous character.

A case in point, which is only one of many, proving the need of some legal enactment on this subject, was that of a workingman who was picked up not long ago very seriously hurt in a runaway accident. He had intelligence enough left to protest against being taken to the hospital, and those who assisted him were foolish enough to give him his way. He was taken home, and persistently refused to be removed, even on the assurance of the physician that it was almost absolutely necessary to his recovery to be taken out of his uncomfortable surroundings.

With the stopping of his work his income ceased, and he and his family were dependent upon the tender mercies of outsiders for maintenance. Instead of going to the hospital where he would have had proper care, he determinedly fought against the idea, until in despair it was abandoned. With it went most of the interest of the doctor and those who had kindly cared for him.

If it had been the man alone who suffered, very little thought would have been given to his case, but he had an invalid wife, a most worthy and admirable little woman whom everybody liked, and a family of little children all huddled together in the tiniest of rooms. If the man had been stricken with a contagious disease that might have affected the neighbors, he could have been removed, but because he injured only himself and wore his faithful wife to death's door, taxing her strength until it is a matter of doubt whether she ever recovers from it, nothing could be done.

There is a penalty attached for attempting suicide, and this should be construed so as to cover the cases of seriously injured persons who refuse to take advantage of what intelligent physicians consider as essential to their restoration and health. A man has no right to jeopardize the life of his wife or unnecessarily tax the strength and forbearance of disinterested neighbors. When cases of this sort come up, the medical man and the Board of Health should have authority to remove the sufferer under the same conditions as are in force when he is afflicted with a contagious disease.

◆

NOTICE TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Watch the yellow label on the wrapper of your *Ledger*, as the date printed on it indicates the time your subscription expires. We will discontinue sending the *Ledger* at the expiration of your subscription. If you renew promptly you will not only insure your *Ledger* coming to you every week without delay, but it will be a great convenience and assistance to the publishers of the *Ledger* in keeping their subscription list.

PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES.

Continued from page 10.

Germantown field. They will also erect a monument to General Wayne in Philadelphia. The New York "Sons of the Revolution" unveiled a statue of Nathan Hale in New York City on Evacuation Day, 1893. The "Daughters of the Revolution" of New York have revived Evacuation Day (which commemorates the evacuation of the city by the British forces), which had come to be neglected. The Ohio "Sons of the Revolution" are about to purchase, and erect in Cincinnati, the fine statue called "The Volunteer of '76," by François Choppin, which was exhibited during the World's Fair, in the Fine Arts Building. The "Sons of the Revolution" of New York are preparing to present all the public schools of the metropolis with pictures of Washington, framed in oak, as has been done in Boston. In June of this year the Mayor of Philadelphia approved an ordinance donating to the Pennsylvania "Sons of the Revolution" the cannon along Water Street and Delaware Avenue, in Philadelphia, for the purpose of using the same from time to time to decorate monuments and stones to be erected by the society, marking sites and places of interest in the neighborhood of that city. The Council of the city has also granted the same society the entire second floor of the old State House, for the purpose of holding meetings and storing and exhibiting therein flags and relics of the War of the Revolution in the possession of the society.

The official organ of the "Daughters of the American Revolution" is *The American Monthly Magazine*; that of the "Daughters of the Revolution" is *The Magazine of the Daughters of the Revolution*; and *The American Historical Register* aspires to be the organ of all the patriotic-hereditary societies of the country.

All these organizations are influential and growing, and are doing much to inspire patriotism, to maintain the principles of the Revolution, to honor its heroes, to instruct the rising generation, and to further the general celebration of national holidays.

The "Columbian Order, or the Society of Tammany," which is distinct from the political organization of the Tammany Democracy, was founded in 1789, and had its origin in a popular movement in New York in opposition to the supposedly aristocratic "Society of the Cincinnati." It was named after the friendly chief of the Delaware Indians.

"The Society of the War of 1812" was founded in Philadelphia in 1854. The original members were veterans of the war, and future membership was limited to their descendants. It aims to keep alive the spirit of the men who fought against the encroachments of a foreign power, to collect and preserve documents relating thereto, to honor the memory of the soldiers and sailors of that war, and to erect suitable monuments.

"The Aztec Club" was formed in the City of Mexico in 1847, and was composed of officers of the United States Army who fought in the Mexican war. Its object is to "cherish the memories and keep alive the traditions that cluster about the names of those officers who took part in the Mexican War." Each officer has the privilege of nominating a blood relative as his successor. While the officer lives, this relative is an associate member; and on his death becomes a full member.

"The Military Order of the Loyal Legion" was organized by officers who took part in the Civil War. Membership passes to the eldest direct lineal descendant. There are twenty commanderies, representing twenty States, and one in the District of Columbia. The total membership is nine thousand.

"The Sons of Veterans, U. S. A.," is a society made up of lineal descendants of soldiers, sailors and marines of the Civil War. Applicants must be eighteen years of age. There are two thousand five hundred camps, and one hundred thousand members.

"The Union Veteran Legion" was organized in Pittsburgh in 1884, and the national organization was effected in 1886. There are now one hundred and four encampments in eighteen States and the District of Columbia. The society is composed of officers, soldiers, sailors and marines of the Union Army in the Civil War, who volunteered prior to July 1st, 1863, for a term of three years, and who were honorably discharged after a service of not less than two years, or discharged at any time by reason of wounds; also those who volunteered for two years prior to July 22nd, 1861, and served their full time, unless discharged on account of wounds. This society, therefore, rules out all drafted persons and substitutes, on the principle that the volunteers were men of purer motives.

"The Regular Army and Navy Union" was organized in Cincinnati in 1888. The national organization was perfected in 1890. There are thirty-one garrisons in as many States and Territories, composed of ex-members of the regular army, navy, and marine corps who have been honorably discharged.

The last to be mentioned of these patriotic organizations is the largest, the best-known and the most important—the vast and splendid "Grand Army of the Republic," which extends over the larger part of the nation, and is composed of nearly four hundred thousand surviving veterans of the Civil War. The first post was established at Decatur, Illinois, April, 1886, and the first national encampment was held in Indianapolis in November of the same year. It is a glorious company of the very heroes who preserved the Union and freed the slaves.

◆

DOWN SOUTH IN GEORGY.

The cotton 's took to market an' the corn is in the bin,
An' the punkin 's like a big an' yellow moon;
An' there 's lots o' time fer courtin' of the girls you want to win,
An' the fiddle strikes the merriest kind o' tune!

An' it 's "Way down South in Georgia!"
Where the music moves your feet;
Where the cane mill 's grindin', grindin',
An' the juice is drippin' sweet!

It 's snowin' in New England, an' they 're shiverin' in the West,
An' the icicles are hangin' in the East;
But the mountains an' the valleys sing a song of joy and rest,
An' the 'possum 's brown and juicy at the feast!

An' it 's "Way down South in Georgia!"
Where the music moves your feet;
An' the old cane mills are grindin',
An' the juice is drippin' sweet!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

◆

COMFORT FOR TOBACCO USERS.

An article recently published in the *Lancet* says that, as a general rule, there is no need to forbid the use of tobacco in surgical cases, with the exception of those involving the abdominal region, the eyes and several other conditions largely depending on the patient's strength and vitality. In cases of peritonitis, throat troubles and so on, tobacco is not to be used, but this authority says that there is no reason to declare that tobacco has anything to do with cancers of the lips or of the tongue. Cigarettes he does not recommend, but mild cigars are tolerable, except in very critical nervous cases and some forms of dyspepsia. In all pulmonary affections smoking is to be encouraged, as tobacco is said to be destructive to many of the micro-organisms of the mouth, as well as those of tuberculosis, typhoid-fever and pneumonia.

This is all very well as far as it goes, but the writer of the article in question either ignores or is ignorant of the fact that cigars are great disseminators of disease germs, and that many cases of cancer and other maladies are traceable directly to the foul conditions of the places where cigars are manufactured and to the horribly disgusting practice of cigar-makers of wetting the wrappers with their tongues when they roll the cigars during the final process of covering. It is the rule rather than the exception to see the manipulator give the edge of the wrapper a lick, then smooth it down with his fingers. Many of these people are simply loathsome with disease, and the consumer absorbs sealed-up saliva, with its accompanying bacilli, when he takes a shop-made cigar into his mouth.

It should be an offense punishable by fine and imprisonment to touch a cigar with the tongue or lips, or moisten the finger in the mouth to wet the edges of the wrappers. Smokers have little idea of the dangers to which they subject themselves in the use of their favorite weed. All over the country there are men who are growing their own tobacco and rolling their own cigars merely because they have not the stomach to stand the disgusting practice of factories and tenement houses. Smoking, if the tobacco is pure and clean, may not be so injurious, but almost every disease that flesh is heir to may be spread by the reprehensible custom of licking the wrappers to make them stick.

◆

THE FIRST CUP OF TEA.

The antiquity of tea as a beverage is a favorite subject of discussion by confirmed tea-drinkers. China claims the origin of the use of tea as a drink. Of course, there are various stories connected with it, among which, perhaps, the following is quite as interesting and believable as any. As the tale runs, one of the daughters of a reigning sovereign was hopelessly enamored of a young nobleman whose caste did not permit him to aspire to her hand; but they exchanged glances, and occasionally he gathered a few blossoms and took means to have them conveyed to her. One day the princess met her admirer in the grounds of the palace, and as the attention of her attendants was attracted in another direction, the young man tried to put a few flowers into her hand, but all that she could grasp was a little twig with green leaves. This she treasured, and when she reached her apartments she placed the twig in a goblet of water, here to remain for some hours, the object of her tenderest care. Toward evening she was seized with a sentimental attack, during which she drank the water in which the twig had been kept. It had a most agreeable taste, and then she ate the leaves and stalk. The flavor pleased her greatly, and every day, in memory of her admirer, she had bunches of the tea-tree brought to her and ate them or put them in water and drank the infusion. The ladies of the court observed her, and were moved to try it themselves, and did so with such pleasing results that the practice spread throughout the kingdom, and one of the great industries of China was thus established.

It is claimed that the date of the sentimental origin of tea drinking was nearly three thousand years before Christ.

CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Orange-Peel.

"What a shame!" said mamma, pushing an orange-peel into the gutter with the tip of her parasol. "Any one who throws fruit-peels on the pavement ought to be punished."

"It *is* dreadful," said Agnes, who was with her mamma. "The other day I picked up a banana-skin and put it into an ash-barrel that was on the pavement, and Kitty Clay laughed at me, and said it was so funny and so queer, and that she would not do it for all the world."

"Well, what did you say then?" asked mamma.

"I felt ashamed," said Agnes. "Just now, when I saw you do that, I was a little ashamed too."

"Then I am ashamed of *you*, my dear," said mamma. "There, don't cry; I understand just how it is. Girls like Kitty Clay do a great deal of harm in this world. I remember when one did a great deal of harm to me. It was a little girl named Abby Bell; she went to school with me. Between our house and the school was a wide avenue, down which ran a continual stream of wagons and stages and carriages. My mother always told me never to cross until I saw a good chance, and then to walk quickly and steadily, and not to run. I intended to obey, but Abby Bell made such fun of me that I was, as you say, ashamed. She used to run before the big stage when it was coming as fast as possible down hill. 'You daresent, you daresent!' she used to shout. 'You're afraid!' Then I made up my mind that she should not laugh at me any more, and one day I did as she did, and tripped and fell. I was not run over, but my head was cut and my arm broken, and I was a very sick, sore and sorry little girl for eight long weeks.

"Another girl at the school, Letty Clover, thought herself very fashionable. She laughed at any one who wore anything that she thought old-fashioned. That year all the little girls wore what were called Derby hats, of gray, brown or black felt, with little buckles in the bands. I had one, of course, but the weather was very cold, and my good grandmamma thought that my head was not sufficiently covered, so she made me a nice little dark-blue silk hood, beautfully quilted and with a little frill about the face and ribbons to tie it under the chin. When I got to school, Letty Clover began to giggle and hide her face, as if she could not help laughing. She took care to let me hear her say that she thought I must be crazy to wear the baby's hood. I suffered such mortification that I refused to wear the hood. It was naughty of me, but I got my way and went to school in my Derby. The very day I made the change a storm came up, and I reached home crying with cold, my hair all frozen about my ears. The next day I had to stay home with an influenza that made me so deaf that no one believed that I would ever hear again, and to this day I feel the effects of it. The next year, hoods came into fashion, and Letty Clover had one herself, but the mischief was done. Children who laugh at others do a great deal of harm."

"Do big people ever laugh at other big people?" asked Agnes.

"Yes, my dear," said mamma. "When I first began to keep house, I had a very gay friend, who laughed at me for saying grace before meals and for reading the Bible every night before I went to bed. 'Sunday is enough for piety,' she said. 'Only queer, old country people keep up such customs now.' But I did what I knew was right, and, as you know, I do it yet and shall while I live, and hope my children will remember to asks God's blessing every day of the week as well as on the Sabbath."

"Yes, mamma," said Agnes. "I always will remember that."

"One outcome of that will be that you will always see that orange-peel is not left where people can slip on it," said mamma.

"Oh! I don't quite understand!" cried Agnes.

"Religion is not all prayer and praise," said mamma. "A God-fearing person will do by others as he would that others would by him, no matter whether he knows that person or not. No one would laugh at another for picking up an orange-peel on which a dear friend was about to slip. To a Christian all human beings are, in that sense, friends."

"Oh, I understand now," said Agnes.

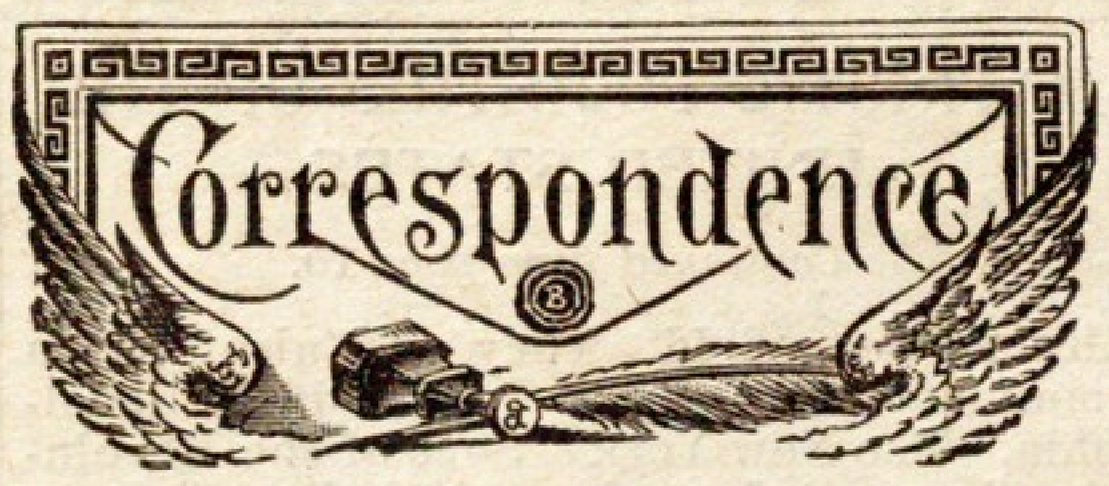
"The other day," said mamma, "I saw a boy who remembered that. Another was driving a great nail in the wall of a railroad station to hang his coat on. 'Don't put that there, Jack,' said the boy I speak of. 'It's just the height to run into a man's eye, or even a tall lady's. Get on a bench and put it out of the way.' Jack laughed, but he did what the other told him. That was a boy who will make a good man."

"Mamma, that is just like a little sermon."

"Well," said mamma, "I should very much like to preach one to those people who are always laughing at others who have kind impulses, or who are careful of themselves or others."

Here mamma stopped to give a little money to a very old woman who asked for charity.

"There is another sermon I should like to preach," she said. "It is to those who try to prove that every one who asks for help is an impostor. Many professional beggars are, no doubt. But often a mother whose children are hungry, or a man who sees his wife starving, is driven to ask for bread, and we who have plenty should always give. Better to be deceived now and then than to be cruel to one actually in want. We all pray that the day will come when no one will need charity, but it is not here yet; so it is not time to stop giving. Indeed, our greatest duty in life is to remember that there is always something we can do for others—to help them; to teach them; to save them from sickness or danger; to point out what is right and what is wrong. Rich men and women can do wonderful things if they will. And little girls"—here mamma laughed and patted Agnes on the shoulder—"little girls can at least pick up orange-peel."



Correspondence

Points of Propriety.—Emma, Katie and Mary want answers to some questions that they cannot settle in their own minds. 1. Is it proper for a young lady to send a New Year's card to a widower unless he has first sent one to her? 2. If a gentleman presses a lady's hand, is it a sign that he has a friendly regard for her, and should she return it? 3. If a young lady changes her place of residence, should she send her new address to a gentleman whose acquaintance she has recently made—one who calls on her occasionally? *Answer:* 1. Unless there is a well-established friendship, it is just as well for a lady not to send New Year's cards or any other cards to gentlemen outside of her relations. If he is an old friend or a regular visitor in the household, it might be admissible; but it is better not to do it. 2. Pressures of the hand are of very little moment as indicating friendly regard. Indeed, a man whose intentions or overtures are confined to hand-pressures is better let alone. If a man has a real, genuine, sincere, honest regard for a girl, he has a voice and can say so. Don't take any pantomime or dumb show or hand-pressures as a sign of any man's good feeling or intentions. Let him express his sentiments in words, if they are honest and honorable, otherwise let him keep a respectful distance. 3. It depends entirely on circumstances whether a young lady should inform a young man of her change of residence. If he has been a regular caller and has been received by her family, she might do so. Or, what is much better, she could ask some mutual friend to give him the address. Writing to young men with whom she is not very well acquainted is not at all wise or prudent, and sensible, self-respecting girls are very careful how they take such risks.

The First Water-Works.—Benjamin F. is interested in the methods and machinery of water supplies, and asks where were the first water-works in the United States located? *Answer:* Doctor Southwick in one of his books gives the following: "On the best authority available, it is believed that the first water-works were constructed by John Christopher Christenssenn in 1762, at Bethlehem, Pa. The machinery consisted of three single-acting force-pumps, four-inch caliber and eighteen-inch stroke, worked by a triple crank and geared to the shaft of an undershot water-wheel eighteen feet in diameter and two feet clear in the buckets. The total head of water was two feet. On the water shaft was a 'wallower' of thirty-three rounds gearing into a spur wheel of fifty-two cogs attached to the crank. The three piston rods were attached each to a frame or crosshead working in grooves to give them a parallel motion with the pump. The crossheads were of wood as well as the parts containing the grooves or guides. The water was raised by this machinery to the height of seventy feet and subsequently to one hundred and fourteen feet. These works were in operation as late as 1832. The first rising main was made of gum wood as far as it was subject to pressure, and the rest was pitch pine. In 1796, lead pipes were put in, and in 1813 they were exchanged for iron."

Removing Tan and Freckles.—Mamie B. is a little girl twelve years old, who finds some tan and freckles on her face, and wants the *Ledger* to tell her how to remove them. *Answer:* Tan and freckles are a growth in the skin and are developed by light and heat, principally by sunlight. Some persons are much more troubled with them than others. Delicate complexions are usually most susceptible. There are several things that will remove freckles, but they are not very safe to meddle with. Ten drops of carbolic acid in thirty drops of glycerine is said to be good. It must be applied only to the dark spots. It cures by burning the skin, which afterwards comes off, leaving a mark that finally disappears. The best remedy for such annoyances as tan and freckles is to wear a hat or sunbonnet. The spots frequently disappear in winter, and if one is careful to keep the face shaded there will be very little trouble. Lemon juice sometimes removes tan, and buttermilk is said to be excellent for this purpose.

Effect of War.—Anti-War asks what would be the first effect on business of a war with England? *Answer:* Probably the first indication the business world would feel would be a skrinkage in all realty. When war threatens people are not going to put their money into land that may be disputed territory and possibly confiscated. Even in the few days of war talk already indulged in, real estate in the East has taken a perceptible drop, and buyers are few. All this is, of course, very foolish, as there is not the slightest probability of war. But the agitation and excitement unsettle business and are extremely unfortunate, as houses and lands are always the first to suffer depreciation. Personal property can be transported and secreted, but real estate is a fixture. Do not let your mind dwell upon the disastrous possibilities of war, as there is no reasonable prospect that there will be one to worry over.

Women as Architects.—Practical asks if architecture is a good and profitable study for women? *Answer:* Yes, and there is urgent need of new methods and new ground plans. One may look over the plans of leading architects and find a large proportion of small houses built with a single chimney, and that in the middle of the dwelling. It is out of the question to keep a house comfortably cool in summer with such construction. Men do not seem to improve on such points, and it is high time that women took up the business.

Replating Metal Articles.—Mrs. M. E. P. has read an advertisement in the *Ledger* about replating articles, and wants to know about it. *Answer:* The quickest and surest way is to write to the people who advertise. They will no doubt respond at once and give you full and satisfactory information.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*

Science

The Horseless-Carriage Competition. In spite of the most unfavorable weather, the Chicago horseless-carriage competition came off, and with great credit to the participants. Two of the carriages went over the entire course mapped out. The winner was designed by an American inventor, Charles Duryea. His carriage, a gasoline-motocycle, made the fifty-four miles in ten hours and twenty-three minutes. The performance was especially interesting from the fact that it took place just after a storm that had completely paralyzed wheel traffic in the district where the Duryea vehicle made the fifty-four-mile run at a five-mile gait and came in without injury. Experts who were present express themselves with unqualified approval of the motocycle. It is specially commended for private use and for people who have little space to spare. It is cleanly, requires no stable room except its own space, and can easily be kept in a small addition at or near the dwelling. If necessary, an incline down an areaway could be built and the vehicle could be taken into the basement. But it is in cities that the value of this means of transportation will be most appreciated. Not only will it be of great advantage in the matter of space, as it takes up less than half of the room required for horse and carriage, but it will have great sanitary value in taking horses out of the city streets. It is said that very many cases of lung and throat trouble and catarrh come from the irritation caused by dust which is composed of pulverized manure. To have a carriage that only needs firing up and oiling, and will not require food, stablemen, groom and the necessary space for all of the appurtenances thereto, will be a boon to thousands of people who are fond of riding.

One of the Offices of Snow. The first snow should never be used to melt into water for drinking purposes. In its journey downward it takes out of the atmosphere all of the disease germs and impurities that float therein and for that reason is highly charged with injurious particles. A microscopic examination of water from the first snow reveals millions of germs of various sorts, many of them extremely dangerous to human life. Taken into the system, they increase with startling rapidity and cause diseases that physicians are ordinarily unable to account for. The not uncommon practice of gathering snow from window-sills to eat is one attended with very grave dangers. The first rain-fall after a long period of dry weather is subject to the same conditions, and the rain-water should either be filtered or boiled or allowed to go to waste and not turned into the cistern. Many people shut off the cistern supply pipe until the roofs are washed, imagining that in this lies the danger, but the water that washes the impurities from the atmosphere is quite as much to be guarded against.

Economy in Copper Mining. The prodigal waste of ore in some of the more primitive methods of mining is in striking contrast to the new way of doing things. Even the water flowing from copper mines is drawn into tanks and by precipitation through the use of chemicals seventy-five to eighty-five per cent. of copper is collected. This was discovered by accident. A miner without knowledge of chemical action remarked that tin cans or pieces of iron thrown into the waste water soon became covered with copper. From this simple incident came the possibility of securing a large amount of pure metal. The water is now drawn into tanks treated with chemicals, then led from one tank to another each prepared with a precipitating solution. When the last tank is reached the contents are allowed to settle, when the copper is removed and prepared for shipment.

A Simplifying Process. The preparation of ramie fiber for manufacture has been attended with a great deal of troublesome detail. Of late, there have been marked improvements in the machinery used for this purpose. The new inventions reduce the power required and increase the capacity of the machines to such an extent that eight or ten tons of green ramie stalks may be handled in a day. There is a tenacious gum in the stalk, however, that has been an obstacle in the way of its successful preparation. This is now being neutralized by new processes, and the latest machines claim to be able to prepare the fiber and make it ready for spinning at a cost not exceeding seventeen cents per pound. This includes the cost of the raw material, the bleaching and cleaning.

The Ages of Trees. As there has been more or less discussion about the ages of trees, it will be gratifying to know that a German forester, who is considered as authority, says that the oldest trees in Germany are known to have lived nearly 600 years. The silver fir has flourished for upward of 400 years, and the evergreen oak has been known to live 410 years, while other varieties of oak are from 315 to 320 years old. The larch has stood the storms and shines of 275 years, the red beech 245, the ash 170, the birch 200, the aspen 220, the mountain maple 225, the elm 130 and the red alder 145 years.

Paper Heels. Shoe heels made of paper pulp are among the latest improvements in the shoe line. The pulp is made from white pine and similar woods. It is digested in proper tanks, then mixed with glue, tar, litharge, alcohol and other necessary ingredients. After standing for a short time the pulp is rolled into sheets and placed on rollers and pressed to the proper thickness. The sheet is then placed upon a table and the heels of the shape desired are stamped out a hundred at a time.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

All questions which may be asked on the subjects treated in this Department will be answered in the Correspondence column.

Fashion and Fancy. Embroidery is one of the features of seasonable costumes. There are many new dresses shown with skirt front, vest collar, cuffs, wide revers and belt edged with needlework. This may be in the color of the fabric, or, what is better liked, in wreaths, garlands and bouquets in natural tints.

A dress of biscuit-colored cloth has the edges of the front breadth embroidered in a graduated design, wide at the hem and narrowing to a tiny vine at the belt. The vest is finished in narrow rows of embroidery, forming V's, one above another, down the vest front. The revers that turn over upon the sleeve-tops are edged with a slender vine, and on the corners over the shoulders there is a large design, almost covering the available space. The belt is almost of solid embroidery, and the cuffs have a vine around the wrists and a larger design extending up the outside of the arm.

A dress of plain and striped poplin in blue and black has a plain waist, cut out in the neck over a vest of plaited crépon. Where the waist is cut out there is an edge of the embroidery all around, and this extends down the fronts, around the bodice point and the postilion at the back. A turned-over collar is embroidered, as are also the cuffs, the latter in a quite elaborate fashion.

A tailor costume of navy-blue cloth has the front breadth of the skirt well covered by a conventionalized design in chrysanthemums with spreading foliage. The cuffs are similarly finished. The vest is of light tan-colored cloth with a collar. This is almost covered with a design to match, only in very small pattern.

An evening bodice is made with the sides and back of pale-gray velvet. The front is cut away in a deep shield shape and filled in with a vest of rows of embroidery and puffs of crépon. The sleeves are pointed sections of the material box-plaited extremely full. There are two of these sections, one overlapping the other, the lower about four inches larger than the first. Both of these have the edge wrought with flower pattern done in silks, the natural colors of the flowers.

A handsome calling costume is of maroon velvet and French gray cloth. The skirt is of the cloth and has a band of fur at the hem. The front breadth is elaborately embroidered and braided and further enriched with large buttons of the most elegant description. The velvet waist has a deep basque skirt and a trimming of embroidery and braiding forming a square yoke with long tabs on either side of the vest of embroidery. There are large buttons on the waist also. The sleeves are in leg-o'-mutton fashion, but plaited in the form of an accordion bellows. The cuffs are of the braiding and embroidery.

A Paris dress is of brocaded satin in garnet and gold. The sleeves are a novelty. The cuffs are of white broadcloth, elaborately embroidered with roses and leaves. From the front and back of the cuffs long points extend up to the armholes. The space between these points is filled in with the dress material. A square collar turns back from the standing collar and forms a yoke, and there is a front of very narrow plaitings of plain silk. A vest of the broadcloth is embroidered to match the cuffs.

The front breadth of contrasting material is a feature of some of the new models. A dress of moonlight-blue satin, brocaded with pink roses, has a front breadth of velvet of the darkest shade of the blossoms. On either side of this is a cascade drapery of lace flouncing. The bodice is pointed, and the neck is cut low. The sleeves are ruffles of lace, and lace epaulets extend up on to the shoulders almost to the jeweled collar. Across the front the dress is filled in with shirred silk muslin.

A costume of spotted camel's-hair has a front breadth of velvet matching the darker shade of the material. The high turned-over collar, narrow vest, wide pointed lapels and belt are of velvet. The lapels have folded extensions in jabot style. These are pointed, the points falling outside of the belt and down upon the skirt.

Fashion Notes. A stylish dinner-dress for a young lady has the skirt of brocade, with putty-colored ground and floral figures. The waist is of velvet and is close-fitting, and the under-arm sections have long, narrow points that extend down the sides of the skirt to the hem. The back of this bodice has very wide extensions from the back forms and under-arm seams. These, also, fall to the hem of the skirt, and are closely attached all the way down. The front of the waist has straps that close over a plaited front of chiffon or gauze. The end of each strap is finished with a large button. The buttons are not used for closing, but invisible hooks. The cuffs are made with straps and buttons, and there are two buttons on the front of the collar. Very full, deep frills of lace fall over the hands, covering them so as to leave only the fingers visible.

A novelty waist is of cardinal brocade and cream-colored Japanese crape. The brocade is cut out in Eton-jacket fashion, showing at least two inches of the crape between the lower edge of the jacket and the belt at the back. The entire front is of the crape, closely shirred at collar and belt. The sleeves are very large puffs of brocade; the collar is a rose-ruching of plain silk matching the brocade in color. This is set over a lace collar, which is plaited very full. Falls of lace down either side of the front from the neck finish this pretty and becoming model.

A mourning costume for a young matron has just been imported. It is made of Courtauld crape and fine Eudora. The close-fitting round waist and a narrow graduated front breadth are of the wool goods, the waist is almost entirely concealed by shoulder sections and a rounded yoke of crape. The skirt is plain and very full; the sleeves are enormous puffs of crape with cuffs of the wool material trimmed with crape bands.

Square box-coats of plush or velvet are lined with fur, and have collar, revers and cuffs of fur.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

(Continued.)

Another mourning dress is of Henrietta and crape. The skirt has a very full back and wide front, on either side of which is a graduated insert of crape. A crape band finishes the hem of the skirt. The bodice is in jacket fashion, with wide, pointed revers, leg-o'-mutton sleeves and vest of dull jet embroidery and a high, rolling collar of crape.

A handsome long wrap is of velour lined with fur. The deep shoulder-cape is of rich embroidery on velvet. There is a fur collar, which extends in a wide band down either side of the front, and may be turned up at the front or thrown back at pleasure.

For information, thanks are due to Messrs. James McCreery & Co., B. Altman & Co. and Arnold, Constable & Co.

Pin Money for the Girls. Any woman or girl of average intelligence ought to be able to gather up quite a little cash in the course of a year by raising either poultry or posies. A well-cared-for hotbed that would grow cabbage, tomatoes and cauliflower plants would pay well. A little more space well handled will bring early lettuce that would command a good figure. In order, however, to succeed, all articles must be the best of their kind, hardy, strong and in excellent condition when they are ready for market.

One woman who has more brains than money, has had what she calls an addition built to her cellar. On the south side of the house the cellar window has been cut down to the floor level. Through this one passes into a space about twelve by eighteen feet square. This is as deep as the cellar, and has a concrete floor and a good stone wall. There is a suitable frame and a glass roof that takes in the kitchen windows and slopes from just below the sill of the second-story windows. The pitch is quite abrupt, and as there is uninterrupted sunshine all day long there is a fine field here for good work. One of the pipes from the furnace leads into this addition, and besides this, there is a large coal-stove at the opposite side of the building with a chimney, into which the pipe enters just below the roof.

There is good drainage, one corner being lower than all the rest of the floor, with a very gentle slope. In this corner is a little cistern or tank, in which water for the plants is kept. There are shelving and trellises all through the building, and three galleries run across on the side next to the dwelling. These are wide enough to afford ample space for seedlings and plants of all kinds. Being next to the house, there is continual warmth in the wall, which makes the heating problem easier to solve than when the entire structure stands out by itself.

In this twelve-by-eighteen space this woman raised several hundred tomato plants, and sold them at good prices. Cabbage plants brought the highest market price, for they were strong, fine-colored, and of good size. Indeed, everything she put out was up to or above standard, otherwise they would not have been sold by her. She gave away everything inferior, being unwilling to destroy anything that might benefit people in the neighborhood who were unable to buy the plants they needed. Violets, chrysanthemums, carnations and a few bulbs flourished, and brought praise and profit to the little establishment.

The second year this capable woman paid the entire expenses of her place and put several hundred dollars into the bank, all from the products of her greenhouse and garden. Bulbs were forced; early blossoms came into market; the vegetable plants were ahead of almost everybody else; and in the fall she had strong and thrifty tomato plants in large tubs, that came into bearing when those in the garden were going out. From these she gathered during the entire winter the most wonderful crops. Fresh tomatoes in midwinter bring good prices, and few people find themselves able to grow them. Indeed, raising tomatoes in cold weather is what one old gardener called "mighty ticklish business." The plants may grow never so thrifty, the blossoms may come, but the fruit may not appear.

There is a field for women in the culture of all garden stuff, and but few of them have learned as yet to take advantage of their opportunity.

Salmon Steaks. Steep for an hour or so four middle-cut, good-sized salmon steaks with a glass of sweet oil, salt, pepper, and the juice of a lemon. About half an hour before serving broil them light brown over a charcoal fire, and garnish with quartered lemons and serve with a bowl of tartar sauce.

Tartar Sauce.—Put in a salad-bowl two egg-yolks, salt, pepper, and nutmeg. Mix thoroughly with a wooden spoon, while adding to this slowly and gradually a pint of sweet oil, dropping in a teaspoonful of vinegar at a time when the sauce is too thick. Add some finely-chopped gherkins, capers, parsley, and two tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard; mingle well and serve.

Spiced Apple-Pudding. Three cups of bread-crumbs, one pint of boiling milk poured over them, three cups of chopped apples, one cup of seeded raisins, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon, mace and salt. Steam half an hour, then bake twenty minutes

A Breakfast Dish. Take two cups of bread-crumbs, one cup of lean boiled ham, chopped fine, a small piece of butter, salt to taste, and enough stock to moisture the whole. Put this mixture in a deep pie dish, cover the top lightly with crumbs, and bake about half an hour.

A Delicate Pudding. Cream a pound of butter and sugar, add eight well-beaten eggs, flavor the mixture with nutmeg. Line a pudding-dish with thin puff paste, pour in the pudding, and set in a very hot oven for ten minutes. Serve without sauce.

Patterns.

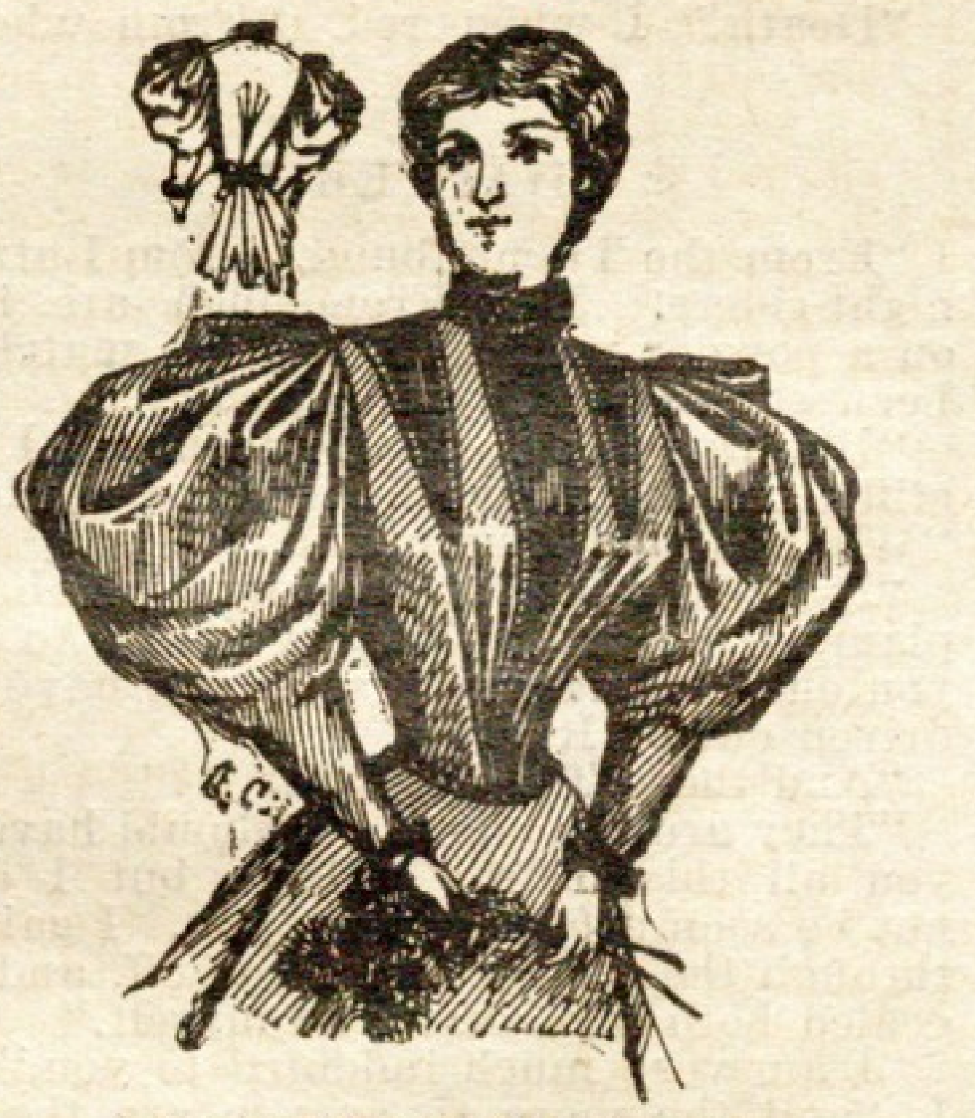
We have made special arrangements by which we can supply our readers with dress-patterns by mail, prepaid, at the nominal price of ten cents per pattern.

Each issue of the *Ledger*, hereafter, will contain illustrations of two or more new styles, for which patterns will be supplied to order. Parties ordering will please use a small sheet of plain writing-paper, small enough to go into an ordinary envelope, write name very plainly and give post-office and State, together with street and number, wherever necessary. Be careful to give correct bust-measure and the number of the pattern desired, using the number under the illustration. Inclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered. State that you are a reader of the *Ledger*, otherwise these patterns will cost you 25, 30 or 35 cents each, as the case may be, these being the regular prices for which the patterns are sold.

The patterns selected for illustration in this issue are numbered 6626, 6615 and 6610.

Ladies' Basque Waist.

Illuminated serge in a stylish mixture of golden brown and delft blue is here charmingly combined with brown velvet. The attractive-looking waist is provided with glove-fitting linings that close in center front, the fullness of the material being disposed in overlapping plaits of the lower edges on front and back. The fronts are slashed in V shape from shoulders to bust, exposing facings of velvet placed on the lining, the edges being finished with the sequin trimming. A long V-shaped vest is exposed between the front edges, the vest being sewed to the lining on the right and hooked invisibly over on the left. The stock-collar ends in loops at the back, two Paquin points of velvet, edged with sequins, flaring widely apart in front. A roll of velvet, with broad tie-bow at the back, finished the lower edge of basque. The fashionable gigot sleeves have the fullness disposed in close gathers at the top, two burnous loops falling gracefully on each side. Many handsome combinations of different fabrics or coloring can be effected by the mode, ample scope being allowed for decoration, for mourning goods crape or crepon, dull jet or passementerie furnishing the trimming.



6626—LADIES' BASQUE WAIST

Pattern **6626** is cut in five sizes, from 32-inch to 40-inch bust measure.

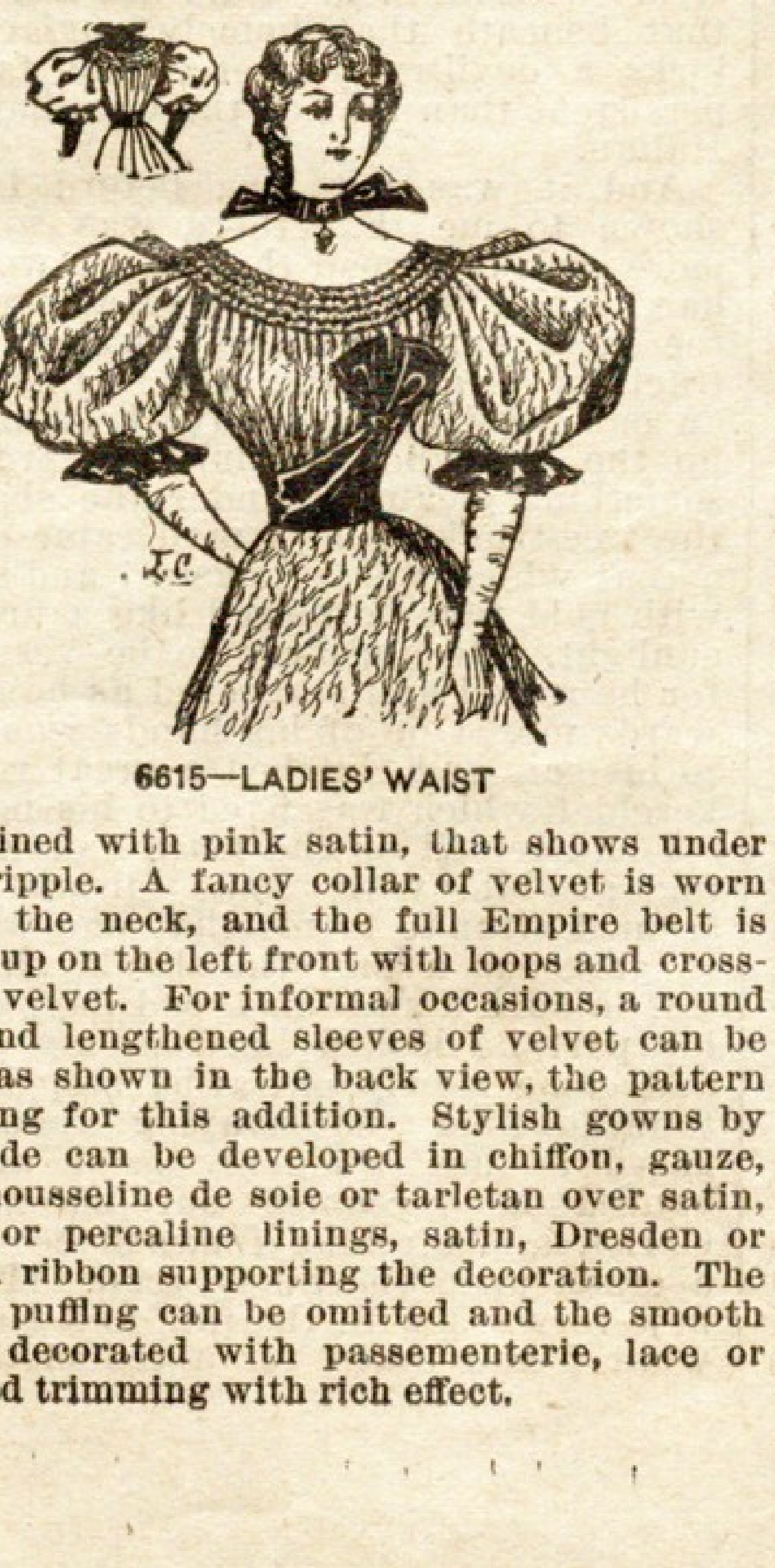
Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

For 32 inches bust measure	$3\frac{1}{8}$ yds
" 36 " " "	$3\frac{3}{8}$ "
" 40 " " "	$3\frac{5}{8}$ "

Retail price of pattern **6626** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Waist.

Pale-pink crepeline de soie was thus simply but stylishly arranged over pink satin of the same shade, the ripple sleeve, frills and belt, with standing loops, being of apple-green velvet. The waist linings are rendered glove-fitting by means of the usual double bust darts, back, side-back and under-arm seams, and the closing can be arranged invisibly in front, back or at the left shoulder and under-arm seams, as preferred. The full fronts and back are gathered, top and bottom, and arranged over the fitted linings, the lengthened shoulders and low-cut bertha being shaped to conform to the revived 1830 mode. The smooth, round bertha of satin is supported by a lining of crinoline and covered with four small, shirred puffs of the thin fabric. The full Empire puffs are arranged over short linings of satin, the circular elbow ruffle of green velvet being lined with pink satin, that shows under every ripple. A fancy collar of velvet is worn around the neck, and the full Empire belt is caught up on the left front with loops and cross-over of velvet. For informal occasions, a round yoke and lengthened sleeves of velvet can be added, as shown in the back view, the pattern providing for this addition. Stylish gowns by the mode can be developed in chiffon, gauze, tulle, mousseline de soie or tarletan over satin, taffeta or percaline linings, satin, Dresden or Persian ribbon supporting the decoration. The shirred puffing can be omitted and the smooth bertha decorated with passementerie, lace or spangled trimming with rich effect.



6615—LADIES' WAIST

Pattern **6615** is cut in five sizes, viz.: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

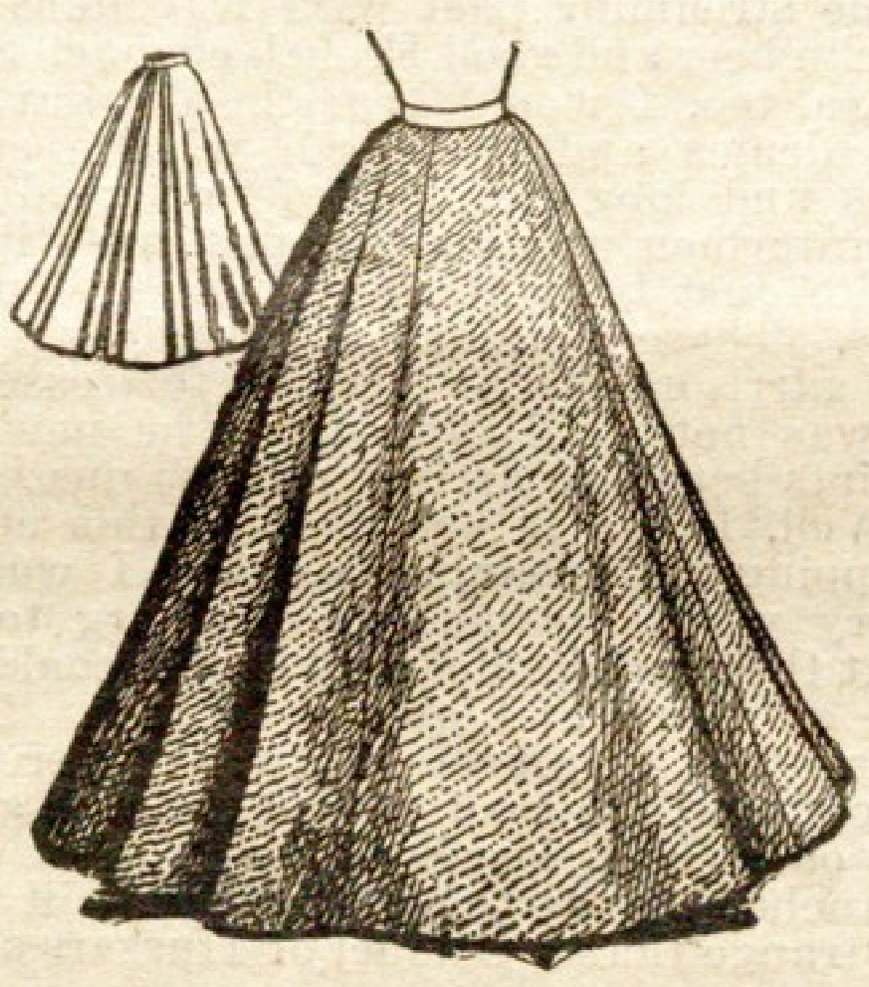
Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

For 32 inches bust measure	$3\frac{1}{2}$ yds.
" 36 " " "	$3\frac{3}{4}$ "
" 40 " " "	4 "

Retail price of pattern **6615** is 25 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

Ladies' Skirt.

Black boucle serge is the material illustrated in this stylish skirt. Narrow front and wide side gores fit smoothly at the top and fall below the hips in series of flutes or ripples to the foot. The back is arranged in double box plaits that lay flat at the top and flare modishly to the lower edge, the placket being finished in center, and a straight belt finishing the top. Skirts in this style are usually lined throughout with taffeta, percaline or cambric, a deep facing of haircloth emphasizing the fashionable flare. A piping of velvet or braid finishes the bottom. Crepon, cheviot, serge, cloth, Jacquard, plain and fancy silks and satin brocade will develop handsomely as separate skirts by the mode to wear with any style of basque or waist.



6610—LADIES' SKIRT.

Pattern **6610** is cut in five sizes, viz.: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

Quantity of Material 44 Inches Wide.

22 inches waist measure	$4\frac{1}{4}$ yards
26 " " "	$4\frac{1}{2}$ "
30 " " "	$4\frac{3}{4}$ "

Retail price of pattern **6610** is 30 cents. Price to *Ledger* readers, 10 cents.

The Management of Fires. "It is the easiest thing in the world to keep fires if one has a full coal-bin and some one to look after the heater and range; but it is quite another thing to keep a house warm on an economical plan and get the best results for one's money," said a woman who is obliged out of a very small income to accomplish a very great deal. "Necessity is an arbitrary task-mistress, and taught me a number of things after I had wasted a good deal of my substance in following popular ideas.

"I was always told that in order to keep the fire at its best in the heater, I must shake it out well, put the coal on, and then regulate the dampers. But I found a better way. I kept the furnace one year all through the month of November, a part of the month quite cold, without giving it a thorough shaking out. On the warmest days I kept watch of it, and sprinkled coal over the little fire that was required; then, in order to get a draft, I made a hole down through the fire with a small poker with a straight end. This hole was not more than three-fourths of an inch in diameter, and this made sufficient draft to keep the fire steady and furnish ample heat. When the ashes and cinders had accumulated until they were above the upper edge of the fire-pot, I gave the grate two or three very gentle shakes, just enough to let the mass down to the proper level. The fire went out half a dozen times during very warm spells, and to start it I made a littte pile of wood on the top of the *débris*, allowed it to get thoroughly lighted, then sprinkled coal on, a very little at a time, until it was burning well, giving it draft by using the poker as described. From the first of September to the end of November, with a thirty-eight inch heater and a good-sized kitchen range, two tons of coal were consumed.

"I believe it is possible to save one-third of the ordinary consumption of coal by careful management. Of course, it needs personal and interested attention, and this a great many women are willing to give for economy's sake provided they know how; but they go on the accepted idea that grates must be thoroughly cleared out in order to keep up a reasonable degree of heat. Furnace-men and coal-dealers approve this sort of thing. It uses coal and burns out the heater, and is good for trade; but the consumer has need of further knowledge in order to save expense.

"As to keeping a fire in the kitchen range, my idea of it is that as there is but a small fire-pot to a good family range, it is necessary to clear it out quite thoroughly when preparing it for over-night, otherwise the coal buries in the ashes and goes out. In the morning, shake the fire down until the grates are perfectly free of ashes, then add a very small amount of coal and turn the drafts on full. This will give a bright fire in a short time. It is little economies like these that keep the domestic exchequer in a comfortable condition."

The Good Cook. "Yes, I sent two of my daughters to a cooking school. I did it because I thought they ought to know some things about this most important profession that I was for many reasons unable to teach them. In the first place, it was necessary for them to earn their own living, and I thought that of all things they ought to be able to fall back on household duties if necessity required it, for, say what you will, there is much to be urged in favor of the position of a cook or waitress in a good family. Of course, the social-position question comes up, but social position butters no bread, and if my girls must be hirelings, at least I want them to be where they will get enough to eat and a good roof to cover them. The clerk in a store may stand higher socially and certainly does, but she is ill-fed, uncomfortably lodged and constantly exposed to dangers of all sorts. But when my girls got well into the mysteries of cooking I found that they could not keep up their knowledge of the dishes they had learned to make. To begin with, in order to do first-class cooking one must have an abundance of first-class material. To be sure, there are simple dishes and very relishable ones, but even these take the very highest grade of ingredients if they are to be made in the best style. Our modest larder could not furnish everything that was required, and I had to put the girls through a practical course of economy that may be of great use to them later in life. They had to make nice-tasting, dainty things out of next to nothing, and one year our resources were sorely taxed to get through with a family of five children and an exceedingly meagre income; but the appetizing and dainty dishes that those two dear little creatures fixed up reconciled us, to some extent at least, to rather short commons. They could cook potatoes in a dozen different ways, each one more delicious than the last; parsnips were boiled, then sliced and browned and served with bits of parsley. We had soups made from inexpensive but good meats, with vegetables and bits of toasted bread put in when the soup was ready to serve. But, I think, during that whole winter one of the most relishable alternatives was found in ordinary field corn. At times this was hulled and served with milk or made into a pudding and eaten with a butter sauce. Again it was browned in the oven like coffee, ground in the mill, then eaten with milk, or with a little cream when we could get it. For five of us, there were weeks together when our expenses for food did not run over three dollars a week. And during all this time there was no meal that did not look inviting or did not have some substantial and really delicious dish as a sort of central figure. The one extravagance in which we indulged was bread from whole-wheat flour. We thought that it had more nutriment, more generally satisfactory qualities, and, in the long run, was more economical than any other kind we could get. Nothing was wasted; indeed, we had nothing to waste. Corn-meal was made into mush, cut into thin slices and fried for breakfast. Slices of bread were toasted and a milk sauce poured over them. Rice pudding without eggs we indulged in occasionally, and baked Indian pudding with eggs and sugar was one of the luxuries.

"While the range of dishes for those who must practice strict economy is quite limited, there is margin enough to make them delicious, healthful, attractive-looking, and, if properly served, the relish of good taste and daintiness is given to them, and this to people of refined temperaments is a large item."

Evening Entertainments. There are many little items that go to make up pleasant evening entertainments for young people. The old-fashioned candy-pull, apple-paring, spelling match and singing school seem to have passed out of existence as regular entertainments. Of these we have left but the spelling contest, which is so re-vamped and transformed that we scarcely recognize in it the old custom of a quarter of a century ago. Games of forfeits are less popular than they used to be; and as there are still many people who disapprove of dancing, something must be invented to pass away the time.

Somebody has devised a bit of entertainment in the way of a marsh-mallow party. The guests to this are preferably few, only so many as can sit around an open grate being considered the proper thing. To be sure, a friend or two may sit a little way back and be served with the dainties as they are prepared.

A bright fire of coals in an open grate or fireplace is the first necessity. A dish of marshmallows is provided and a number of long, slender sticks. The friends gather about the fire and thrust the sticks into the snowy blocks and hold them over the coals until they become of a light-brown color. They may be eaten hot or placed on dishes to be served later. To take away the appetite and make one feel delightfully creepy, the lights are turned down, and the members of the party relate the most blood-curdling of ghost stories. The one that tells the most harrowing story and the most successful toaster of marshmallows gets the prize. For the worst story and the most mistakes in burning the candies, dropping them in the ashes and otherwise misusing them, there is a bungler's prize, which is usually some absurd thing like a picture in caricature, a shoe-sole, with some comic verse written on it, or a paper bag made in the shape of a stocking and filled with small potatoes. The first prize may be any pretty or dainty object, from a Japanese napkin to a bit of cut glass. The mistress provides aprons or large napkins to cover the dresses, and a rug or piece of crash is laid down before the grate, especially if there are youngsters who are likely to be careless. A little afternoon-tea table is placed to hold the dish of candies, and there is a large plate for the sticks. At one of these parties the entertainment was closed by the company reciting, in unison, a popular poem. The ingenuity of the hostess and her friends can suggest many variations on this plan, and additions in the way of reading, songs or stereopticon views are always welcome.

When you buy
Sarsaparilla
ask for the best and you'll
Get Ayer's.
Ask for Ayer's and you'll get
The Best.

HOW THE BRIGADIER PLAYED FOR A KINGDOM.[*]

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.

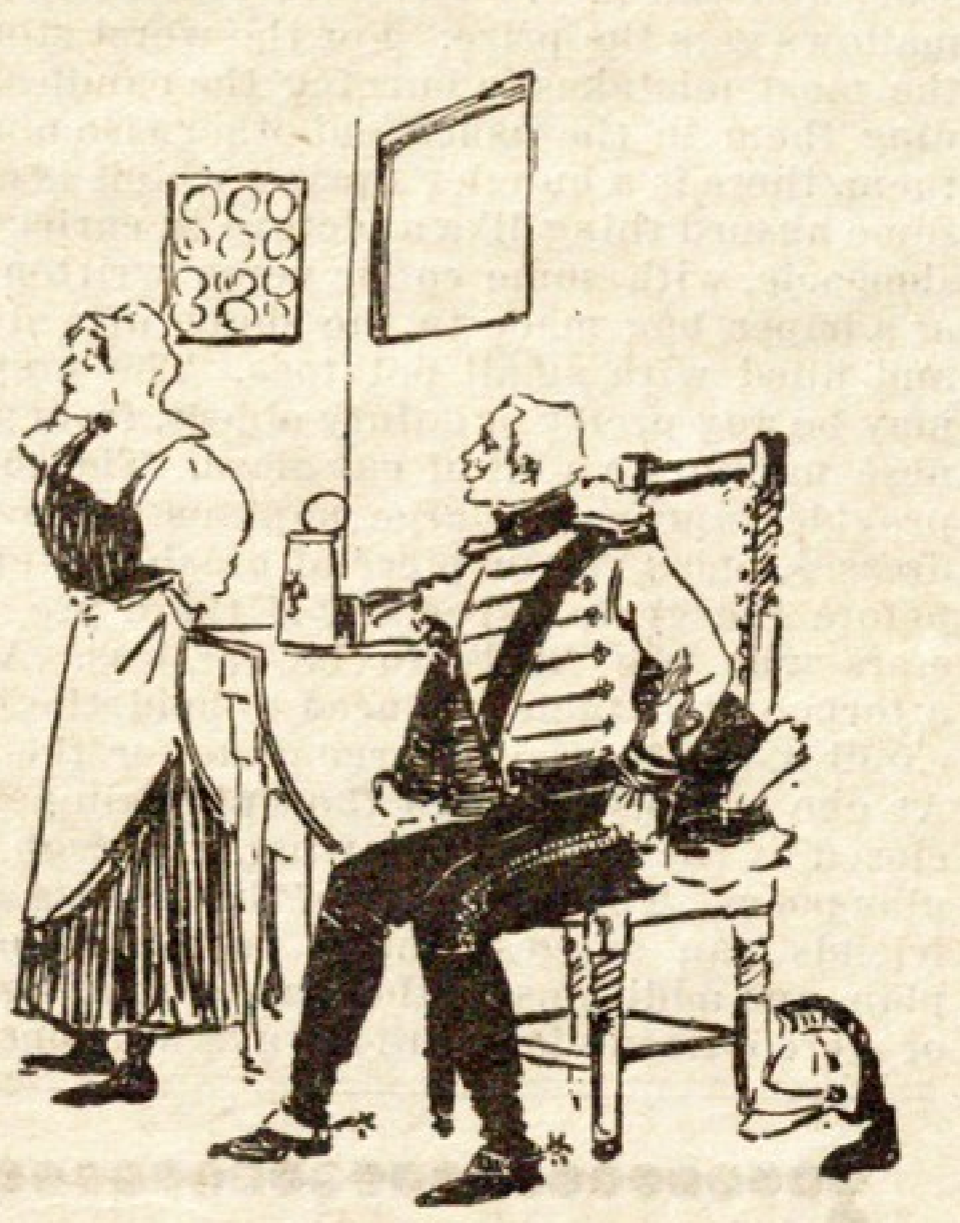
It has struck me that some of you, when you have heard me tell those little adventures of mine, may have gone away with the impression that I was conceited. There could not be a greater mistake than this for I have always observed that really fine soldiers are free from this failing. It is true that I have had to depict myself sometimes as brave, sometimes as full of resource, always as interesting, but then it really was so, and I had to take the facts as I found them. It would be an unworthy affectation if I were to pretend that my career has been anything than a fine one. The incident which I will tell you to-night, however, is one which you will understand that only a modest man would describe. After all, when one has attained such a position as mine, one can afford to speak of that which an ordinary man be tempted to conceal.

You must know, then, that after the Russian campaign the remains of our poor army were quartered along the western bank of the Elbe, where they might thaw their frozen blood and try, with the help of the good German beer, to put a little between their skin and their bones. There were some things which we could not hope to regain, for I dare say that these large commisariat fourgons would not have sufficed to carry the fingers and the toes which the army had shed during that horrible retreat. Still, lean and crippled as we were, we had much to be thankful for when we thought of our poor comrades whom we had left behind, and of the snow fields—the horrible, horrible snow fields. To this day, my friends, I do not care to see red and white together. Even my red cap thrown down upon my white counterpane has given me dreams in which I have seen those monstrous plains, the really tortured army, and the crimson smears which glared upon the snow behind them. You will coax no story out of me about that business, for the thought of it is enough to turn my wine to vinegar and my tobacco to straw.

Of the half million who crossed the Elbe in the autumn of the year twelve about forty thousand infantry were left in the spring of thirteen. But they were terrible men, these forty thousand—men of iron, eaters of horses, and sleepers in the snow; filled, too, with rage and bitterness against the Russians. They would hold the Elbe until the great army of conscripts which the Emperor was raising in France should be ready to help them to cross it once more.

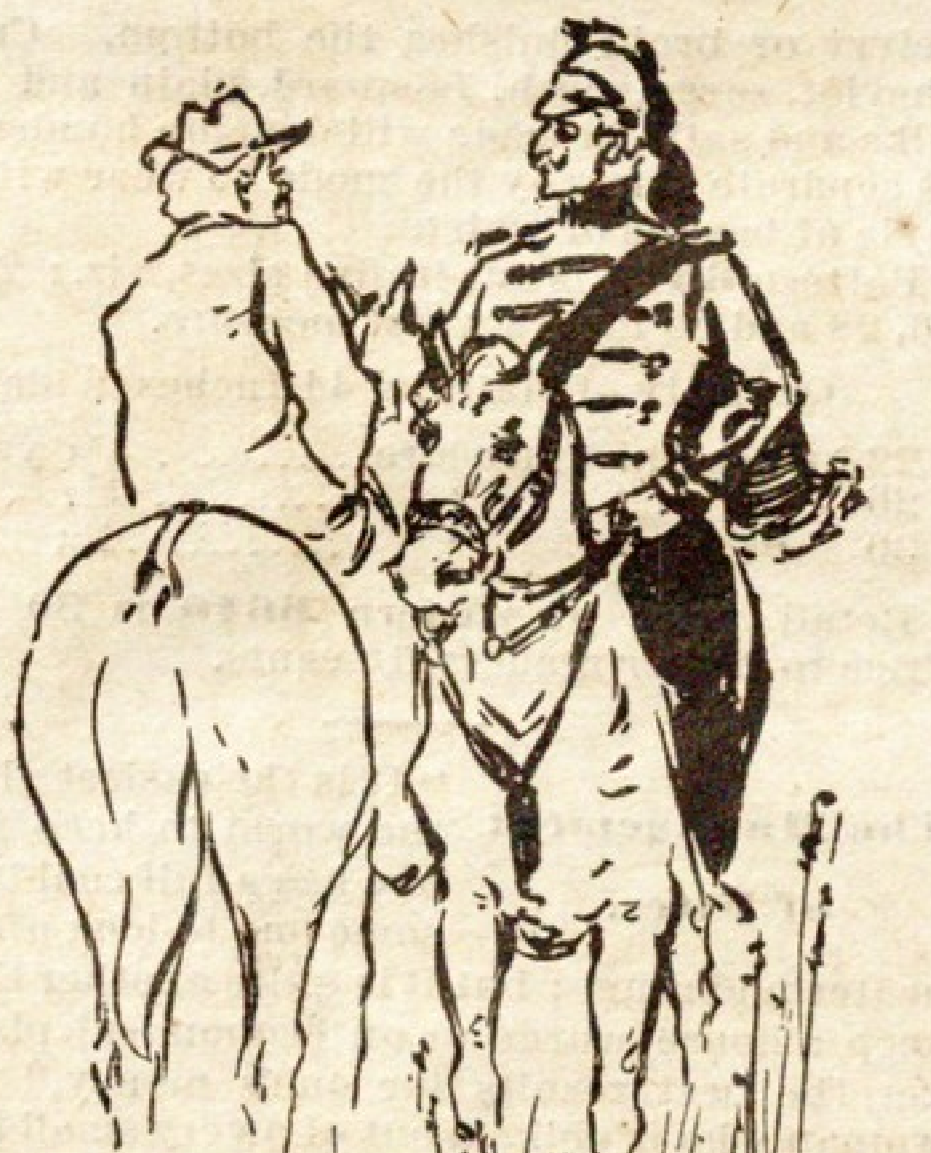
But the cavalry was in a deplorable condition. My own Hussars were at Borna, and when I paraded them first I burst into tears at the sight of them. My fine men and my beautiful horses—it broke my heart to see the state to which they were reduced! But, courage," I thought; "they have lost much, but their Colonel is still left to them!" I set to work, therefore, to repair their disasters, and had already constructed two good squadrons when an order came that all Colonels of Cavalry should repair instantly to the depots of the regiments in France to organize recruits and the remounts for the coming campaign.

You will think, doubtless, that I was overjoyed at this chance of visiting home once more. I will not deny that it was a pleasure to me to think that I should see my mother again, and there were a few girls who would be very glad at the news; but there were others in the army who had a stronger claim. I would have given my place to any who had wives and children whom they might not see again. However, there is no arguing when the blue paper with the little red seal arrives, so within an hour I was off upon my great ride from the Elbe to the Vosges. At last I was to have a period of quiet. War lay behind my mare's tail and peace in front of her nostrils. So I thought as the sound of the bugles died in the distance, and the long white road curled away in front of me through plain and forest and mountain, with France somewhere beyond the blue haze which lay upon the horizon.


THIS ONE WOULD HAVE NEITHER.

It is interesting, but it is also fatiguing to ride in the rear of an army. In the harvest time our soldiers could do without supplies, for they had been trained to pluck the grain in the fields as they passed and grind it for themselves in their bivouacs. It was at this time of year, therefore, that those swift marches were performed which were the wonder and the despair of Europe. But now the starving men had to be made robust once more and I was forced to draw into the ditch continually as the Coburg sheep and the Bavarian bullocks came streaming past with wagon-loads of Berlin beer and good French cognac. Sometimes, too, I would hear the dry rattle of the drums and the shrill whistle of the fifes and long columns of our good little infantrymen would swing past me with the white dust lying thick upon their blue tunics. These were old soldiers drawn from the garrisons of our German fortresses, for it was not until May that the new conscripts began to arrive from France.

Well, I was rather tired of this eternal stopping and dodging, so that I was not sorry when I came to Altenburg to find that the road divided and that I could take the southern and quieter branch. There were few wayfarers between there and Greiz, and the road wound through groves of oaks and beeches which shot their branches across the path. You will think it strange that a Colonel of Hussars should again and again pull up his horse in order to admire the beauty of the feathery branches and the little green new-budded leaves, but if you had spent six months among the fortress of Russia you would be able to understand me.


"YOUNG MAN," SAID HE, "IT IS NOT THE LETTER 'N.'"

There was something, however, which pleased me very much less than the beauty of the forests, and that was the words and looks of the folk who lived in the woodland villages. We had always been excellent friends with the Germans and during the last six years they had never seemed to bear us any malice for having made a little free with their country. We had shown kindnesses to the men and received them from the women, so that good comfortable Germany was a second home to all of us. But now there was something which I could not understand in the behavior of the people. The travelers made no answer to my salute; the foresters turned their heads away to avoid seeing me, and in the villages the folk would gather into knots in the roadway and would scowl at me as I passed. Even women would do this, and it was something new for me in those days to see anything but a smile in a woman's eyes when they were turned upon me.

It was in the hamlet of Schmolin, just ten miles out of Altenburg, that the thing became most marked. I had stopped at the little Inn there just to dampen my moustache and to wash the dust out of poor Violette's throat. It was my way to give some little compliment, or possibly a kiss to the maid who served me, but this one would have neither the one nor the other, but darted a glance at me like a bayonet thrust. Then when I raised my glass to the folk who drank their beer by the door they turned their backs on me, save only one fellow, who cried, "Here's a toast for you, boys! Here's to the letter T!" At that they all emptied their beer mugs and laughed, but it was not a laugh that had good fellowship in it.

I was turning this over in my head and wondering what their boorish conduct could mean, when I saw, as I rode from the village, a great T new-carved upon a tree. I had already seen more than one in my morning's ride, but I had given no thought to them until the words of the beer-drinker gave them an importance. It chanced that a respectable looking person was riding past me at the moment, so I turned to him for information.

"Can you tell me, sir," said I, "what this letter T is?"

He looked at it and then at me in the most singular fashion. "Young man," said he, "it is not the letter N." Then before I could ask him further he clapped his spurs into his horse's ribs and rode, stomach to earth, upon his way.

At first his words had no particular significance in my mind, but as I trotted onwards, Violette chanced to half turn her dainty head and my eyes were caught by the gleam of the brazen N's at the end of the bridle chain. It was the Emperor's mark. And these T's meant something which was opposed to it. Things had been happening in Germany, then, during our absence, and the giant sleeper had begun to stir. I thought of the mutinous faces that I had seen, and I felt that if I could only have looked into the hearts of these people I might have had some strange news to bring into France with me. It made me the more eager to get my remounts and to see ten strong squadrons behind my kettle drums once more.

While these thoughts were passing through my head I had been alternately walking and trotting, as a man should who has a long journey before and a willing horse beneath him. The woods were very open at this point and beside the road there lay a great heap of fagots. As I passed there came a sharp sound from among them, and glancing round, I saw a face looking out at me—a hot red face, like that of a man who is beside himself with excitement and anxiety. A second glance told me that it was the very person with whom I had talked an hour before in the village.

"Come nearer," he hissed. "Nearer still. Now dismount and pretend to be mending the stirrup leather. Spies may be watching us, and it means death to me if I am seen helping you."

"Death!" I whispered. "From whom?"

CHAPTER II.

"From the Tugundbund. From Lutzow's night-riders. You Frenchmen are living on a powder magazine, and the match has been struck which will fire it."

"But this is all strange to me." I said, still fumbling at the leathers of my horse. "What is this Tugunbund?"

"It is the secret society which has planned the great rising which is to drive you out of Germany just as you have been driven out of Russia."

"And these T's stand for it?"

"They are the signal. I should have told you all this in the village, but I dared not be seen speaking with you. I galloped through the woods to cut you off, and concealed both my horse and myself."

"I am very much indebted to you," said I, "and the more so as you are the only German that I have met to-day from whom I have had common civility."

"All that I possess I have gained through contracting for the French armies," said he. "Your Emperor has been a good friend to me. But I beg that you will ride on now, for we have talked long enough. Beware only of Lutzow's night-riders!"

"Banditti?" I asked.

"All that is best in Germany," said he. "But for God's sake ride forward, for I have risked my life and exposed my good name in order to carry you this warning."

Well, if I had been heavy with thought before, you can think how I felt after my strange talk with the man among the fagots. What came home to me even more than his words was his shivering broken voice, his twitching face, and his eyes glancing swiftly to right and left and opening in horror whenever a branch creaked upon a tree. It was clear that he was in the last extremity of terror, and it is possible that he had cause, for not long after I had left him I heard a distant gunshot and a shouting from somewhere behind me. It may have been some sportsman hallooing to his dogs, but I never again either heard or saw the man who had given me my warning.

I kept a good look-out after this, riding swiftly where the country was open and slowly where there might be an ambuscade. It was serious for me, since five hundred good miles of German soil lay in front of me; but somehow I did not take it very much to heart, for the Germans had always seemed to me to be a kindly, gentle people whose hand closed more readily round a pipestem than a swordhilt—not out of want of valor, you understand, but because they are genial, open souls who would rather be on good terms with all men. I did not know, then, that beneath that homely surface there lurks a deviltry as fierce and far more persistent than that of the Castilian or the Italian.

And it was not long before I had it shown to me that there was something more serious abroad than rough words and hard looks. I had come to a spot where the road runs upwards through a wild tract of heatherland and vanished into an oak-wood. I may have been half way up the hill when looking forward I saw something gleaming under the shadow of the tree-trunks, and a man came out with a coat which was so slashed and spangled with gold that he blazed like a fire in the sunlight. He appeared to be very drunk, for he reeled and staggered as he came towards me. One of his hands was held up to his ear, and clutched a great red handkerchief which was fixed to his neck.

I had reined up the mare and was looking at him with some disgust, for it seemed strange to me that one who wore so gorgeous a uniform should show himself in such a state in broad daylight. For his part he looked hard in my direction and came slowly onwards, stopping from time to time and swaying about as he gazed at me. Suddenly as I again advanced he screamed out his thanks to Christ, and lurching forward he fell with a crash upon the dusty road. His hands flew forward with the fall, and I saw that what I had taken for a red cloth was a monstrous wound, which had left a great gap in his neck from which a dark blood-clot hung, like an epaulette, upon his shoulder.

"My God!" I cried, as I sprang to his aid, "and I thought you were drunk!"

"Not drunk, but dying," said he. "But oh! thank heaven that I have seen a French officer while I had still strength to speak."

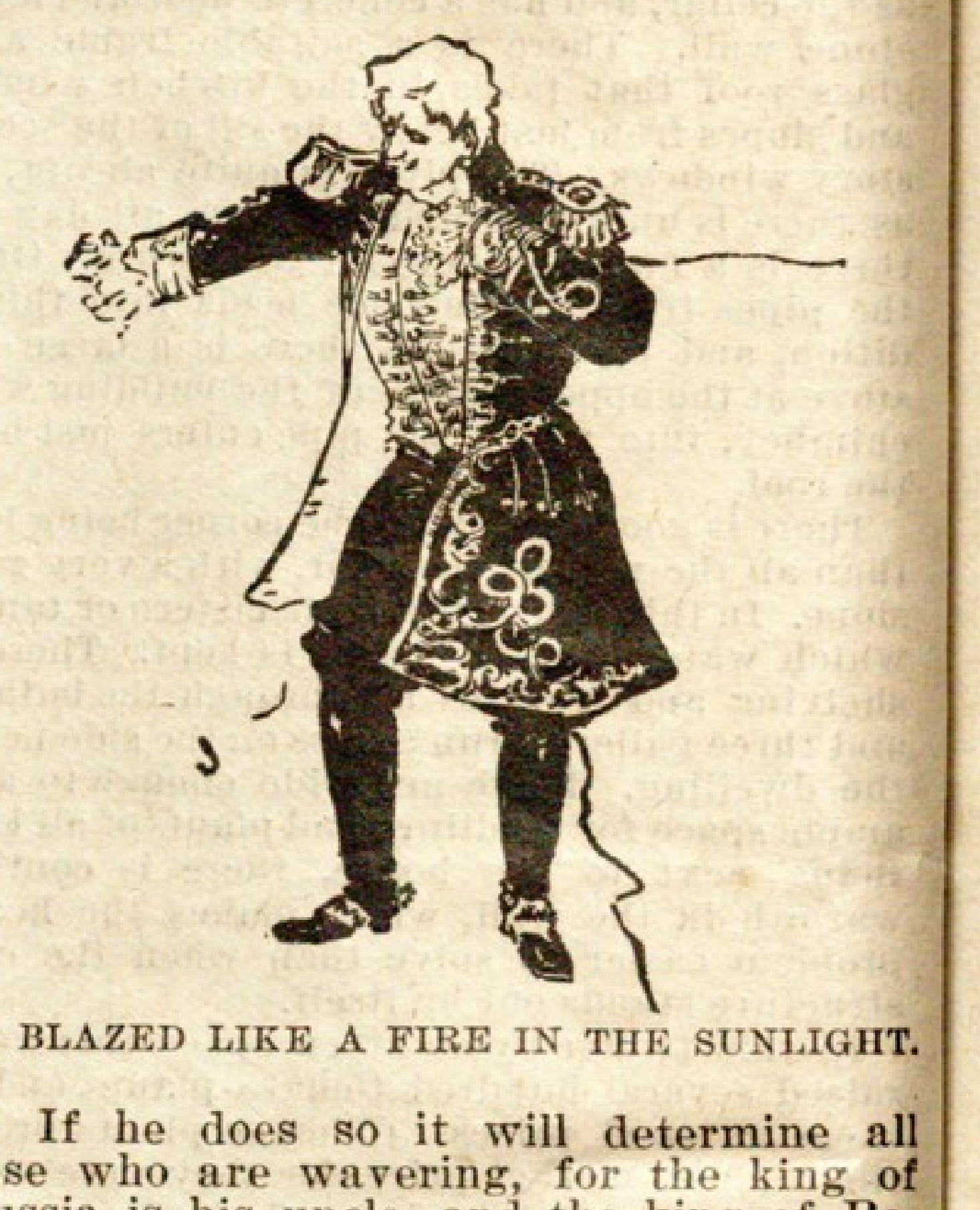
I laid him among the heather and poured some brandy down his throat. All round us was the vast country side, green and peaceful, with nothing living in sight save only the mutilated man beside me.

"Who has done this?" I asked, "and what are you? You are French, and yet the uniform is strange to me."

"It is that of the Emperor's new guard of honor. I am the Marquis of Chateau St. Arnaud, and I am the ninth of my blood who have died in the service of France. I have been pursued and wounded by the night-riders of Lutzow, but I hid among the brushwood yonder and waited in the hope that a Frenchman might pass. I could not be sure at first if you were friend or foe, but I felt that death was very near, and that I must take the chance."

"Keep your heart up, comrade," said I. "I have seen a man with a worse wound who has lived to boast of it."

"No, no," he whispered, "I am going fast." He laid his hand upon mine as he spoke and I saw that his finger nails were already blue. "But I have papers here in my tunic which you must carry at once to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein at his castle of Hof. He is still true to us but the Princess is our deadly enemy. She is striving to make him declare against us. If he does so it will determine all those who are wavering, for the king of Prussia is his uncle, and the king of Bavaria his cousin. These papers will hold him to us if they can only reach him before he takes the last step. Place them in his hands to-night and perhaps you will have saved all Germany for the Emperor. Had my horse not been shot I might, wounded as I am—" he choked and the cold hand tightened into a grip which left mine as bloodless as itself. Then with a groan his head fell back, and he had gone as a brave soldier would wish to go.


HE BLAZED LIKE A FIRE IN THE SUNLIGHT.

Here was a fine start for my journey home. I was left with a commission of which I knew little, which would lead me to delay the pressing needs of my Hussars, and which at the same time was of such importance that it was impossible for me to avoid it. I opened the Marquis' tunic, the brilliance of which had been devised by the Emperor in order to attract those young aristocrats from whom he hoped to raise these new regiments of his guard. It was a small packet of papers which I drew out, tied up with silk and addressed to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein. In the corner, in a sprawling untidy hand, which I knew to be the Emperor's own, was written "pressing and most important." It was an order to me, those four words—an order as clear as if it had come straight from the firm lips, with the cold grey eyes looking into mine. My troopers might wait for their horses, the dead Marquis might lie where I had laid him amongst the heather, but if the mare and her rider had a breath left in them the papers should reach the Prince that night.

I should not have feared to ride by the road through the wood, for I had learned in Spain that the safest time to pass through a Guerilla country is after an outrage, and the moment of danger is when all is peaceful. When I came to look upon my map, however, I saw that Hof lay further to the south of me, and that I might reach it more directly by keeping to the moors. Off I set, therefore, and had not gone fifty yards before two carbine shots rang out of the brushwood and a bullet hummed past me like a bee. It was clear that the night-riders were bolder in their ways than the brigands of Spain, and that my mission would have ended where it had begun if I had kept to the road.

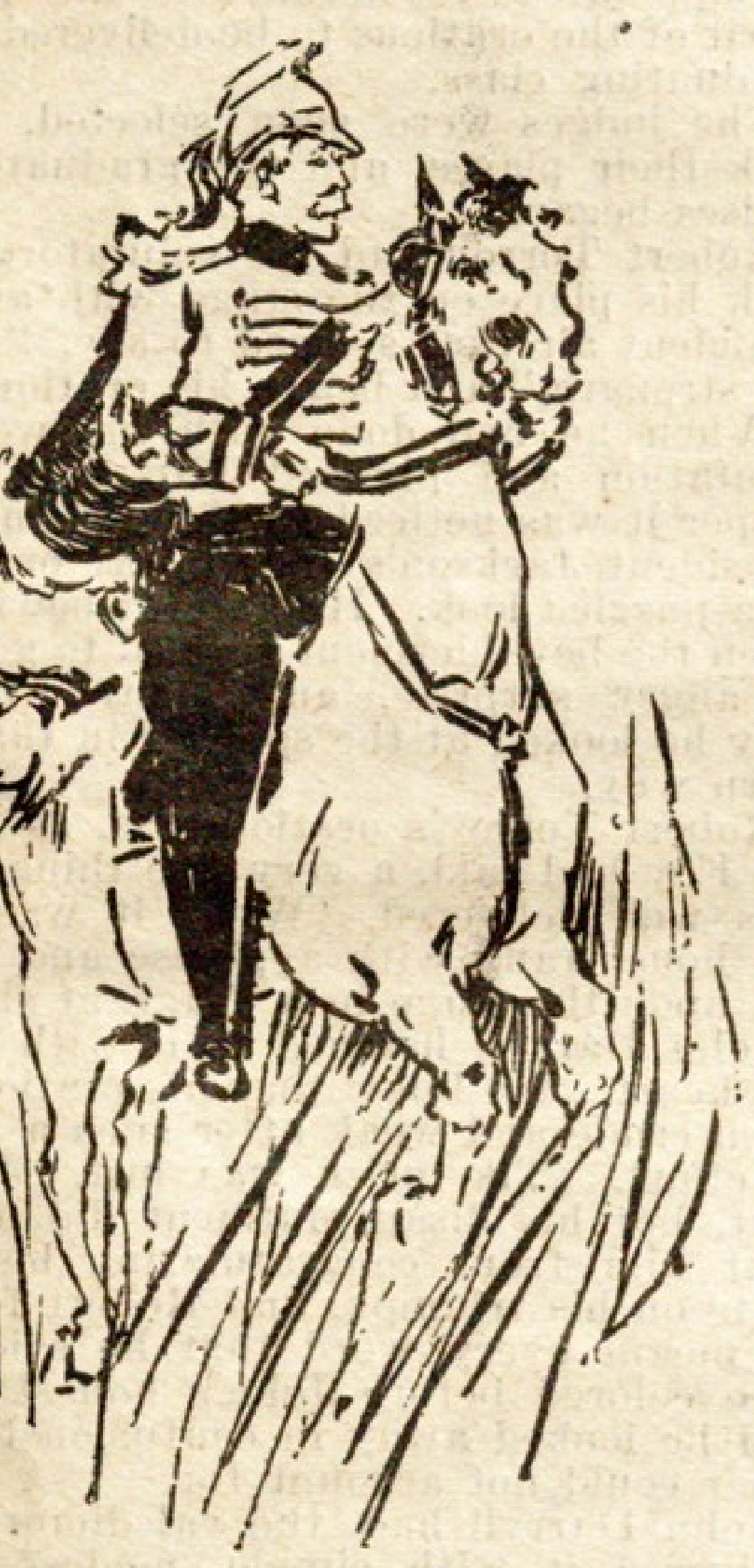
It was a mad ride that, a ride with a loose rein, girth-deep in heather and in gorse, plunging through bushes, flying down hillsides, with my neck at the mercy of my dear little Violette. But she—she never slipped, she never faltered, as swift and as sure-footed as if she knew that her rider carried the fate of all Germany beneath the buttons of his pelisse. And I—I had long borne the name of being the best horseman in the six brigades of light cavalry, but I never rode as I rode then. My friend the Bart. had told me of how they hunt the fox in England, but the swiftest fox would have been captured by me that day. The wild pigeons which flew overhead did not take a straighter course than

---

[*] Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller Johnson& Bacheller

Violette and I below. As an officer I have always been ready to sacrifice myself for my men, though the Emperor would not have thanked me for it, for he had many men, but only one—well, cavalry leaders of the first class are rare. But here I had an object which was indeed worth a sacrifice, and I thought no more of my life than of the clods of earth that flew from my darling's heels.

We struck the road once more as the light was failing, and galloped into the little village of Lobenstein; but we had hardly got upon the cobblestones when off came one of the mare's shoes, and I had to lead her to the village smithy. His fire was low and his day's work done, so that it would be an hour at least before I could hope to push on to Hof. Cursing at the delay, I strode into the village inn and ordered a cold chicken and some wine to be served for my dinner. It was but a few more miles to Hof, and I had every hope that I might deliver my papers to the Prince on that very night, and be on my way for France next morning with dispatches for the Emperor in my bosom. I will tell you now what befell me in the inn of Lobenstein.



GIRTH DEEP IN HEATHER.

The chicken had been served and the wine drawn, and I had turned upon both as a man may who has ridden such a ride, when I was aware of a murmur and a scuffling in the hall outside my door. At first I thought it was some brawl between some peasants in their cups and I left them to settle their own affairs. But of a sudden there broke from the low sullen growl of the voices such a sound as would send Etienne Gerard leaping from his death-bed. It was the whimpering cry of a woman in pain. Down clattered my knife and my fork, and in an instant I was in the thick of the crowd which had gathered outside of my door.

CHAPTER III.

The heavy, cheeked landlord was there and his flaxen-haired wife, the two men from the stables, a chambermaid, and two or three villagers. All of them, women and men, were flushed and angry, while there in the center of them, with pale cheeks and terror in her eyes, stood the lovliest woman that ever a soldier would wish to look upon. With her queenly head thrown back, and a touch of defiance mingled with her fear, she looked as she gazed round her like a creature of a different race from the vile, coarse-featured crew who surrounded her. I had not taken two steps from my door before she sprang to meet me, her hands resting upon my arm and her blue eyes sparkling with joy and triumph.

"A French soldier and gentleman!" she cried, "now at last I am safe."

"Yes, madame, you are safe," said I; and I could not resist taking her hand in mine in order that I might reassure her. "You have only to command me," I added, kissing the hand as a sign that I meant what I was saying.

"I am Polish," she cried, "the Countess Palotta is my name. They abuse me because I love the French. I do not know what they might have done to me had heaven not sent you to help me."

I kissed her hand again lest she should doubt my intentions. Then I turned upon the crew with such an expression as I know how to assume. In an instant the hall was empty.

"Countess," said I. "You are now under my protection. You are faint, and a glass of wine is necessary to restore you." I offered her my arm and escorted her into my room, where she sat by my side at the table and took the refreshment which I offered her.

How she blossomed out in my presence, this woman, like a flower before the sun! She lit up the room with her beauty. She must have read my admiration in my eyes and it seemed to me that I could also see something of the sort in her own. Ah, my friends, I was no ordinary looking man when I was in my thirtieth year. In the whole light cavalry it would have been hard to find a finer pair of whiskers. Murat's may have been a shade longer, but the best judges are agreed that Murat's were a shade too long. And then I had a manner. Some women are to be approached in one way and some in another, just as a siege is an affair of fascines and gabions in hard weather and of trenches in soft. But the man who can mix daring with timidity, who can be outrageous with an air of humility, and presumptuous with a tone of deference, that is the man whom mothers have to fear. For myself I felt that I was the guardian of this lonely lady, and knowing what a dangerous man I had to deal with I kept strict watch upon myself. Still even a guardian has his privileges, and I could not neglect them.

But her talk was as charming as her face. In a few words she explained that she was travelling to Poland, and that her brother, who had been her escort, had fallen ill upon the way. She had more than once met with ill treatment from the country folk because she could not conceal her good will towards the French. Then turning from her own affairs, she questioned me about the army, and so came round to myself and my own exploits. They were familiar to her, she said, for she knew several of Poniatowski's officers and they had spoken of my doings. Yet she would be glad to hear them from my own lips. Never have I had so delightful a conversation. Most women make the mistake of talking too much about their own affairs, but this one listened to my tales just as you are listening now, even asking for more and more and more. The hours slipped rapidly by, and it was with horror that I heard the village clock strike eleven, and so learned that for four hours I had forgotten the Emperor's business.

"Pardon me, my dear lady," I cried, springing to my feet. "But I must on instantly to Hof."

She rose also and looked at me with a pale, reproachful face. "And me?" she asked. "What is to become of me?"

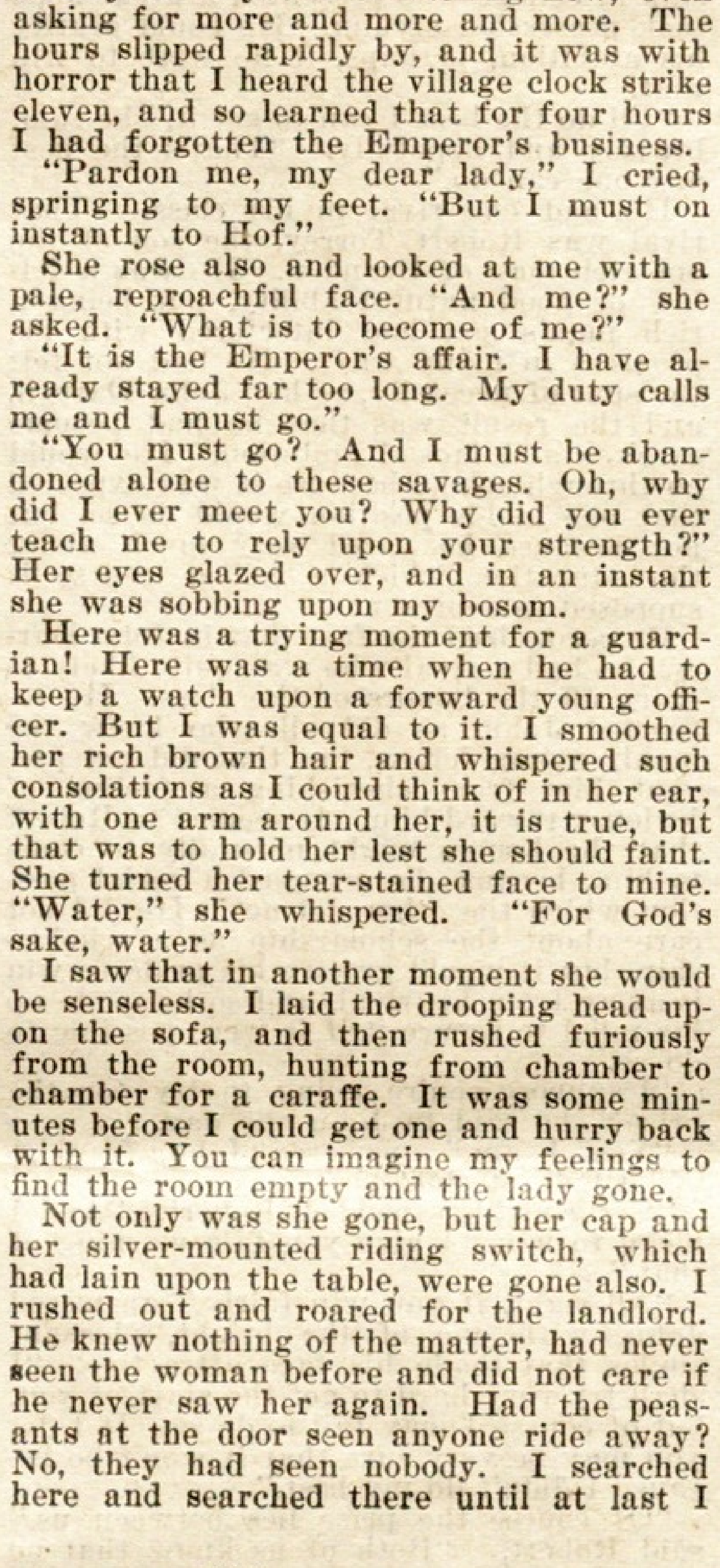
"It is the Emperor's affair. I have already stayed far too long. My duty calls me and I must go."

"You must go? And I must be abandoned alone to these savages. Oh, why did I ever meet you? Why did you ever teach me to rely upon your strength?" Her eyes glazed over, and in an instant she was sobbing upon my bosom.

Here was a trying moment for a guardian! Here was a time when he had to keep a watch upon a forward young officer. But I was equal to it. I smoothed her rich brown hair and whispered such consolations as I could think of in her ear, with one arm around her, it is true, but that was to hold her lest she should faint. She turned her tear-stained face to mine. "Water," she whispered. "For God's sake, water."

I saw that in another moment she would be senseless. I laid the drooping head upon the sofa, and then rushed furiously from the room, hunting from chamber to chamber for a caraffe. It was some minutes before I could get one and hurry back with it. You can imagine my feelings to find the room empty and the lady gone.

Not only was she gone, but her cap and her silver-mounted riding switch, which had lain upon the table, were gone also. I rushed out and roared for the landlord. He knew nothing of the matter, had never seen the woman before and did not care if he never saw her again. Had the peasants at the door seen anyone ride away? No, they had seen nobody. I searched here and searched there until at last I chanced to find myself in front of a mirror, where I stood with my eyes staring and my jaw as far dropped as the chin strap of my shako would allow.



WITH HER QUEENLY HEAD THROWN BACK.

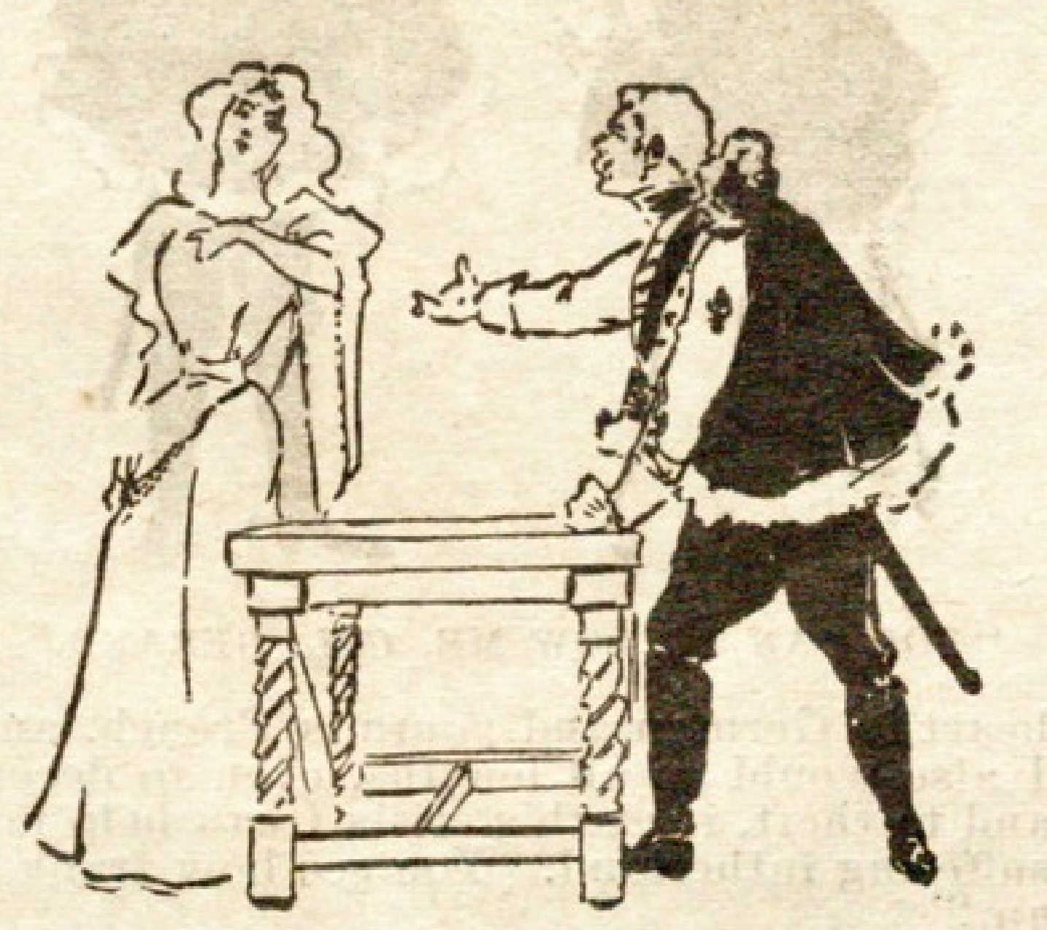
Four buttons of my pelisse were open, and it did not need me to put my hand up to know that my precious papers were gone. Oh, the depth of cunning that lurks in a woman's heart. She had robbed me, this creature, robbed me as she clung to my breast. Even while I smoothed her hair and whispered kind words into her ear her hands had been at work beneath my dolman. And here I was at the very last step of my journey deprived of the power of carrying out this mission which had already deprived one good man of his life, and was likely to rob another of his credit. What would the Emperor say when he heard that I had lost his dispatches? Would the army believe it of Etienne Gerard? And when they heard that a woman's hand had coaxed them from me, what laughter there would be at mess table and at camp fire! I could have rolled upon the ground in my despair.

But one thing was certain—all this affair of the fracas in the hall and the persecution of the so-called Countess was a piece of acting from the beginning. This villainous inn-keeper must be in the plot. From him I might learn who she was and where my papers had gone. I snatched my saber from the table and rushed out in search of him. But the scoundrel had guessed what I would do, and had made his preparations for me. It was in the corner of the yard that I found him, a blunderbuss in his hands and a mastiff held upon a leash by his son. The two stable hands with pitchforks stood upon each side, and the wife held a great lantern behind him so as to guide his aim.

"Ride away, sir, ride away!" he cried with a crackling voice. "Your horse is at the door and no one will meddle with you if you go your way, but if you come against us you are alone against three brave men."

I had only the dog to fear, for the two forks and the blunderbuss were shaking about like branches in a wind. Still I considered that though I might force an answer with my sword point at the throat of this fat rascal, still I should have no means of knowing whether that answer was the truth. It would be a struggle then with much to lose and nothing certain to gain. I looked them up and down, therefore, in a way that set their foolish weapons shaking worse than ever, and then throwing myself upon my mare I galloped away with the shrill laughter of the landlady jarring upon my ears.

I had already formed my resolution. Although I had lost my papers I could make a very good guess as to what their contents would be, and this I would say from my own lips to the Prince of Saxe-Felstein as though the Emperor had commissioned me to convey it in that way. It was a bold stroke, and a dangerous one. But if I went too far I could afterwards be disavowed. It was that or nothing, and when all Germany hung in the balance the game should not be lost if the nerve of one man could save it.



"AH! YOU CAN ACT!" I CRIED.

It was midnight when I rode into Hof, but every window was blazing, which was enough in itself in that sleepy country to tell the ferment of excitement in which the people were. There was hooting and jeering as I rode through the crowded streets, and once a stone sang past my head; but I kept upon my way, neither slowing nor quickening my pace until I had come to the palace. It was lit from base to battlement, and the dark shadows coming and going against the yellow glare spoke of the turmoil within. For my part, I handed my mare to a groom at the gate, and striding in I demanded, in such a tone as an ambassador should have, to see the Prince instantly upon business which would brook no delay.

The hall was dark, but I was conscious as I entered of a buzz of innumerable voices which hushed into silence as I loudly proclaimed my mission. Some great meeting was being held then—a meeting which, as my instincts told me, was to decide this very question of war and peace. It was possible that I might still be in time to turn the scale for the Emperor and for France. As to the major domo, he looked blackly at me; and showing me into a small antechamber, he left me. A minute later he returned to say that the Prince could not be disturbed at present, but that the Princess would take my message.

The Princess! What use was there in giving it to her? Had I not been warned that she was German in heart and soul, and that it was she who was turning her husband and her state against us?

"It is the Prince that I must see," said I.

"Nay, it is the Princess," said a voice at the door, and a woman swept into the chamber. "Von Rosen, you had best stay with us. Now, sir, what is it that you have to say to either Prince or Princess of Saxe-Felstein?"

At the first sound of the voice I had sprung to my feet. At the first glance I had thrilled with anger. Not twice in a lifetime does one meet that noble figure, that queenly head, those eyes as blue as the Garonne, and as chilling as her winter waters.

"Time presses, sir!" she cried with an impatient tap of her foot. "What have you to say to me?"

"What have I to say to you!" I cried. "What can I say save that you have taught me never to trust a woman more. You have ruined and dishonored me forever."

She looked with arched brows at her attendant.

"Is this the raving of fever, or does it come from some less innocent cause?" said she. "Perhaps a little blood-letting——"

"Ah, you can act!" I cried. "You have shown me that already."

"Do you mean that we have met before?"

"I mean that you have robbed me within the last two hours."

"This is past all bearing," she cried, with an admirable affectation of anger. "You claim, as I understand, to be an ambassador, but there are limits to the privileges which such an office brings with it."

"You brazen it admirably," said I. "Your Highness will not make a fool of me twice in one night." I sprang forward and stooping down caught up the hem of her dress. "You would have done well to change it after you had ridden so far and so fast," said I.

It was the dawn upon a snow-peak to see her ivory cheeks flush suddenly to crimson.

"Insolent!" she cried. "Call the foresters and have him thrust from the palace!"

"I will see the Prince first."

"You will never see the Prince. Ah! Hold him, Von Rosen, hold him!"

She had forgotten the man with whom she had to deal. Was it likely that I would wait until they brought their rascals? She had shown me her cards too soon. Her game was to stand between me and her husband. Mine was to speak face to face with him at any cost. One spring took me out of the chamber. In another I crossed the hall. An instant later I had burst into the great room from which the murmur of the meeting had come. At the far end I saw a figure upon a high chair under a dais. Beneath him was a line of high dignitaries, and then on every side I saw vaguely the heads of a vast assembly. Into the centre of the room I strode, my saber clanking, my shako under my arm. "I am the messenger of the Emperor," I shouted. "I bear his message to his highness the Prince of Saxe-Felstein."

CHAPTER IV.

The man beneath the dais raised his head, and I saw that his face was thin and wan and that his back was bowed as though some huge burden was balanced between his shoulders.

"Your name, sir?" he asked.

"Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Third Hussars."

Every face in the gathering was turned upon me, and I heard the rustle of the innumerable necks and saw countless eyes without meeting one friendly one among them. The woman had swept past me, and was whispering with many shakes of her head and dartings of her hands into the Prince's ear. For my own part I threw out my chest and curled my moustache, glancing round in my own debonnaire fashion at the assembly.

They were men, all of them, professors from the college, a sprinkling of their students, soldiers, gentlemen, artisans, all very silent and serious. In one corner there sat a group of men in black with riding coats drawn over their shoulders. They leaned their heads to each other whispering under their breaths, and with every movement I caught the clank of their sabers or the clink of their spurs.

"The Emperor's private letter to me informs me that it is the Marquis Chateau St. Arnaud who is bearing his dispatches," said the Prince.

"The Marquis has been foully murdered," I answered, and a buzz rose up from the people as I spoke. Many heads were turned, I noticed, toward the dark men in the cloaks.

"Where are your papers?" asked the Prince.

"I have none."

A fierce clamor rose instantly round me. "He is a spy! He plays a part!" they cried. "Hang him!" roared a deep voice from the corner, and a dozen others took up the shout. For my part I drew out my handkerchief and flicked the dust from the fur of my pelisse. The Prince held out his thin white hand and the tumult died away.

"Where, then are your credentials, and what is your message?" he asked.

"My uniform is my credential and my message is for your private ear."

He passed his hand over his forehead with the gesture of a weak man who is at his wits' ends what to do. The Princess stood beside him with her hand upon the throne, and again she whispered in his ear.

"We are here in council together, some of my trusty subjects and myself," he said. "I have no secrets from them, and whatever message the Emperor may send to me at such a time concerns their interests no less than mine."

There was a hum of applause at this, and every eye was turned once more upon me. My faith, it was an awkward position in which I found myself, for it is one thing to address eight hundred hussars and another to speak to such an audience on such a subject. But I fixed my eyes upon the Prince, and tried to say just what I should have said if we had been alone, shouting it out, too, as though I had my regiment on parade. "You have often expressed friendship for the Emperor," I cried. "It is now at last that this friendship is about to be tried. If you stand firm he will reward you as only he can reward. It is an easy thing for him to turn a prince into a king, and a province into a power. His eyes are fixed upon you, and though you can do little to harm him you can ruin yourself. At this moment he is crossing the Rhine with two hundred thousand men. Every fortress in the country is in his hands. He will be upon you in a week; and if you have played him false, God help both you and your people. You think that he is weakened because a few of us got the chilblains last winter. Look there!" I cried, pointing to a great star which blazed through the window above the Prince's head. "That is the Emperor's star. When it wanes he will wane, but not before."

You would have been proud of me, my friends, if you could have seen and heard me, for I clashed my saber as I spoke, and swung my dolman as though my regiment was picketed outside in the court-yard. They listened to me in silence, but the back of the Prince bowed more and more, as though the burden which weighed upon it was greater than his strength. He looked round with haggard eyes.

"We have heard a Frenchman speak for France," he said. "Let us have a German speak for Germany."

The folks glanced at each other and whispered to their neighbors. My speech had, as I think, had its effect, and no man wished to be the first to commit himself in the eyes of the Emperor. The Princess looked round her with blazing eyes and her clear voice broke the silence.

"Is a woman to give this Frenchman his answer?" she cried. "Is it possible that among the night-riders of Lutzow there is none who can use his tongue as well as his saber."

Over went a table with a crash, and a young man had bounded upon one of the chairs. He had the face of one inspired, pale, eager, with wild-hawk eyes and tangled hair. His sword hung straight from his side and his riding boots were brown with mire.

"It is Körner!" the people cried. "It is young Körner, the poet! Ah, he will sing, he will sing."

And he sang! It was soft at first and dreamy, telling of old Germany, the mother of nations, of the rich, warm plains, and the gray cities, and the fame of dead heroes. But then verse after verse rang like a trumpet call. It was of the Germany of now, the Germany which had been taken unawares and overthrown, but which was up again, and snapping the bonds upon her giant limbs. What was life that one should covet it? What was glorious death that one should shun it? The mother, the great mother, was calling. Her sigh was in the night wind. She was crying to her own children for help. Would they come? Would they come? Would they come?

Ah, that terrible song, the spirit face and the ringing voice! Where were I and France and the Emperor! They did not shout—the people—they howled. They were up on the chairs and the tables. They were raving, sobbing, the tears running down their faces. Körner had sprung from the chair, and his comrades were around him with their sabers in the air. A flush had come into the pale face of the Prince and he rose from his throne.

"Colonel Gerard," said he. "You have heard the answer which you are to carry to your Emperor. The die is cast, my children. Your Prince and you must stand or fall together."

He bowed to show that all was over, and the people, with a shout, made for the door to carry the tidings into the town. For my own part, I had done all that a brave man might, and I was not sorry to be carried out amid the stream. Why should I linger in the palace? I had had my answer and must carry it, such as it was. I wished neither to see Hof nor its people again, until I entered at the head of a vanguard. I turned from the throng then and walked silently and sadly in the direction in which they had led the mare.

It was dark down there by the stables and I was peering round for the ostler when suddenly my two arms were seized from behind. There were hands at my wrists and at my throat and I felt the cold muzzle of a pistol under my ear.

"Keep your lips closed, you French dog," whispered a fierce voice. "We have him, Captain."

"Have you the bridle?"

"Here it is."

"Sling it over his head."

I felt the cold coil of leather tighten round my neck. An ostler with a stable lantern had come out and was gazing on the scene. In its dim light I saw stern faces breaking everywhere through the gloom, with the black caps and dark cloaks of the night-riders.

"What would you do with him, Captain?" cried a voice.

"Hang him at the palace gate."

"An Ambassador?"

"Yes, an Ambassador without papers."

"But the Prince?"

"Tut, man, do you not see that the Prince will then be committed to our side? He will be beyond hope of forgiveness. At present he may swing round tomorrow as he has done before. He may eat his words, but a dead hussar is more than he can explain."

"No, no, Von Strelitz, we cannot do it," said another voice.

"Can we not? I will show you that!" And there came a jerk on the bridle which nearly pulled me to the ground. At the same instant a sword flashed and the leather was cut through within two inches of my neck.

"By heaven, Körner, this is rank mutiny," cried the Captain. "You may hang yourself before you are through with it."

"I have drawn my sword as a soldier and not as a brigand," said the young poet. "Blood may dim its blade, but never dishonor. Comrades, will you stand by and see this French gentleman mishandled?"

A dozen sabers flew from their sheaths; it was evident that my friends and my foes were about equally balanced. But the angry voices and the gleam of steel had brought the folks running from all parts.

"The Princess!" they cried. "The Princess is coming!"

And even as they spoke I saw her in front of us, her sweet face framed in the darkness. I had cause to hate her, for she had cheated and befooled me, and yet it thrilled me then and thrills me now to think that my arms have embraced her and that I have felt the scent of her hair in my nostrils. I know not whether she lies under her German earth, or whether she still lingers, a grayhaired woman in her castle of Hof; but she lives ever, young and lovely, in the heart and the memory of Etienne Gerard.

"For shame!" she cried, sweeping up to me and tearing away with her own hands the noose from my neck. "You are fighting in God's own quarrel and yet you would begin with such a devil's deed as this. This man is mine, and he who touches a hair of his head will answer for it to me."

They were glad enough to slink off into the darkness before those scornful eyes. Then she turned once more to me.

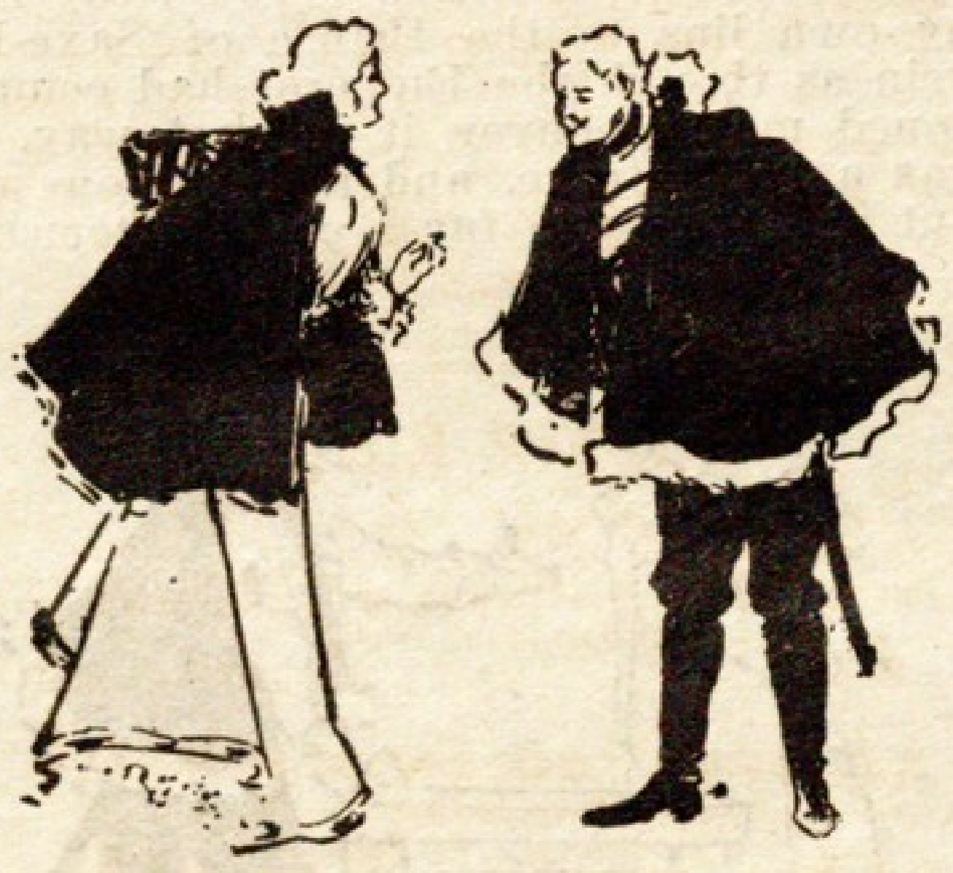
"You can follow me, Colonel Gerard," she said. "I have a word that I would speak to you."

I walked behind her into the chamber into which I had originally been shown. She closed the door and then looked at me with the archest twinkle in her eyes.

"Is it not confiding of me to trust myself with you?" said she. "You will remember that it is the Princess of Saxe-Felstein, and not the poor Countess Palotta of Poland."

"Be the name what it might," I answered, "I helped a lady whom I believed to be in distress, and I have been robbed of my papers and almost of my honor as a reward."

"Colonel Gerard," said she. "We have been playing a game, you and I, and the stake was a heavy one. You have shown by delivering a message which was never given to you that you would stand at nothing in the cause of your country. My heart is German and yours is French, and I also would go all lengths, even to deceit and to theft, if at this crisis I can help my suffering fatherland. You see how frank I am!"


"YOU CAN FOLLOW ME, COL. GERARD."

"You tell me nothing that I have not seen."

"But now that the game is played and won, why should we bear malice. I will say this, that if ever I were in such a plight as that which I pretended in the inn of Lobenstein, I should never wish to meet a more gallant protector or a truer-hearted gentleman than Colonel Etienne Gerard. I had never thought that I could feel for a Frenchman as I felt for you when I slipped the papers from your breast."

"But you took them none the less."

"They were necessary to me and to Germany. I knew the arguments which they contained, and the effect which they would have on the Prince. If they had reached him all would have been lost."

"Why should your highness descend to such expedients when a score of these brigands who wished to hang me at your castle gate would have done the work just as well."

"They are not brigands, but the best blood of Germany," she cried hotly. "If you have been roughly used you will remember the indignities to which every German has been subjected, from the Queen of Prussia downwards. As to why I did not have you waylaid upon the road, I may say that I had parties out on all sides, and that I was waiting at Lobenstein to hear of their success. When instead of their news you yourself arrived I was in despair, for there was only the one weak woman betwixt you and my husband. You see the straits to which I was driven before I used the weapon of my sex."

"I confess that you have conquered me, your highness, and it only remains for me to leave you in possession of the field."

"But you will take your papers with you," she held them out to me as she spoke. "The Prince has crossed the Rubicon now, and nothing can bring him back. You can return these to the Emperor and tell him that we refused to receive them. No one can accuse you then of having lost your dispatches. Goodbye, Colonel Gerard, and the best that I can wish you is that when you reach France you may remain there. In a year's time there will be no place for a Frenchman upon this side of the Rhine."

And thus it was that I played the Princess of Saxe-Felstein with all Germany for a stake, and lost my game to her. I had much to think of as I walked my poor tired Violette along the highway which leads westward from Hof. But amid all the thoughts there came to me always the proud, beautiful face of the German woman, and the voice of the soldier-poet as he sang from the chair. And I understood then that there was something terrible in this strong, patient Germany, this mother root of nations; and I saw that such a land, so old and so beloved, could never be conquered. And as I rode I saw that the dawn was breaking, and that the great star at which I had pointed through the Palace window was dim and pale in the western sky.

THE END.

—It was a saying of the late Earl of Beaconsfield, that "the enterprising are often successful." Be enterprising is the advice of the Ledger.

THE PRIZE ORATION.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD,

Author of "The Swamp Secret," etc.

The faculty of Brandon Academy had offered a prize for the best oration to be delivered at the coming commencement by any member of the graduating class. This prize was to be a scholarship in one of the best colleges in the country.

John Darryll's heart gave a great thrill when the announcement was made regarding the nature of the prize to be given. If he could only gain it!

He was a poor boy. It had been hard work for him to complete the Academy course. But by doing whatever he found to do, outside of school hours, and patient, persistent study, he had succeeded in not only keeping up with his class, but in practically leading it. He was looked upon as the member of the graduating class who was most likely to carry off the honors at the coming commencement.

His heart was set upon obtaining a thorough education, but it seemed probable that his school days must end with the completion of the Academy course. But when the possibility of securing a scholarship in college was presented a great hope took possession of him. He could gratify his ambition, perhaps, if he were to win that.

"I'll do the best I can to get it," he said, bravely and hopefully. "That's the best any one can do."

He had one rival in his class. That rival was Robert Torrey, the son of the one rich man of Brandon. He was a fellow of good natural ability, but being a rich man's son had interfered with his progress in many ways. He had not felt the spur of necessity, as had John Darryll, and the result was that he had become careless and lacked ambition. He would go through school because it was expected that one in his position would do so, but not because he cared very much about the education which a college course is supposed to represent.

He recognized the fact that in John Darryll he had a rival who was quite likely to carry off the honors of the class. He respected John, as did all who knew the manly young fellow, but that did not prevent him from cherishing a feeling of jealousy toward him. It seemed to Robert that the honors ought naturally to come to him, because he occupied a social position which the other did not. He did not care about the scholarship as a scholarship, but it would gratify his pride to win it away from his rival, and so he made up his mind to secure it if it were possible to do so.

"I suppose you're going to try for the prize?" he said to John one day.

"Yes, I am," answered John, frankly. "You will, of course?"

"Certainly," responded Robert. "And I mean to win. I give you fair warning of that."

"All right, if you win fairly," answered John, with one of the bright, pleasant smiles that made his face attractive. "I shall try very hard to get the start of you, but of course I may fail to do so. If I do, you may be very sure that it won't be because I didn't do my best."

"Of course the prize lies between us," said Robert. "Both of us know that no one else stands any chance of getting it. It's you and I—and I'm going to win."

"If you can," laughed John.

The orations which were to be delivered in competition for the prize were to be submitted to the President of the Academy a month before commencement. Just about that time President Jackson was obliged to go away for a fortnight, and he announced to the graduating class, just before his departure, that the orations were to be handed to Professor Foy, the secretary of the faculty, for examination.

John Darryll put a great deal of honest conscientious work on his oration. He wrote it and rewrote it. He was not content with it as long as he saw a chance of improving it.

"There!" he said, as he finished copying it for the last time. "That's all I can do with it. It may not win the prize, but I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I did my best to make it a winner."

The next day the orations were handed in to Professor Foy. Three or four days later they were returned to their owners with such criticism as he saw fit to make and a few suggestions about delivery.

"I'm a little surprised about young Torrey's oration," Professor Foy said to another member of the faculty. He's a bright, keen fellow, but he hasn't seemed to have ambition enough to do himself justice. But his oration is a fine piece of work. Really, a most superior thing. It would do credit to a student graduating from college."

"Better than Darryll's?"

"Yes, because it shows more maturity of thought and a firmer mental grasp," was the reply. "That's what surprised me. I didn't give Torrey credit for so much development, mentally, or such knowledge of composition and command of language."

"Of course the prize should go to the one who deserves it," said Professor Strong, "but I shall be somewhat disappointed if Darryll fails to get it. I have always considered him the brighter, better student of the two. The scholarship would be such a help for him."

"I'd like to have him get it," said Professor Foy. "But it can't go by preference, you know. Merit must decide who gets it, and after reading the orations I'm pretty sure what the judges' decision will be."

Commencement day came, bright and beautiful, and it seemed as if all Brandon turned out to hear the contest of intellect and scholarship. The stage was a perfect bower of roses and foliage, and the faces of the graduating class were bright and beaming as the day was. The audience seemed expecting a great pleasure, and whispers were heard all over the room about the rival candidates for the one great honor of the day. It seemed to be generally conceded that the prize was sure to fall to Darryll or Torrey.

The exercises began with music, after which there was prayer. Then President Jackson rose and said that before the class exercises began three judges must be appointed to decide on the relative merit of the orations to be delivered by the graduating class.

The judges were soon selected. They took their places, and the graduating exercises began.

Robert Torrey had the salutatory. He took his place on the stage with an easy, confident air that seemed to say, "I know my strength," and began his oration.

When he had done with his words of salutation and plunged into the oration proper it was noticed by the audience that President Jackson's face all at once took on a puzzled look. He seemed bewildered. Then the bewilderment seemed to give way to angry surprise, and many wondered why he looked at the speaker in that cold, stern way.

Robert Torrey's oration was, as Professor Foy had said, a very fine thing, and it was well delivered. When it was ended the house rang with applause and flowers fell upon the stage in a fragrant shower.

John Darryll listened to it with a sinking heart. He knew that his oration must seem crude and weak after such a masterly effort. The prize was lost. He felt that, but his disappointment did not prevent him from congratulating his classmate on his triumph, and Robert felt that he meant every word that he said. His face colored before John's honest glance, and he looked away in confusion that the other could not account for.

John Darryll had the valedictory. He delivered it with simple, modest dignity that won admiration and approval from all. Then his oration began. He forgot all about the prize in its delivery. His fine face glowed with the enthusiasm of his theme. He was no longer the contestant for a prize, but a young orator who felt the fire of lofty thoughts and an earnest belief in the truth and justice of the cause for which he pleaded.

When he ended the room rang with applause again and his friends pelted him with roses all the way to his seat.

President Jackson rose and came forward.

"Before the judges render a decision I have a few words to say," he said. "The first oration, for reasons which are perfectly understood by the young man who delivered it and myself"—here he looked at Robert with a most significant expression on his face, and one that no one in the audience understood the meaning of—"is not to be considered by the judges in making their decision."

John Darryll could hardly credit the evidence of his senses. Not to be considered? Why? There must be something wrong somewhere. What was it?

But President Jackson made no explanation of the reasons upon which his instructions to the judges were based. All eyes were turned upon Robert Torrey inquiringly. He was very pale. He seemed to be making a great effort to control himself. Evidently he wanted to make some reply to the President, but, for reasons best known to himself, he thought it advisable to remain silent.

There was no doubt where the prize would go if Torrey's oration was to be counted out. John realized that this meant victory for him. There was a mystery about it, however, that bewildered him. If the oration was his rival's, why was it not to be considered? Could it be possible that it was not his?

The decision of the judges was made and handed up to the President. He advanced to the front of the stage and read it to the audience:

"The judges, after carefully considering the orations of the graduating class, unanimously decide in favor of 'True Greatness,' by John Darryll."

There was silence for a moment and then the room rang with cheers which seemed to make the roof tremble. Then there were calls for John Darryll, John Darryll! and the hero of the day was compelled to take the stage and bow his thanks to those who were so enthusiastic over his victory.

"I congratulate you most heartily," President Jackson said, coming up to John and shaking him warmly by the hand. "Honor wins," he added, with a meaning look at Robert Torrey.

Several days later Robert Torrey met President Jackson on the street. He was going by without speaking, but the President stopped him.

"I was sorry, very sorry, sir, to find out that I had been mistaken in you," he said. "I hope the theft of that oration was your first one and that it will be your last one. There's a lesson in it which I hope you will not fail to learn. Perhaps you did not know that your uncle, whose graduating essay you made use of, was a classmate of mine in college—a roommate also. I heard it rehearsed so many times before commencement that I could never forget it. I recognized it before you had delivered half a dozen sentences. I was terribly surprised and pained, for I would not have believed you could be guilty of such a dishonest act. My words may seem harsh, but I do not believe in glossing over wrongdoing. It was dishonesty, and for a moment I felt like publicly exing over wrongdoing. It was dishonesty, and for a moment I felt like publicly exposing you, but I thought better of that, and no one, except the faculty, to whom it was necessary to explain my action in the matter, and ourselves, knows the truth. Take my advice, sir, and let this prove to you that the man who resorts to dishonesty is never safe from detection. If your theft had not been discovered you would have lost your own self-respect, for you would have known yourself to be the recipient of stolen honors, and the man who has lost respect for himself is a man greatly to be pitied."

◆

THE OPENING OF THE YEAR.

There is a hopeful feeling in the atmosphere, so far as business is concerned, and everybody is trying very hard to bring about the much-desired condition of prosperity that has in years past blessed this nation. It is the province of the philanthropist to look for the bright side of things. No one ever gets on very well by grumbling and thinking that everything in the world is wrongside out and going to the bad. Discouragement, despair and all sorts of pessimistic doctrines are merely paralyzers, and no good ever comes of them. Indeed, the world has no use whatever for the whiner, the grumbler and the man or woman with the blues. It does not always say it aloud, very rarely says it to the offender himself; but when his back is turned, one is pretty sure to hear the remark: "Oh, dear! I wish A. B. wasn't such a whiner! It takes all the life and spirit out of a body to have to listen to such pathetic wails!"

One of the first things for boys and girls especially to learn is that getting in the dumps is poor business. Life is full of soberness without adding to it by unnecessary complaints or borrowing trouble; indeed, it is not alone borrowed trouble that the world resents being bothered with, it is real trouble. Because we have all sorts of cares and crosses, there is no reason why we should intrude them on anybody else. Therefore it is the part of wisdom to go about our duties cheerfully, and never allow those around us to know that we are unhappy. Indeed, there is much reason to suppose that a good deal of the unhappiness of life is purely imaginary. We fall into the habit of worrying about things that do not please us, then we think ourselves greatly injured, and feel that we have the right to rebel against what cannot be helped. If we would stop and indulge in a bit of sober second thought, we might discover that we are much to blame for the existing state of things. Some of these days we will learn what many of our teachers have tried very hard to impress upon us, that we create many of our own conditions, and that discontents, troubles and trials are things that, to an extent at least, we are responsible for. Fretting does not pay, worrying is a waste of the gray matter of the brain and a reproach to the Power that created us and put us into this world to make the best of it and ourselves.

Scientists tell us that trouble, tears, anger and revenge change the condition of the blood, and create a poison, while cheerfulness, good-will, helpfulness, and a determination to be and do better are restorative and new-creative, and are capable of entirely changing the course of our lives. We hardly realize as yet what is meant by the Scripture phrase, "As a man thinketh, so is he."

When we have learned that "I can," "I will" and "I have resolved" are just so many strengtheners, mental braces that shore up the weak and unreliable fabric of existence; that we can by diligent practice and endeavor put ourselves in a state where the will is as potent to create as the hands, we shall have begun to learn the great lesson of life.

Begin it now, children. Begin it with your New-Year resolutions. Begin it, ye persons of mature years. More's the pity that it was not done long ago. Be philosophical. Meet the world with a firm hand, a clear head, and the determination to be and do your best, and obstacles that seem insurmountable will vanish, to return no more forever.

◆

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,

Booksellers and News Agents.

We hereby announce that we have opened a News and Periodical Department, where we will have on sale the daily and weekly papers, and also the regular monthly magazines.

If any of our readers are not able to procure in their vicinity back numbers of magazines, or special editions of books that may be out of print, in fact anything in the news and periodical line not generally found in the small towns throughout the country, we will be ready to furnish them.

Address ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Periodical Department,
25 Spruce Street, New York City.

◆

—Two fishermen of Eastport, Me., were out in the harbor recently fishing with hand lines with the temperature at six degrees below zero.

$1 the wholesale price, for a guaranteed screwless **Fountain Pen.** New Invention. 14kt. Gold. Send at once to **Rapid Pen Factory, Washington, D. C.**

POINT FOR ARCHITECTS.

Moderate-cost houses must be considerably improved and modified before they will prove entirely satisfactory to the class of persons for whose benefit most of the architects are planning.

In order to give the most for their money, builders set up a single chimney in the middle of the dwelling. This means summer days of the most intense heat, and nights when rest and sleep are impossible. The kitchen-range pipe leads into this one chimney, which becomes a mass of heated bricks that from one day to another scarcely ever cools off. There is no alternative but a gas or oil stove, but the former is rarely possible in suburban towns and country places, while the latter is by many people considered dangerous. An improved chimney for summer use has a central flue with space for ventilation all around it. This is arranged by putting either a galvanized iron pipe or a drain-tile up through the open middle of the chimney. A series of dampers are so placed that in the summer the heat goes through the pipe and a current of air from the apartment pours into the open chimney. This takes hot air from the kitchen and prevents the over-heating of the bricks. Attention to points like these would add greatly to the comfort of those who must occupy cottages and the tens of thousands of smaller houses with which all villages and suburban towns are filled.

◆

A BEAUTIFUL CASTLE CALENDAR

Will be sent free to every reader of the *Ledger* by the Shaw Stocking Co., Lowell, Mass. All that is necessary is to send this Company a letter or postal card asking for it, and mentioning the *Ledger*.

The Castle Calendar is one of the handsomest calendars issued, and will be a source of pleasure for the entire year. Send at once before the supply is exhausted. —*a.*

◆

LEADING EVENTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A very complete and attractive 32-page booklet, with this title, and containing over 500 brief descriptions of events, with dates—all for ten cents—has been issued by *The Spirit of* '76, of No. 14 Lafayette Place, New York City. The book contains two separate arrangements of each date: one being alphabetical and the other by days. It is extremely convenient for reference, and easily worth several times the trifling price. It may be added that *The Spirit of* '76 is a ten-cent illustrated patriotic and historical magazine, now in its second year. —*a.*

◆

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING TAUGHT FREE.

That pleasant and profitable employment is fully explained in the Manual issued by the Hofman Supply Co., of Columbus, O. It tells all the secrets, the tools necessary, how to use them, in short, gives a complete course of instruction, all one needs in order to become an expert watch and clock repairer. This book will be mailed free to any one. Address the Hofman Supply Co., 269 Ray Street, Columbus, O.

◆

DO YOU PLAY CARDS?

If so, send a two-cent stamp to the Indiana Bicycle Co., Indianapolis, Ind., who will mail free of charge their Souvenir Game Counter, as described in their advertisement. The Indiana Bicycle Co. are one of the largest Bicycle manufacturers in this country, and their "Waverley" machine is one of the most popular. —*a.*

◆

—The minuter shades of character do not, of themselves, make up a valuable person. They may be possessed in perfection, separate from great excellence. Still, as that would be a feeble mind which should be composed of inferior qualities only, so that would be an imperfect one in which they were wanting.

FINE BLOODED Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Poultry, Sporting Dogs. Send stamps for catalogue, 150 engravings. N. P. BOYER & CO., Coatesville, Pa.

PATENTS Walton & Co., Attorneys, Wash'n, D. C., Late Examiners, U. S. Patent Office. Book free.

WE PAY Cash, $5. to $100 a thousand for Newspaper Clippings and your neighbors addresses all kinds. Particulars for stamp News Clipping Co. Dep't, BJ. 304 W. 139th St., N. Y.

DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's Invisible Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard. Successful when all remedies fail. Sold only by F. Hiscox, 853 B'way, N.Y. Write for book of proofs **FREE**

LADIES wanted to do writing, address circulars, etc. at home. Good wages to plain writers. Reply with stamp. THE PRINCESS CO., South Bend, Ind.

Agents Make from $50. to $500. a month at home or traveling. Work for young and old. Don't rely on others. Earn your own living. Outfit furnished free. Get to work at once. CHICAGO SCALE CO. Chicago

SHORTHAND taught by mail. Situations procured. W. G. CHAFFEE, Oswego, N. Y.

HOMES BY THE SEA. Protected by beautiful islands. Game, Oysters and Fish in abundance. Lemons, Oranges, Pineapples, and all Sub-tropical Fruits and Flowers are grown to perfection Climate delightful, summer and winter. Land fertile, high and dry. A nook in comparatively unknown, that **FLORIDA** offers to settlers and winter visitors advantages not found elsewhere. Seekers after health, pleasure or profit should read our booklet sent free by THE LEMON BAY LAND CO., Grove City, Florida.

TOWEL RACK.

Nickel-plated and polished Brackets and Rod, 18 inches wide. Sent, prepaid, for 30 cents.

NAPKIN RINGS.

Handsome and heavily plated, $1.50 per dozen. Sample 15 cents.

DONOHUE & MORAND, 21 Arlington Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

An American Society Novel.

Girls of a Feather

By Mrs. Amelia E. Barr,

Author of "The Beads of Tasmer," "The Mate of the 'Easter Bell,'" "Friend Olivia," "The Household of McNeil," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. O. NUGENT.

12mo. 366 Pages. Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Price, $1.25. Paper Cover, 50 Cents.

Nothing could be more timely, nothing could be more charming, than this exquisite book. A society novel by Mrs. Barr will excite widespread interest and curiosity. "Girls of a Feather" has the freshness of a May morning in its atmosphere and the form and color of June in its beautiful pictures of womanhood. Large new type is used, and the appearance of the book is very attractive.

At a Great Cost

By Effie Adelaide Rowlands,

Author of "Little Kit," "My Pretty Jane," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY C. EDWARDS.

12mo. 348 Pages. Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Price, $1.00. Paper Cover, 50 Cents.

"At a Great Cost" is a novel of the same popular character as "Molly Bawn," by The Duchess. It is thoroughly interesting as a story. Every reader will be delighted with it. The young English girl who is the heroine is like Wordsworth's "Dora,"

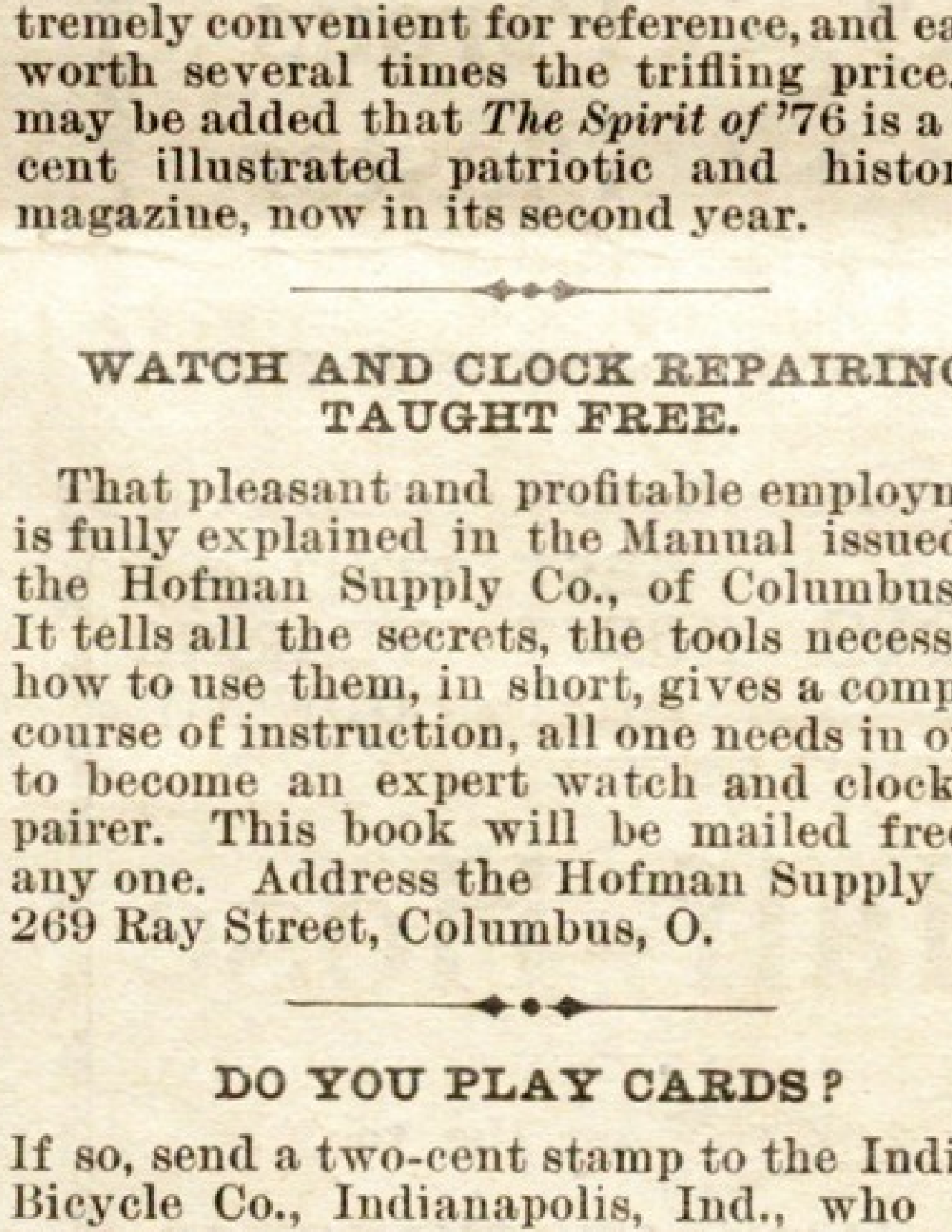
> A creature not too bright or good
> For human nature's daily food.

A lovely and charming woman who fills the ideal of a sweetheart and bride, and the pleasant beginning raises expectations in the reader which are not disappointed in the conclusion. We recommend it to all novel readers.

For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Cor. William and Spruce Sts., New York.

The Ledger Binder Holds 52 Numbers.



The great variety in the contents and the artistic excellence of the *Ledger* have created a large demand for this means of preserving the paper.

Preserves them better for present use. Keeps them for the future. Increases their value year by year.

THE LEDGER BINDER

IS SIMPLE BUT SURE.

No. 1 has stiff Cloth Covers. Embossed, Gilt title, 12 x 17 inches in size. Will hold 52 numbers of the *Ledger*. **Price, postage paid, 65 cents.**

No. 2 is made with Heavy Manilla Covers, handsomely printed in maroon. Cloth back. **Price, postage paid, 35 cents; or two for 60 cents.** Address all orders to

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS, Publishers,
Cor. William and Spruce Sts., New York.

A WATCH FREE

— TO —

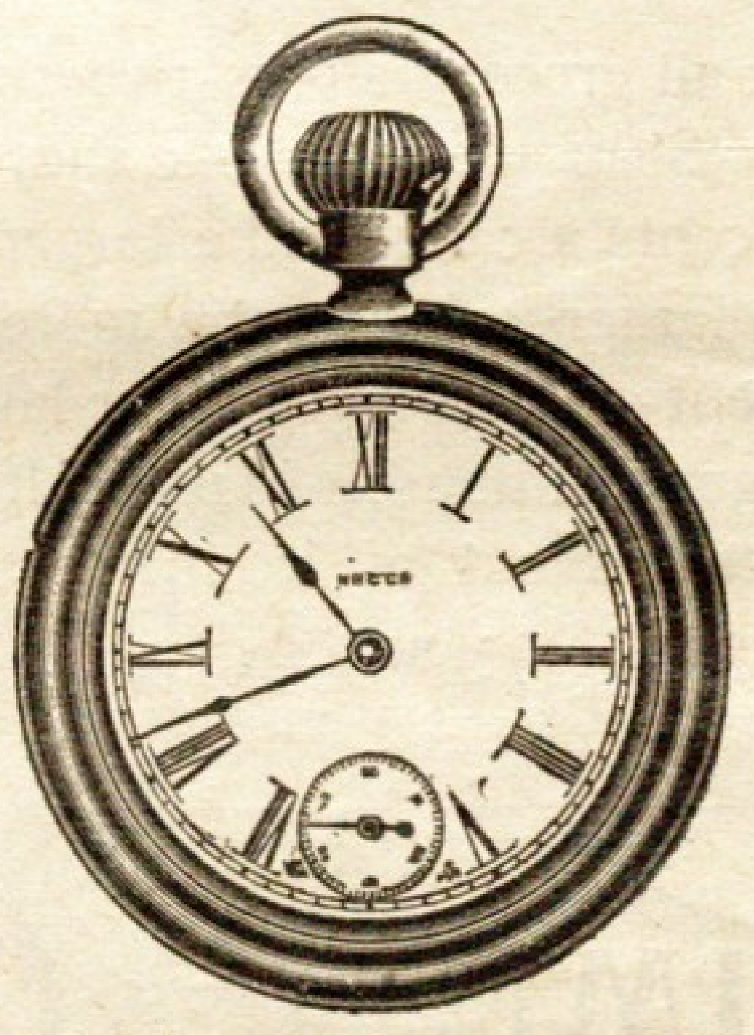
Boys and Girls.

The proprietors of the **New York Ledger** hereby offer to give, free of all cost, to any boy or girl who will sell

10 New York Ledgers

each week for 20 weeks the watch described below. If any boy or girl does not want to wait 20 weeks to get this watch, it can be secured by selling **20 Ledgers for 10 Weeks,** that is, averaging a sale of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

Free to Boys and Girls.



This watch is not a toy or sun-dial, but a serviceable timepiece, guaranteed by the manufacturer to be accurate and durable, which guarantee is assumed by us. It is a stem-winder and stem-setter, and comes in either a gilt or a nickel case, according to choice. It is sent securely packed, and in the box we place a serviceable chain. In the times of our grandfathers, such a watch, even if it could have been made, would have cost a considerable sum of money. This watch is not for sale, but is sent free, post-paid, as a gift to every boy and girl who sells the number of copies of the New York *Ledger* required by the above offer, namely, an average of 10 copies for 20 weeks, or an average of 20 copies for 10 weeks.

WANTED

Bright Boys and Girls

— TO —

Sell the New York Ledger Every Week.

Big Pay for Little Work.

The New York *Ledger* has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the *Ledger* by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish wide-awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place.

Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

Read Our Plan.

We want just such ones to work for us a little while every week selling *Ledgers* at 5 cents each—selling the old, reliable, original and best story paper published—the New York *Ledger*.

No Possible Risk.

Our young agents take no possible risk. We send a bundle of *Ledgers* every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York *Ledger* as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it.

The Ledger Free.

If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the *Ledger* every week in his town, we will put an extra *Ledger* in the agent's bundle each week, to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the *Ledger*.

Send us the name of a smart boy or girl at once. Have them fill out the coupon below and send it at once:

.............................189

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York *Ledger*, and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report not later than the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished me, and remit 3 cents for each copy I sell or deliver to subscribers, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.

Name ....

Address..............................

State..............................

How many papers first week..............

Appointed by..............................

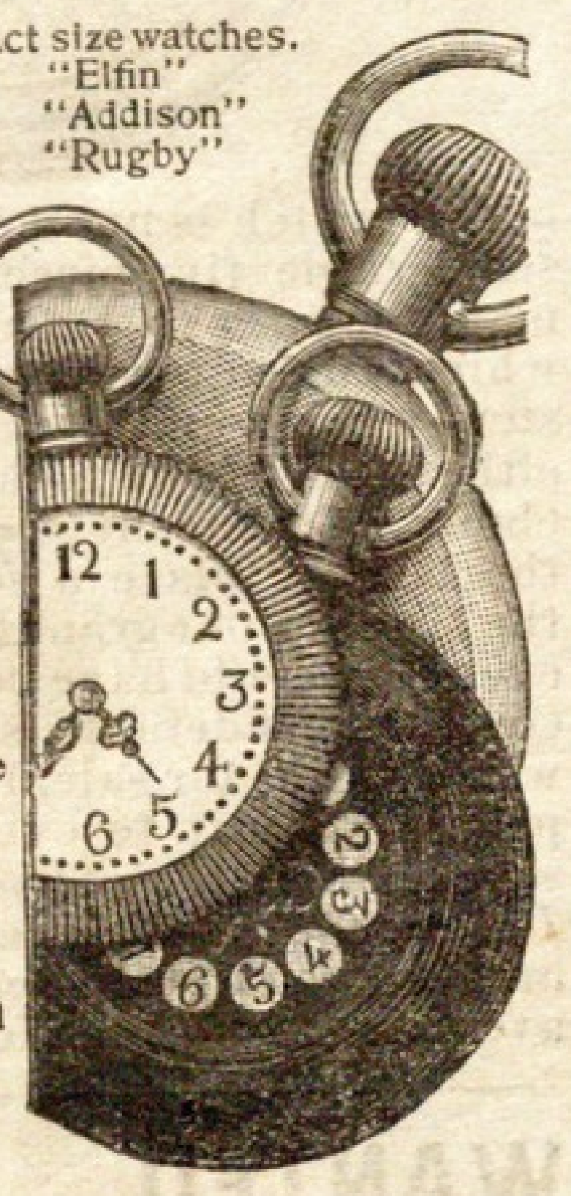
Address NEW YORK LEDGER,
182 William Street, New York.

IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

At all grocery stores two sizes of Ivory Soap are sold; one that costs five cents a cake, and a larger size. The larger cake is the more convenient and economical for laundry and general household use. If your Grocer is out of it, insist on his getting it for you.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.


Exact size watches.
"Elfin"
"Addison"
"Rugby"

TIME from its earliest conception to the latest production—years of solid research—**is Yours**

If you say "Send me Catalogue No. **30.** with your address to

The Waterbury Watch Co.

Waterbury, Conn.

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING

Taught Free, in our manual on watch repairing. which is combined with our illustrated catalogue showing the most necessary tools and telling you how to use them; mailed free if you care to know the secrets of the business. Address
The Hofman Supply Co., 269 Ray St., Columbus, O.

HOW TO MAKE WOMEN BEAUTIFUL

Many women with fair faces are deficient in beauty owing to undeveloped figures, flat busts, etc., which can be remedied by the use of

ADIPO-MALENE.

It is impossible to give a full description in an advertisement; send **6c.** *in stamps and a descriptive circular, with testimonials, will be sent sealed, by return mail.*

L. E. MARSH & CO., Madison Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Florence Warden's New Novel.

The Mystery of the Inn by the Shore

By Florence Warden,

Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc.

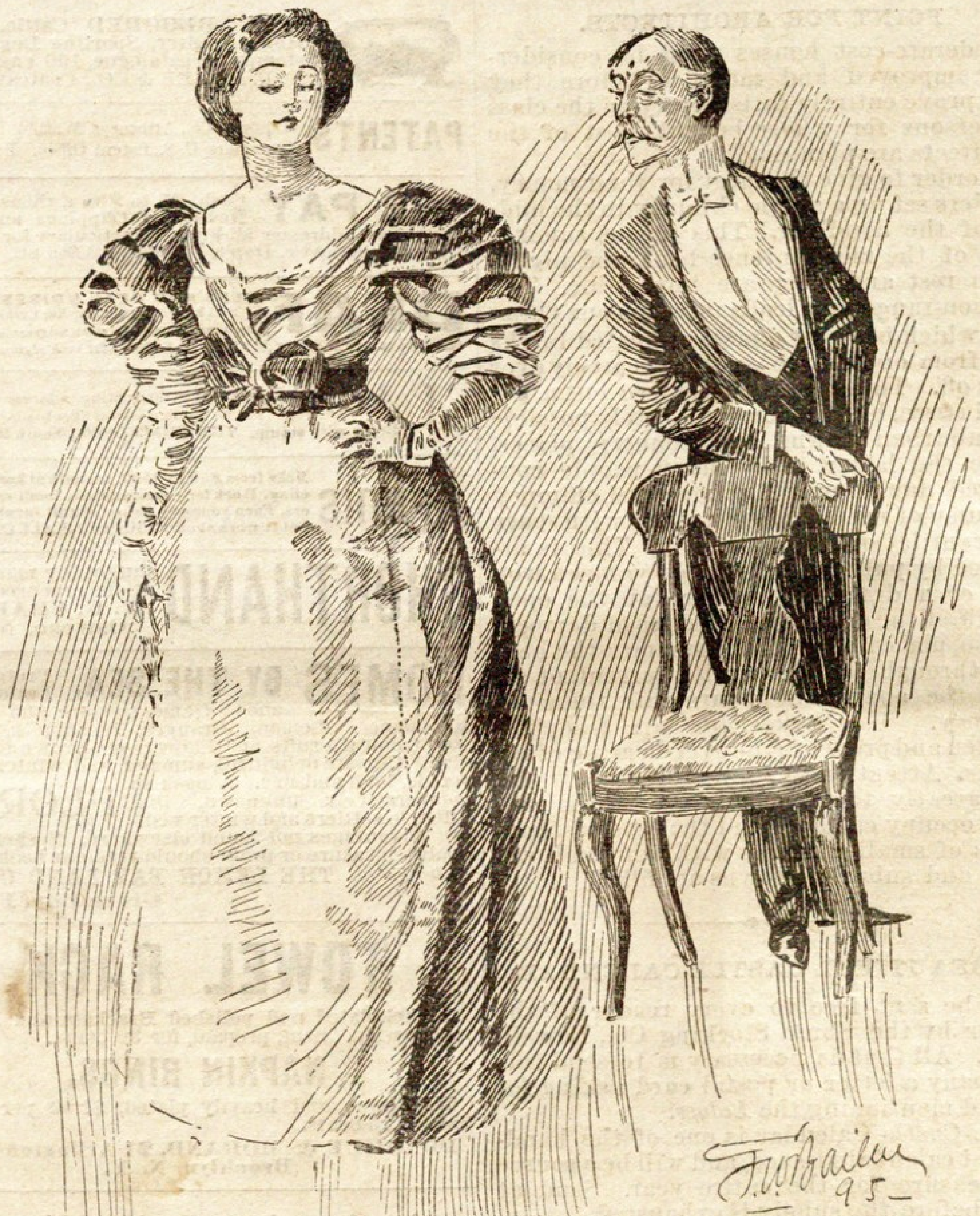
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES KENDRICK.

12mo. 314 Pages. Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Price, $1.00. Paper Cover, 50 Cents.

This is the $1,000 prize story recently published in the New York *Ledger*, and now reissued in book form. The story was a great success as a serial, and we do not doubt will be popular in book form. It is a good novel from beginning to end. The mystery is preserved so well that it is almost impossible to divine, with any degree of certainty, how the story will come out until the conclusion is reached. When published in the *Ledger* there were over one hundred thousand competing answers for the cash prizes, and the answers indicated a great body of interested and intelligent readers.

For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Cor. William and Spruce Sts., New York.



A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

HE: Can you conjugate "Love?"
SHE: No, but I can decline "Nonsense."

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

These Three Epithets
BEST - FITTING
BEST - WEARING
BEST - LOOKING

... ARE FOUND TO BE APPLICABLE TO THE ...

Shawknit TRADE MARK **Half-Hose**

THEY, OR THEIR EQUIVALENTS, OCCUR IN NEARLY EVERY TESTIMONIAL.

☞ **None Genuine unless stamped** *Shawknit* **on the toe.**

Descriptive Price-List, free, to any applicant.
Beautiful Castle Calendar, free, to any applicant mentioning this publication.

SHAW STOCKING CO.
LOWELL, MASS.

G. N. CO. HAS 200 ACRES. 1.000.000 TREES AND PLANTS.

SACRIFICE PRICE
For **Standard Bartlett** and **Dwarf Duchesse** Pear Trees; also, **Richmond Cherry.**
100 CARLOADS OF PLANTS AND VINES
at Hard Times Prices.

GREEN'S NURSERY Co., ESTABLISHED 1870.

One year **Cherry Trees** $5.00 per 100. **York State Prune.** **Rochester, N. Y.**
Specialties, Red Cross Currant; Loudon Red Raspberry; Wilder Early Pear; large English Gooseberries. 80-page Catalogue, also copy of Green's Fruit Grower mailed free on application.

"TO SAVE TIME IS TO LENGTHEN LIFE."
DO YOU VALUE LIFE? THEN USE

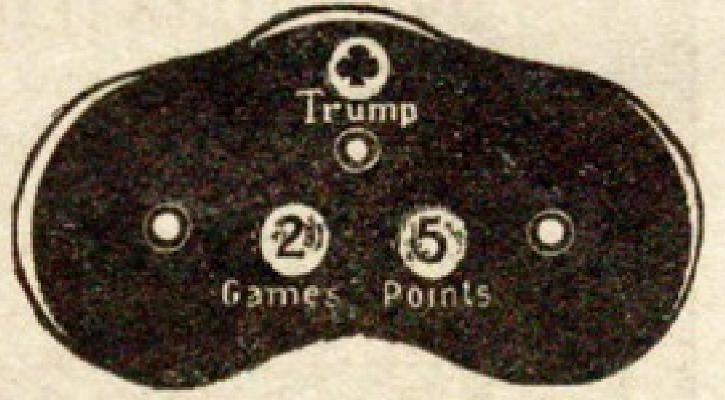
SAPOLIO

Waverley BICYCLES

Ridden by the Elite
Of both continents.

Elegant in Design,
Superb in Finish.

THE ACME OF PERFECTION IN CYCLE CONSTRUCTION.



Do You Play Cards?

Above ¼ actual size.

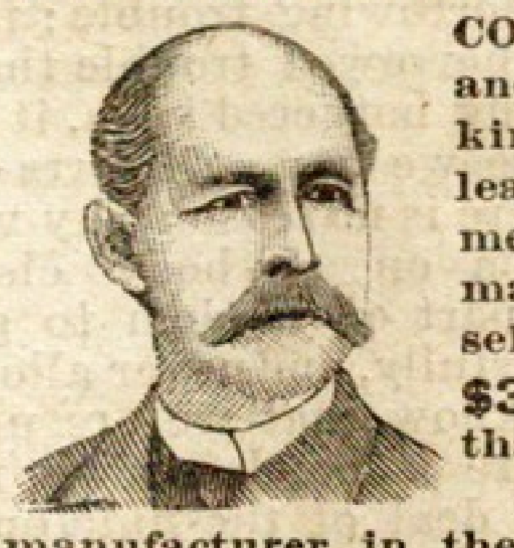
Send two-cent stamp and we will mail FREE Our SOUVENIR GAME COUNTER

Art catalogue describing ladies' and gentlemen's models free by mail.

INDIANA BICYCLE CO., —— INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Scott's Emulsion

is the food for every man, woman and child whose weight is below the standard of health.



ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay **$4** to **$6** for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for **$3.**

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our **$5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25** Shoes; **$2.50, $2** and **$1.75** for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 36 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new Illustrated Catalogue to **Box K.**

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

THE STAMP OF QUALITY

The Liberty

When you see it on your wheel, you know you have the best

THE LIBERTY CYCLE CO
4 Warren Street, New York City

On a False Charge

By Seward W. Hopkins,

Author of "Two Gentlemen of Hawaii," "In the China Sea," "Jack Robbins of America," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. EATON.

12mo. 340 Pages. Handsomely Bound in Cloth. Price, $1.00. Paper Cover, 50 Cents.

"On a False Charge" is an exciting story of the great strike in the Pennsylvania coal mines, setting forth thrilling scenes and incidents and showing how the mining population are often the victims of unscrupulous and grasping agents. The facts of this story are true to life, and the scenes portrayed are taken directly from nature. The romantic interest which centers in the heroine is unsurpassed in any recent American work of fiction. Mr. Hopkins has a lively and entertaining style, and his book is one that will please every reader of his former novels.

For sale by all booksellers and newsdealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

ROBERT BONNER'S SONS,
Cor. William and Spruce Sts., New York.